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NATIONAL LAMPOON

The Gentleman's Bathroom Companion

Being a Miscellany of Divers Ribald Drolleries Culled from the Pages of the National Lampoon, to which are Appended Sundry Amusing Sketches by Mr. Sam Gross, Esq., and the Latest Novella by Mr. Chris Miller, B.A.

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Designed by Peter Kleinman—Cover photograph by Neal Selkirk

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FOREWORD

A Brief History of the Toilet

by Elliot I. Jacobson

Archeologists are agreed that from earliest times, man, unlike any other animal, has been deeply concerned with how and where he disposes of his wastes. In fact, it can be said that this, and perhaps this alone, absolutely distinguishes man from his primate forebearers. Other premen had opposable thumbs, large cranial capacities, and biped postures, but according to the research of L. S. B. Leakey and other modern students of human evolution, only *Australopithecus* and his *Homo sapiens* descendants made any effort to isolate their fecal matter or designate special areas for bowel and bladder evacuation.

The earliest toilets were simply remote "nooks and crannies" in primitive man's cave dwellings. Unlike modern commodes, however, these toilets were not "set aside" for the purposes of privacy or sanitation.

There is considerable evidence that Stone Age people worshipped their feces. This was certainly true of North America's mound-building Indians, whose monumental sacred trench latrines are still visible today. The Lescaux cavemen used human excrement as pigment in their iconographic cave paintings. In fact, a number of tribes in Africa and South America today still practice feces worship.

Traces of "the excremental sacrament" can be found in many religions: The ancient Egyptians included jars of excrement among the treasures they buried with their dead; in the original version of the Athena myth, the goddess is excreted by Zeus rather than "sprung from his head"; and many Catholic churches, particularly in southern Italy, still preserve feces of various saints as relics.

But passed stool has a secular significance as well as a sacred one. The Stone of Scone upon which Scottish Kings were traditionally crowned, and which sits today beneath the throne of England, is considered by many authorities to be a symbolic fecal deposit. The Mayans, for whom the wearing of gold was exclusively a royal prerogative, called that metal "the Excrement of the Gods." And in China, even today, to evacuate the bowels in the home of one's host is considered an act of courtesy.

Thus, the "privy," or "bathroom," as a specially designated area of a dwelling or other building, closely resembles a household shrine or domestic chapel. Extensive parallels can indeed be drawn between toilet training and religious education. A man will travel a great distance through deserted countryside to use a bathroom, just as he will travel many miles to attend church, even though he could have prayed or excreted anywhere.

As society developed, the toilet marked the progress of civilization. A breakthrough in toilet technology invariably signaled the dawn of a new era. There can be little doubt that while digging a "jakes," Cro-Magnon man discovered mining, and the Bronze Age was underway. The introduction of the flush toilet to Hellenic culture by Minoan explorers established the atmosphere prerequisite to Aristotelean thought. Medieval man's decision to build outhouses rather than avail one's self of a rush-strewn corner afforded Luther the opportunity for solitude he required to question conventional theology. And the water pressure-activated flush toilet of Sir Thos. Crapper provided the hygienic climate in which the Industrial Revolution could flourish.

Thus has the bathroom been of enormous importance to man, the tool-maker, and man, "the religious animal," at each watershed of his continuing evolution.

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from the
NORTH AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW

Precious Little Issue

"Hey, that's not my ear!" "Haha, this isn't a banana!"

The Boys in the Bund Greek Culture Insert

NATIONAL LAMPOON®

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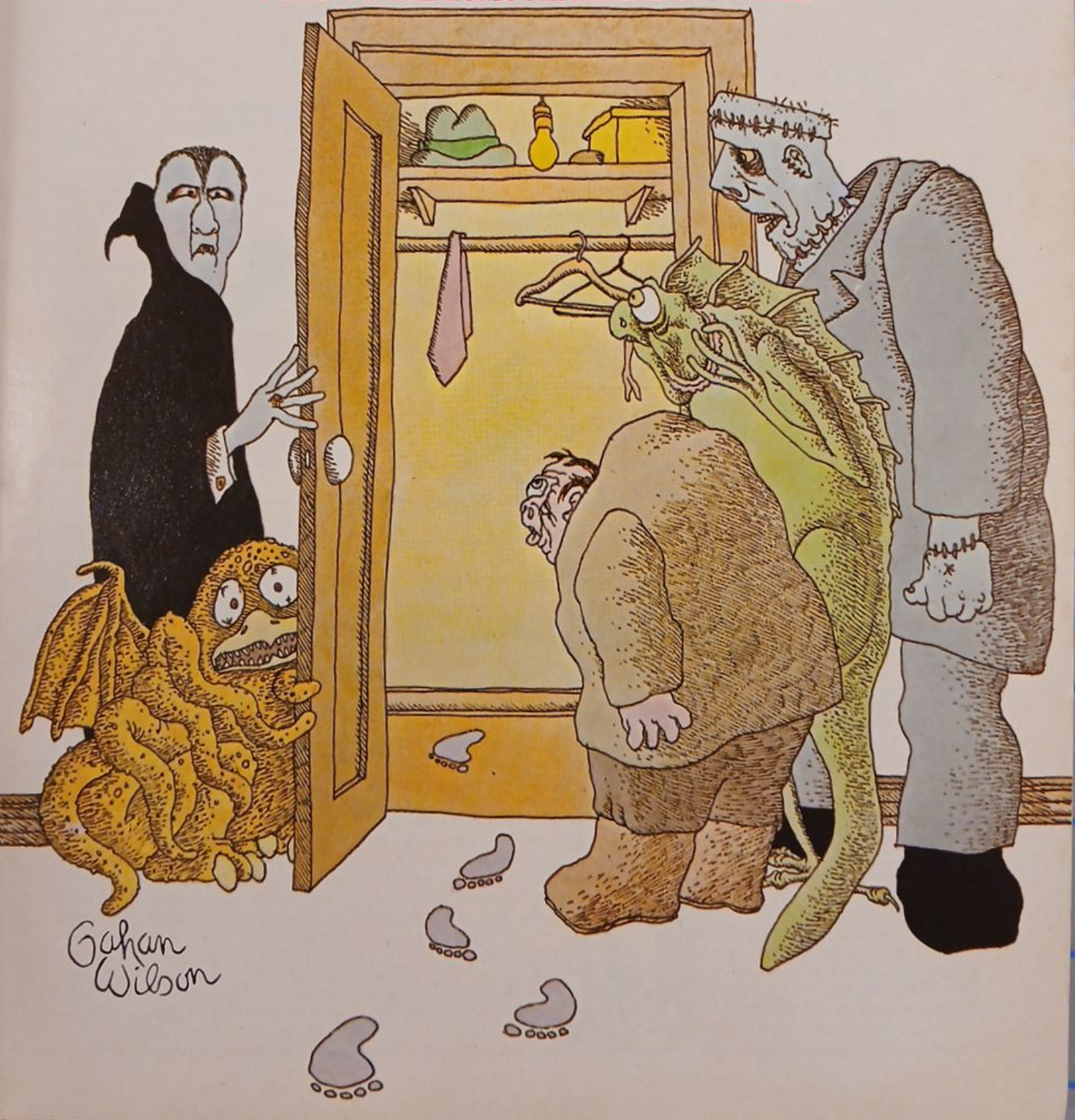
FEB. 1974 THE HOMO MAGAZINE 85 THENTH



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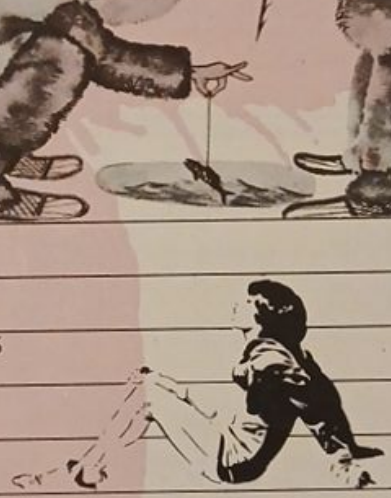

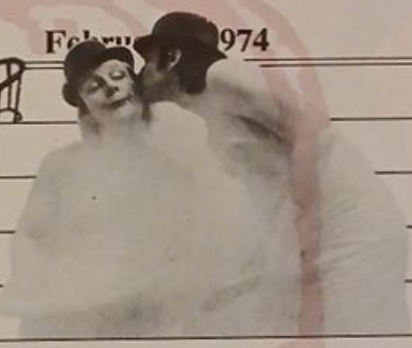

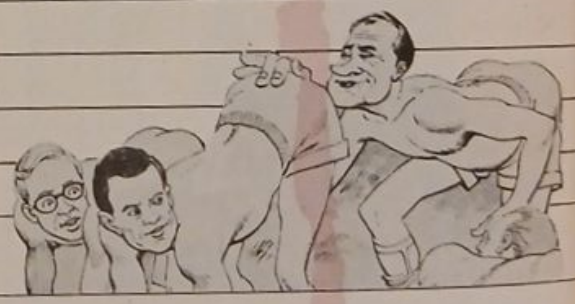

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NEWS ON THE MINCE

FEBRUARY, 1974 VOLUME 1, NO. XLVII

Eat Your Heart Out, Princess Anne: This Was the Fairy Tale Wedding of the Year!

The recently made public results of a nationwide survey commissioned by the Gay Activist Alliance appear to substantiate the hopes—or fears—of those who suspect that America has undergone a basic shift in its sexual mores and morals.

The survey establishes that Kinsey's estimate of the number of practicing homosexuals (one in six) was a trifle conservative. Fully 25 percent, or one in four of those queeried (so to speak) defined themselves as "exclusively homosexual." The current trend toward "swinging" among the middle class and "experimental communes" among the young no doubt accounts for the 19 percent who classified themselves as bi-sexual, or "AC-DC." Of the remaining 56 percent of the respondents, slightly more than half admitted to "some" sexual contact with members of their own sex, at scout camp, in the army, in seminaries, prisons, or consciousness raising groups, bringing the number of practicing homos, by anybody's definition, to a whopping 72 percent of the population.

Of the remaining 28 percent of those surveyed, a sizable minority proved, after exhaustive (not to say exhausting) psychological testing, to be "latent homosexuals." Survey results are questionably subjective here, but the GAA conservatively sets this figure at 40 percent, which leaves 15 percent of the adult population at "definitely not gay."

This figure breaks down into 18 percent bondage freaks, 12 percent exclusive zoophiliacs, 30 percent S & M, and a not surprising 40 percent (a mere 7 percent of the entire population) as "functionally impotent."

The NatLamp has learned that the last practicing heterosexual in the United States, Johnny Two-Feather, a full-blooded Cheyenne, died of terminal syphilis contracted in a Saigon brothel on January 17, 1974. □

K-Y Comics Presents:

Dixie Nixon and the Boys in the Bund!

SHE LOVED THEM AND THEY LOVED HER, BUT IT WAS *THE BOYS IN THE BUND* THAT BROUGHT DIXIE TO HER KNEES.

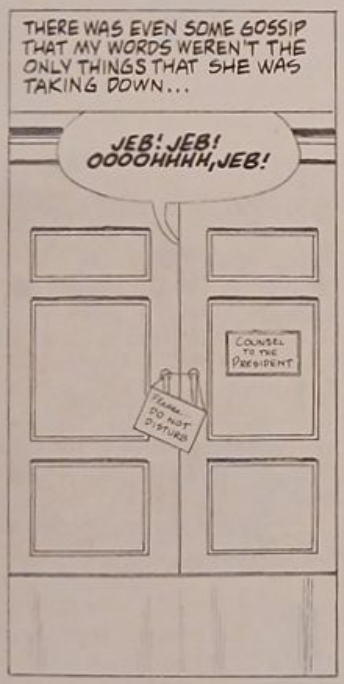
THOSE *VERY* FANCY PARTIES ON BEBE'S BOAT...

NEVER DREAMING HOW FATEFUL THIS NIGHT WAS TO BE, I MADE MY ENTRANCE *COOL* AS A *CUCUMBER*...

YES, WITH THE *SWEETEST* OF INTENTIONS, MY DARLING *HUNBUNS* HAD REALLY SET THE CAT AMONGST THE STOOL PIGEONS...

LISTEN, KEWPIE DOLL... SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE QUEEN FOR A DAY, NOT THE FIRST LADY!
BILL OF RIGHTS
FREEDOM OF SPEECH
FREEDOM FROM
FREEDOM OF RELIGION
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS
NO TAXATION WITHOUT
FREEDOM FROM
FREEDOM OF IRON CURTAIN
MR PRESIDENT

...PERHAPS THEY KNEW EVEN EARLY ON THAT SOMETHING WAS UP BESIDES... OH MARY... BUT THIS GIRL DIDN'T... EVERY TIME I LOOKED INTO THOSE INNOCENT BLUE EYES, I WAS A GONER!
LISTEN, SUGARBUSH, I'VE GOT A PLAN. WHY DON'T WE HIRE SOME SPICS TO BUG THE DEMS, BUY THEM OFF IF THEY BUNGLE IT, FORCE UP FARM PRICES BY SELLING ALL OUR GRAIN TO SOMEONE, HAVE WALLACE RUBBED OUT, SQUEEZE THE BIG BOYS FOR THIRTY MILL OR SO, SET UP A SMACK DEAL FOR VESCO, POISON THE CBS NEWS DEPARTMENT, NUKE HANOI, AND CALL OFF THE ELECTION? IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE CAN ALWAYS START ANOTHER MIDEAST WAR OR DRUM UP A PHONY ENERGY CRISIS...
DO WHAT YOU ALWAYS TELL ME TO, DIXIE DEAR... PUT IT IN WRITING...
CAMP DAVID
BY INVITATION ONLY
DRESS INFORMAL
APPEARING TONITE
Cockettes
ENEMA LIST


THERE WAS EVEN SOME GOSSIP THAT MY WORDS WEREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT SHE WAS TAKING DOWN...
JEB! JEB! OOOOHHHH, JEB!
COUNSEL TO THE PRESIDENT
PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

... IF ONLY I'D STUCK WITH MY FAITHFUL BROWN SKIRTS... BUT EVEN IN MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE WAS... A FAGGOT IN THE WOODPILE...
LISTEN, MISS LANDSLIDE, THERE ARE SOME VERY ICKY THINGS AROUND THAT ARE GOING TO NEED A COVER-UP, AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR CROW'S-FEET!
FOUR MORE YE
USN
MOTHER

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT GOOD ADVICE IS HARDER TO COME BY THAN VASELINE IN A GAS SHORTAGE. MY SWEETKRAUTS TRIED TO TELL ME, BUT DID I LISTEN?...
THE DRAGON LADY HUNT WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE AND WE ICED THAT BITCH BOGGS BUT AUNTIE SAM DOWN AT JUDICIARY SAYS IF YOU DON'T STOP BEHAVING LIKE THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, SHE'LL BLOW THE WHISTLE ON YOU!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT OLD JULEP BLOW ANYONE'S WHISTLE!

YES... EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS THEIR FAULT, SHE WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY... BUT I TRUSTED HER AND SHE GOT US ALL... IN THE END!

NOW MR. DEAN, THAT REMAWNDS ME OF A ST-STORY IN THE BIBLE... AND LOT WENT DOWN UNTO SODOM, AND AH, SODOM WENT DOWN ONTO LOT... HRRUMPH!
NEXT MONTH: DIXIE NIXON IN THE DORK AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

HOMO HUNNIES

Calling All Guys

Your Personal Guidebook to the Ins and Outs of Teen Gay Dating

by David Howard

Introduction

For a young boy, adolescence is an exciting and tumultuous period in his life, often marked by rapid emotional highs and lows, his laughter and tears often following each other as quickly as the cuts on mom's old *Fantastiks* album. But to deny those urges within yourself, especially during your fleeting chicken years, is a shame and a waste—if Miss Agnes God had intended us to go to the men's room only when we actually had to go to the men's room, She wouldn't give us back so many dimes in change for a dollar.

I mean really, *do you mind*?

All Aboard, the Cruising's Fine

But first, let's get something straight between us—"cruising," as we call gay teen dating, is neither as easy as hair pie nor as simple as rolling off a dog. Cruising can be as effortless and natural as going to the bathroom—in fact, often synonymous with it—or as chancy as a homophiliac arranging a spray of cactus. In any case, the kind of cruising you are about to embark upon won't require pop's jalopy any more than your basket need be warped to get woofed.

Initially you may find yourself awkward, often tongue-tied—this latter difficulty often a knotty problem if someone is pounding on the stall door and your first mate lacks a knack for rope craft—but such emotional seesawing is quite normal. Well, pretty normal, under the circumstances, for as the straight inventor Thomas Alva Edison observed, "The fun a boy has playing ball with the fellows is subtly different from the fun a fellow has balling the boys."

If you follow.

You now stand on the threshold of an experience not found in any *Dick and John* reader—one that may determine in large part your future understanding and appreciation of the identical sex.

Boy Meets Boy

How can a fellow like me meet other fellows like me? is a question many fellows ask. Those of you who look well in butch haircuts and need only "hang" at your local meat rack may envy your more femme brothers (or sisters, if they insist) and their natural ability for camping, fly fishing, and other healthful indoor sports. *Both* have their freedoms and obligations which must be understood and accepted on *both* sides before two hearts can finally meet face to crotch.

If you are a personable, outgoing lad, nothing is easier. Even in strange surroundings, and you can bet some of your surroundings will be pretty strange, you'll find the right opening remark, that complementary turn of phrase. It's amazing how far a boy can go on a sincere smile and a friendly, "Hi there, mister, mind if I make like a Hoover on your wing-wang there?"

Such simple icebreakers can go a long way toward breaking the ice.

Nobody Here but Just Us Chickens

The shy, inexperienced boy, and his name is legion, though quite often Roddy, may make mistakes at first, but remember—all things come to he who uses his head rather than his teeth.

What's the matter, honey, giving you a tongue-on or something?

Are you sure you're shipshape for your shakedown cruise? Well, unless you're bigger than that hunk of Canadian bacon lurking over there by the jukebox, you'd better be, and before it becomes so hard that you must come to grips with it yourself, don't forget that the teen gay dater's object is *not* so much having fun as *not getting beaten up*. At least by anyone you don't want to.

Where to Meat People

For a good place to meat people, turn toward the church of your choice. Talk to your pastor about your problems and you may get a more sympathetic response than you expect, especially if he's Episcopalian.

Community centers, YMCA showers, clubs, steam rooms, truck stops, Christian Science Reading Rooms, bus stations, and USOs provide all sorts of interesting programs, and one should not overlook the thrills and spills of organized sports. And if you still can't connect with that certain, special anybody, try 555-6774. I should be through with this article and out of the shower by ten.

continued

continued

No straights, Marines, or psychiatrists, please. I've got problems enough of my own.

Arse Gratia Artis

A love for culture (no pun intended) and the finer things can prove an added plus in meeting interesting, intelligent owners of those things. No pun intended. For example, standing room at the *Barber of Seville* can be your ticket to that hair stylist from Palermo, while the ballet is still a popular forum for all classical nancing, though lately it has been invaded by a loud and rather unpleasant heterosexual element.

If your tastes lean more to pop, then you'd better have your mom drop you off at rock concerts where you're likely to come on contact with members of your own age grope. One warning, though; stay away from David Bowie concerts—*his* fans are *sick*. (You may as well face it, there are some people who *like* David Bowie. The world is full of off-putting things to which one must get used, but that badge queen guarding Bowie's dressing room last night is one gomer pile who'll never live to be as old as he looks. The pits. Particularly the ones on the sides of his nose. Gah.)

Roger, Roger, Are You Receiving Me?

A teen queen need not be a raving beauty to get his head together. Too, there is a place for everybody and, if he's not careful, everybody's in his place. Ted, who is so dinky he's constantly mistaken in the gym shower for a girl, may well envy Bub, who needs a transfusion to complete an erection, but as young on-the-beamers know, "It's not how big it is, but what you are willing to let him do to it." Cynical? Maybe. Practical? You bet. Doctor?

Fetishism: Getting Off on the Right Foot

Some enchanted evening you will meet a stranger. You will meet a stranger across a crowded room. And suddenly there, you'll know even then, that you will be badgered, abused, and publicly humiliated by that silly hysterical twathead again and again until you either have to change your phone number or your sex, whichever is less devastating to your social life.

But seriously, once you spot somebody you'd like to know better, just saunter over and say hello—perhaps tell him something of interest about yourself, such as—"Hi there, my name is Roddy and I'm a senior at Hillsdale High who enjoys swimming and sketching and hopes to major in commercial design. Also, I have an eleven-inch dork." You can try a friendly question or two, like "Gosh, where can I get nipples pierced like that?" or "My place or yours?" or "My place or yours if-you-know-what-I-mean?" if you can get behind where I'm coming from. Please. (555-6774.)

If your fellow demures, don't press him. It may be his way of telling you he still thinks he's straight or perhaps just received an inopportune call from the Public Clinic.

Excuse me for a moment, I have to check with my answering service.

Clothes Make the Man Who Makes the Boys

Whew.

Rookie swish hitters may have trouble getting their head together about what to wear, when, and for how long. This can often be a real stumbling block for the inexperienced, particularly if the block you stumble over is the one you just got knocked off by some bull dyke as you traipsed in dressed as Toto's sidekick (or "kickpleat," as us homos say).

Keep it in your holster, Dale, this is an ugly job, but somebody's got to do it.

Fluffy cardigan sweaters, black socks with tennis shoes, clam diggers, tweed capris, and, unless St. Patrick's Day happens to fall on one, green on Thursdays are all still discreet semaphores to your fellow goop-gobblers that it's time to unpack those pink concertinas and crown the lord of the flies.

Other good tip-offs are carrying your schoolbooks across your chest, crossing your legs, or walking something small and cuddly on a leash—a ninth-grader in a green cardigan sweater, for instance.

The Riddle of the Sphincter

Many popular nitespots (just ask your cab driver for the green light district in your town) have dress restrictions barring anyone not wearing leather, denim, tire chains,or recently killed animals interwoven with hammered motorcycle parts. Right dress is important, as any lad who sports one will testify, and for those of you with small allowances, all those leather U-trou, studded jocks, whips, spiked helmets, and pierced nipples can really blow a guy's wad.

Do you love it? Do you *really* love it?

You *don't* love it, do you.

Well, suck a biggie, sister, the Queen of Space is at the controls and can do anything she damn well wants. Check her service again, too.

No messages except from Roddy, who's out of Valium again.

An important point to remember in hanging one's key ring from one's belt or piercing one's ears, nostrils, or nipples is that the left side means "masochist" and the right side means "sadist." A little trick (no bun intended) to help you remember is that the letters are right next to each other —*L* for left and *M* for masochist. (Mary, I *said* it was a little trick.)

Too, a teen should never dress above his capabilities or he runs the risk of ruining his reputation and/or his colon.

Is It True What They Say about Jim Nabors?

Does the Queen Mother squat to pee?

But more importantly, what *does* a gay guy do for a good time? Homework's done, kitty's fed, Dad's jerking off at the lodge, and a young man who knows the score is on the lookout for someone to do that's different, fun, and not too expensive. You may develop rather Catholic tastes, particularly if you're Episcopalian, but make sure you find out first who is supposed to do what to who's you-know-which when and how long for how much. Otherwise you may find yourself with a painful misunderstanding on your hands or a not-so-inviting hemorrhage clashing with mom's new upholstery. Ick.

If you wish to double-date, and the date you're doubling up on doesn't mind, you may wish to invite others to the rumpus room for an impromptu coming-out party. (A word to the wise—as host you will be expected to furnish snacks, Vaseline, Johnny Mathis albums, poppers, and the entire rumpus room in French provincial.)

How Much Should My Date Cost?

Currently it seems to run from three to four dollars an inch plus handling and corkage fee, but this is subject to change without notice due to today's spiraling meat prices.*

Parents and Problems

When introducing a new fellow to your family, say something like, "Mother, this is Fred. He's in my typing class at school and is a real whiz at needlepoint."

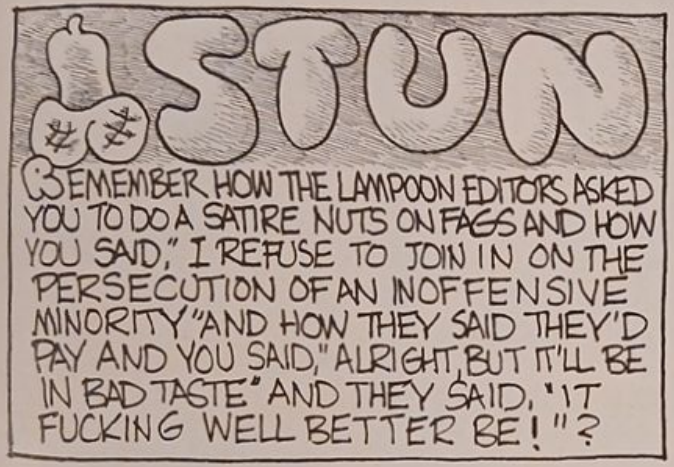
This will give your mother something to talk about. And your pop. Later.

What Should I Know About Contraception?

(*continued on page 237*)

Indicates rimshot.
Indicates rimjob.
*Indicates some dorkbreath still reading this tiny type.

FUNNY
PAGES

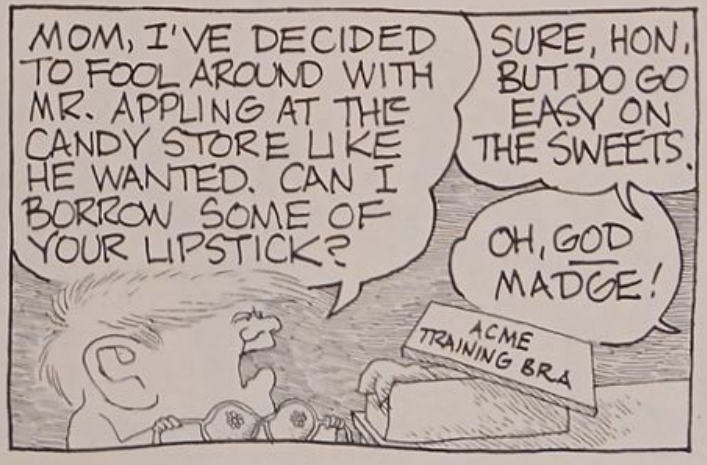

STUN
REMEMBER HOW THE LAMPOON EDITORS ASKED YOU TO DO A SATIRE NUTS ON FAGS AND HOW YOU SAID," I REFUSE TO JOIN IN ON THE PERSECUTION OF AN INOFFENSIVE MINORITY "AND HOW THEY SAID THEY'D PAY AND YOU SAID," ALRIGHT, BUT IT'LL BE IN BAD TASTE" AND THEY SAID, "IT FUCKING WELL BETTER BE!"?

I'M OFF TO THPEND A NIGHT OUT WITH THE FELLAHTH, THWEETIE!
SO GO AHEAD, YOU FRUIT!
HISTORY OF AMERICA
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT A GROTESQUE FATHER IMAGE FOR ME TO HAVE TO BUILD ON! WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE SUCH A GOD-DAMN SCREAMER?

HE REALLY HATES IT WHEN YOU VISIT ME, ROSIE, DEAR!
GOD, MADGE, BUT YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
I THINK I'LL TAKE WALDO FOR A WALK!
ROSIE!
MADGE!
OUR GREATEST PRESIDENTS WERE QUEER
SCHMECK!
SCH
OH!
SCH

LOOK WHAT I HAVE, PRETTY LITTLE FELLOW!
GODDAMN FLASHERS!
STOP SNIFFING THE MAN, WALDO!
Graham Wilson
SNORF!

WALDO! LEAVE OFF HUMPING THAT DOG, WALDO! IT'S A BOY DOG, YOU DAMN NINNY!
OH, THE HELL WITH IT! FUCK IT!
HUFFAHUFFA
?


MOM, I'VE DECIDED TO FOOL AROUND WITH MR. APPLING AT THE CANDY STORE LIKE HE WANTED. CAN I BORROW SOME OF YOUR LIPSTICK?
SURE, HON, BUT DO GO EASY ON THE SWEETS.
OH, GOD MADGE!
ACME TRAINING BRA

DYDL

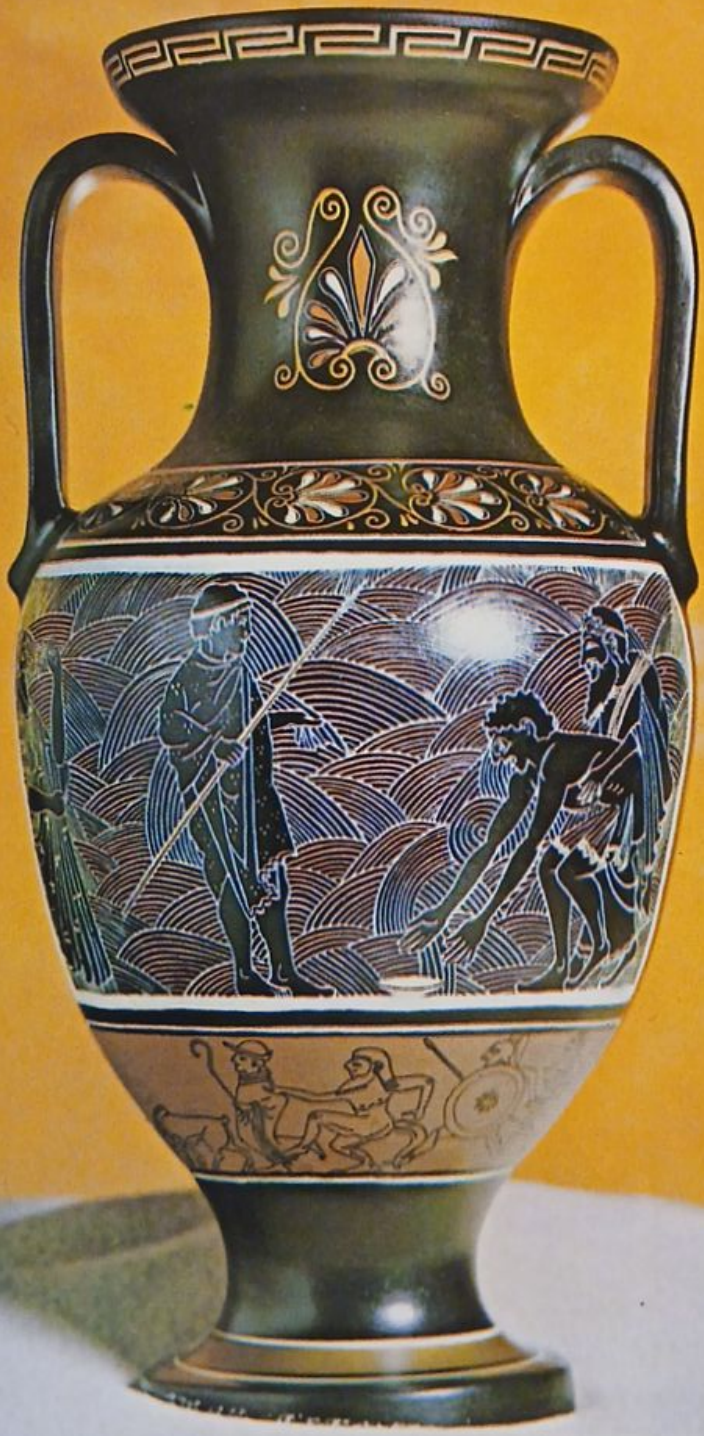
AH, THE SWEET INNOCENCE OF EAT AND YOUR EYES SHALL BE OPENED!

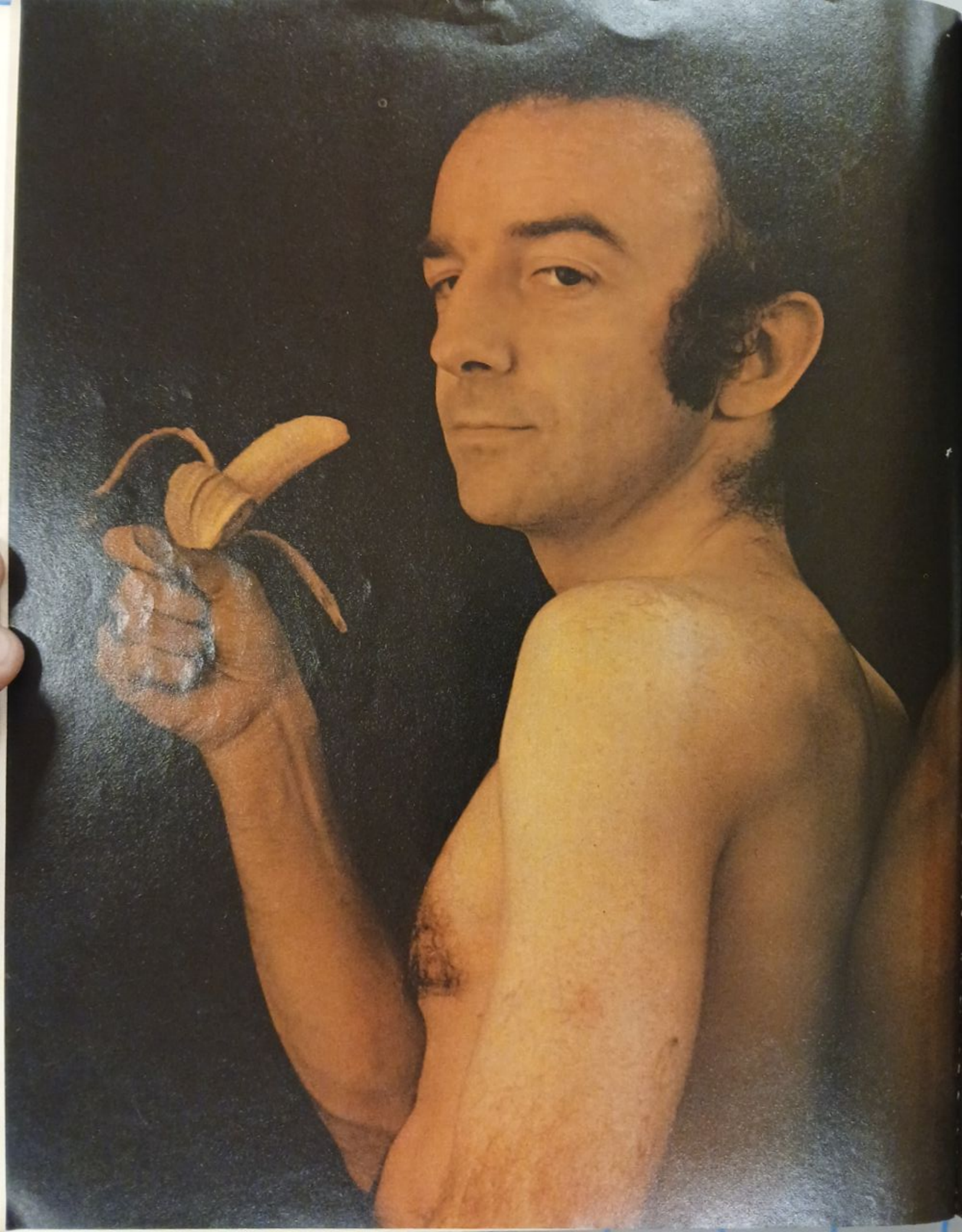
OH!

HOW THE HELL DO I TELL ADAM HE'S A HOMO

LILLEHAMMER follies
STARRING Christian Quisling
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, CHRISTEN?
IT IS MY PURSE, PAPA.
A PURSE? WHY DO YOU CARRY A PURSE, CHRISTEN?
I AM A QUEER, PAPA.
MAMA, DID YOU HEAR? CHRISTEN SAYS HE IS A QUEER.
SHAME ON YOU, CHRISTEN! GO HIDE IN THE CLOSET!
PAPA, THE ODOR OF THE MOTHBALLS...
YOU WILL GET USED TO IT, CHRISTEN.
WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT HIM, PAPA?
NO NEED, MAMA. IN A FEW WEEKS HE'LL BE JUST A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.
AND HIS PURSE WILL BE YOURS, MAMA. THERE'S NOT ANOTHER LIKE IT IN ALL OF LILLEHAMMER!
OH, PAPA, YOU ARE SUCH A GOOD MAN!
MORAL: DON'T UNDERESTIMATE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A HAMMER, NAILS, A TWO-BY-FOUR AND A QUEER!

Greek Culture Insert





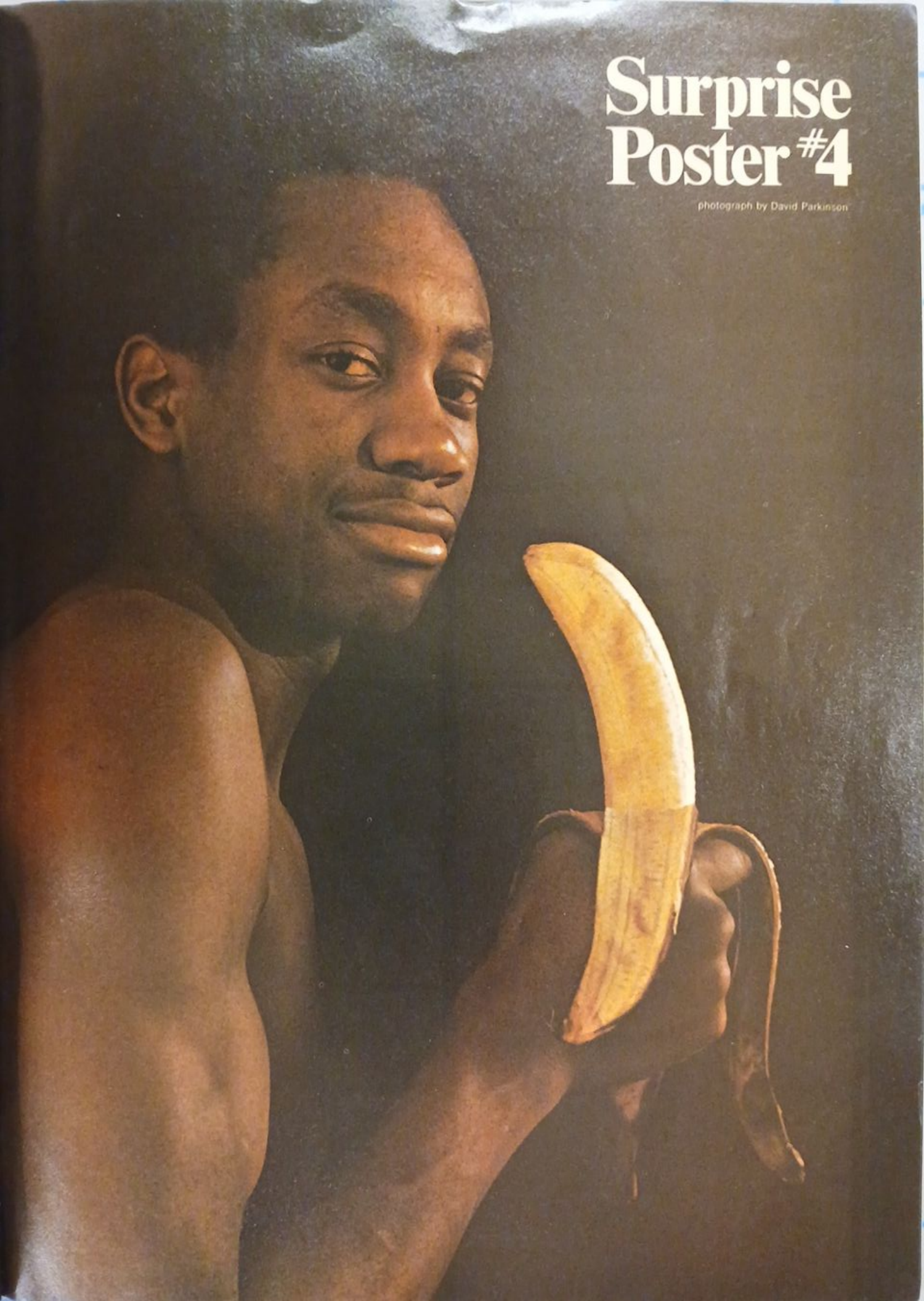
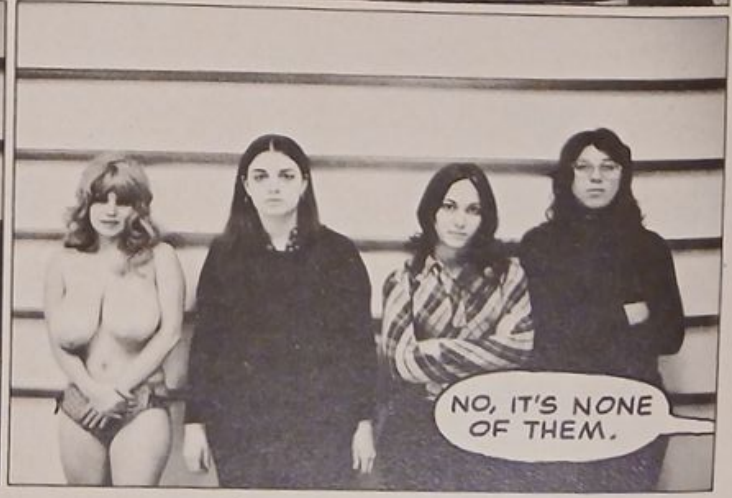

Surprise
Poster #4
photograph by David Parkinson

FOTO
FUNNIES

ASK THE ONE ON THE LEFT TO TAKE HER CLOTHES OFF.

O.K., YOU, GET 'EM OFF.


NO, IT'S NONE OF THEM.

Every Red-Blooded American Boy's Dream

Three Pretty Girls Doing Just What You Want So You Can Masturbate!

by Ed Subitzky

AND PLEASE, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T FEEL SILLY OR GUILTY! REMEMBER--WE LIKE DOING THIS! WE THINK IT'S A WONDER AND A MIRACLE THAT OUR BODIES CAN GIVE PLEASURE TO A FELLOW HUMAN BEING, AND NOTHING GIVES US GREATER JOY!
WELL, GIRLS, I GUESS THAT'S ENOUGH TALKING! SHALL WE BEGIN TO STRIP?
THE NAVY
YES, BUT LET'S DO IT REAL SLOW!
LIKE ME IN A BRA? YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT MORE OF ME IN JUST A FEW PANELS, YOU LUCKY STIFF. HEH HEH!
AND DON'T YOU GET A NICE TINGLE INSIDE WHEN YOU LOOK AT MY SMOOTH, TAPERED LEGS AND MILKY-WHITE, FIRM THIGHS!
THERE! NOW WE'RE ALL HERE IN OUR BIRTHDAY SUITS FOR YOU!

I HAVE THE BIGGEST TITS! WANNA SEE 'EM NICE AND CLOSE?
HERE YOU ARE, LOVER!
I HAVE THE SLIMMEST WAIST! AND I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A BETTER LOOK!
HOW'S THIS?
I HAVE A BLACK ASS!
THE NAVY
PROMOTION FOR ANY ONE ENLISTING
APPLY ANY RECRUITING STATION
OR POSTMASTER

NOW WE'LL JUST STAND AROUND HERE IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS...
...AND LET YOU KEEP LOOKING AT US ALL YOU WANT...
...UNTIL YOU...
...YOU-KNOW-WHAT, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!
OUR SPACE IS UP NOW! BUT REMEMBER, BIG BOY... WE'LL ALWAYS BE RIGHT HERE WHEN YOU NEED US!
NOW, BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE, DON'T FORGET TO WASH UP!
TA TA!
BYE!
THE NAVY

THEY SAY THAT ONLY ONCE IN A LIFETIME DOES A REAL HATE COME ALONG... BUT WE WERE TOO YOUNG AND FOOLISH TO APPRECIATE IT...

MY HATE STORY!

by E. Subitzky

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I FIRST MET JASON! OH, I'D HAD "PUPPY HATES" BEFORE... BUT, AS SOON AS I SAW HIM, I KNEW THIS WAS THE REAL THING!

HE... HE'S SO SWEATY... SO STUPID-LOOKING...

I'VE JUST GOT TO MEET HIM SOMEHOW!

WHEN A GIRL IS IN HATE, SHE'S SHAMELESS! I TRIED THE OLD SMASH-INTO-'EM-BY-ACCIDENT ROUTINE!

OOOOOF!

OOOPS! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU STUPID SONOFABITCH!

AS SOON AS I HEARD HIS ANSWER, I KNEW I WOULD HATE HIM FOREVER!

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU DUMB FUCKING CUNT!

HE TOOK ME OUT FOR A SODA AND I COULD HARDLY GET MY EYES ON HIM!

HE'S SO UGLY I CAN HARDLY STAND IT!

WERE MY FONDEST DREAMS REALLY COMING TRUE — WAS HE BEGINNING TO HATE ME AS MUCH AS I HATED HIM?

YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN A SLOPPIER EATER IN ALL MY LIFE! YOU MAKE ME NAUSEOUS!

THEN MY HEART BEGAN TO BEAT LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER...

LISTEN, CREEP! IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY SATURDAY NIGHT, I KNOW A CHEAP CHINESE RESTAURANT WHERE THE FOOD STINKS AND A NIGHT SPOT WHERE THE FLOOR SHOW WILL DEMEAN YOU!

I COULD HARDLY WAIT UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT! WHEN HE PICKED ME UP, MY SKIN WAS ALL GOOSE BUMPS!

CHRIST, DO YOU LOOK UGLY!

BACK OFF UNTIL YOU TAKE YOUR FIRST BATH!

THAT EVENING WAS EVERYTHING A YOUNG GIRL COULD HAVE HOPED FOR! I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING A LITTLE FORWARD BY NOT PETTING, NOT NECKING, AND NOT EVEN HOLDING HANDS... BUT I DIDN'T CARE! THEN LATER, IN THE SUB-FREEZING TEMPERATURES OF MY PORCH...

SALLY...

JASON...

SLAP!

I'D NEVER BEEN SLAPPED BY A BOY BEFORE! MY HEAD WENT REELING! AND THEN HE SAID THOSE THREE FATEFUL WORDS I'D LONGED SO TO HEAR...

SALLY, I'VE NEVER TOLD THIS TO ANY GIRL BEFORE, BUT I... I... I HATE YOU!

ALL NIGHT LONG, I TOSSED AND TURNED, JUST REMEMBERING HIS SLAP, HIS PAINFUL SLAP!

I'LL NEVER HATE ANYONE ELSE! NEVER!

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A STORY BOOK! JASON HARDLY SPENT A CENT ON ME AND CONTINUALLY DEGRADED ME! WE SPENT SO MANY EVENINGS JUST WHISPERING THOSE SOUR LITTLE NOTHINGS...

YOU'RE FLAT-CHESTED! YOU PICK YOUR NOSE! YOU HAVE DISHPAN HANDS! YOU HAVE A LOW I.Q.! YOUR LEGS AREN'T SHAVED! YOU SMELL! YOU HAVE THICK ANKLES!

YOU HAVE BAD BREATH! YOU HAVE PIMPLES! YOU HAVEN'T A LICK OF COMMON SENSE! YOU DON'T COVER YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU COUGH!

AND PERHAPS I DID LET JASON GO FARTHER THAN HE SHOULD, BUT SOMEHOW IT ALL SEEMED SO NATURAL AND SO RIGHT...

OH, JASON (GASP!)... I THINK YOU BROKE MY ARM...

THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL TEASED ME ABOUT IT, BUT I DIDN'T CARE!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS!

HEY SAL, HEH HEH, WHAT'S THAT BLACK-AND-BLUE MARK ON YOUR NECK? AND THAT SCAR TISSUE OVER YOUR LEFT EYE?

RUN INTO A DOOR OR SOMETHING? HEH HEH!

BUT IF ONLY JASON AND I COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT OUR HATE WAS ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED!

I GUESS OUR PROBLEMS REALLY BEGAN THE NIGHT I TOOK JASON HOME TO HAVE DINNER WITH MY PARENTS!

WELL, MOM, WELL, DAD, WASN'T HE JUST THE ABSOLUTE WORST!

SALLY... YOUR MOTHER AND I WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU...

WE... WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS, SALLY, BUT WE THINK HE HAS... REDEEMING QUALITIES! IN FACT, YOUR MOTHER AND I ALMOST LIKED HIM!

WE MUST ASK YOU NEVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD YOUR WHOLE WORLD CRUMBLE IN A SINGLE SENTENCE? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO... YOU CRY... YOU CRY AND YOU SCREAM!

I WILL SEE HIM! ARE YOU TOO OLD TO UNDERSTAND? I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM! I HATE HIM!

MOTHER TRIED TO COMFORT ME, BUT HER WORDS WERE TO NO AVAIL!

THERE, THERE NOW! YOU'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE! THE WORLD IS JUST FULL OF REPULSIVE MEN! LOOK AT YOUR FATHER! I DIDN'T MEET HIM UNTIL I WAS 20, AND HAVEN'T WE HAD A TERRIBLE LIFE TOGETHER!

YOUR MOTHER IS...

SHUT UP, SHMUCK!

THE NEXT DAY, I CONFIDED MY PROBLEM TO LOUISE, MY WORST ENEMY SINCE CHILDHOOD! HER ADVICE WAS SUCCINCT...

LISTEN, ASSHOLE! DON'T LET THOSE OLD FARTS STAND IN YOUR WAY! IF HE'S REALLY THAT SICKENING, HE'S WORTH SEEING ON THE SLY!

MY HATE FOR JASON WAS OVERPOWERING, AND I TOOK LOUISE'S ADVICE!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TONIGHT, JERKOFF?

ER... TO THE LIBRARY, MOM!

BUT NOW, WHENEVER I WAS WITH JASON, MY FATHER'S WORDS CAME BACK TO ME!

REDEEMING QUALITIES! REDEEMING QUALITIES!

HE... HE DOES KEEP HIS SHOES SHINED! HE USES "ISN'T" INSTEAD OF "AIN'T"... HE WIPES HIMSELF...

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN OUR AFFAIR WAS IN TROUBLE WHEN...

HEY, DID I JUST MAKE YOU SMILE?

ER... NO, JASON, NO!

FINALLY ONE NIGHT I DREW UP MY COURAGE AND FACED THE FACTS SQUARELY IN THE FACE...

I... I JUST DON'T HATE JASON THE WAY I USED TO! IN FACT...

I...

I...

I... (SOB!) I... (SOB!) I LOVE HIM!

MOM AND DAD HAD BEEN RIGHT - IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED! I DREADED TELLING JASON IT WAS ALL OVER, BUT I HAD TO DO IT!

YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET TONIGHT, FOR A COMPULSIVE NAG!

JASON... THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOW...

MY HEART ALMOST BROKE AS I POURED OUT THE SHATTERING WORDS! JASON JUST STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN SILENCE AND THEN...

SALLY, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU, TOO! I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMEBODY I HATE EVEN MORE THAN YOU... SOMEONE WHO MAKES YOU SEEM ONLY MILDLY REPULSIVE...

MY FEMININE CURIOSITY WAS AROUSED...

WHO... WHO IS IT, JASON?

IT'S... IT'S YOUR WORST ENEMY, LOUISE!

SHOCKED, I RACED HOME IN TEARS! BUT SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO REMIND MYSELF THAT EVEN THE DARKEST CLOUDS CAN HAVE THEIR SMALL, SILVER LININGS...

NOW I CAN BE JEALOUS OF LOUISE AND DETEST HER EVEN MORE...

AND I CAN TELL MY PARENTS I DISOBEYED THEM... SO THEY'LL HATE ME EVEN MORE, TOO!

SO THAT'S MY STORY! THE STORY OF A PERFECT HATE THAT WASN'T QUITE PERFECT ENOUGH! I STILL WILL NEVER FORGET JASON - AND I STILL THINK OF THE HORRIBLE LIFE WE MIGHT HAVE HAD TOGETHER HAD FATE BEEN KINDER!

BUT AT LEAST I WAS LUCKY! UNLIKE SOME OTHER GIRLS, I GOT OUT IN TIME! AND SO HERE I SIT WAITING... WAITING... WAITING FOR ANOTHER TRUE HATE TO COME ALONG!

THE END

photographs by R.G. Harris

OUR BODIES AND NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

A WOPERSON'S GUIDE TO MEDICAL HEALTH BY AND FOR FEPEOPLE

BY THE BERKELEY FEMININE HYGIENE FREE CLINIC MEDICAL COLLECTIVE $2.95

UP FROM DOWN

Members of the Berkeley Feminine Hygiene Women's Free Clinic Medical Collective struggled to write this book so that fempersons could gain better control over their bodily functions instead of having to passively submit to the professional chauvinism of male doctors who treat us as though our large growths on the chest, frequent discharges of bloody flux, and elephantine distensions of the abdomen were some kind of disease. Especially now, when learning to both talk and communicate in the supportive atmosphere of women's groups has taught us that it isn't catching. How many times have we awakened to our senses calling out, "*I am a woman,*" only to be told to take two aspirin and call again in the morning if we aren't better? Nor can womanhood ever be cured in this society which regards it as a crime.

IF WOMANHOOD ISN'T A CRIME, HOW COME THEY ARREST TRANSVESTITES?

Labeled as sick or criminal, we are denied any of the benefits handed out to Amerika's "traditional," "goal-oriented" handicapped. Are there such things as Mother's Day Seals? Is there a March of Diaphragms? It is even denied that we have the ability to reason cogently or form rational arguments—something any sick handicapped criminal can do when it isn't that time of the month.

OUR FEMINIST BODIES: SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH SAGS

The dominance/submission competitive role-model for traditional medical training in the patriarchal society uses complicated tests and years of required attendance at exclusionary institutions to confuse women and members of the Third World and produce a society woefully unwilling to divulge to us even the simplest knowledge of our own bodies.

Location of Nose on Your Face

Also, we have been told many obvious lies and falsehoods which we accepted without question—the men-dominated fields of intelligence and thought leading us to believe we had vaginal orgasms, that our heads were filled with tiny hammers, springs, and bolts of lightning, and that we wouldn't get pregnant as long as we didn't swallow it. Most damaging to all women has been the sexual misinformation which many women remain pathetically uninformed about. Male children are early in life shown the location of their genitals while many

Ass

Elbow

young girls spend years wondering what to pee out of and some even grow to late adolescence thinking they have a pair of unused jello molds and a hairy bench vice. Even such knowledge as the existence of the clitoris was withheld from us until we discovered, it and we'll probably have to find out where it is by ourselves, too.

Combined with misinformation, we are continually confronted with attitudes of disgust and repulsion surrounding our bodies. We must work together towards remembering that our bodies are fine as they are, our genitals are clean, we do not "smell," and we should never again allow ourselves to suffer humiliation at the hands of some male who says we do just because his dog wants to roll in us.

Good Boots, Made for Walking, Can Also Be Valuably Used in Self-Defense.

MASTURBATION: FEELING FREE OF MALE OPPRESSION

Masturbatory experiences are an important part of our sexual maturation but it is equally important that such experiences do not cause us to lose respect for ourselves. Thus, many women find they need to ask themselves, "Just how far should I let myself go on the first night?"

Begin with smooth caresses of the back and sides, moving the hands slowly towards the belly and up beneath the breasts or gently approach the breasts on the outside of your shirt or blouse by moving your hands into your armpits and letting your thumbs spread cautiously across the collarbone region.

Thrust two fingers inside the shirt front before actually trying to undo any buttons; or, better yet, move your hand up inside your shirttail and edge a finger or thumb beneath the front of your brassiere. If you aren't wearing a bra, then you know that you are very easily aroused and you can probably "go all the way"

with yourself immediately. But if a brassiere *is* present, be careful not to fumble too long with the hooks or you may soon find yourself "out of the mood."

In attempting to touch your genitals, start with the hips and buttocks and proceed to brushings of the crotch with your wrist while ostensibly clasping your leg. Build slowly towards overt grasping of the mons venus. Then toy with the waistband of your pants or push your skirt up progressively towards your panties. "Getting inside" with slacks on presents a greater difficulty—requiring you to press the palm of your hand flat against your abdomen and slide slowly downwards beneath the elastic band on your underwear. Skirts are far easier since the outside of the underwear can be rubbed as a preliminary followed by easy access to your vagina through the leg hole.

And whether you succeed or fail in your first masturbatory attempt, don't be upset if your arrival at the next meeting of the consciousness-raising group is greeted with calls of "BT?" "Stink Finger?" "Get Any?"

Nothing Offensive About Menstrual Blood!

SEXUALITY: BUT WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO TOUCH ME WHERE I GO TO THE BATHROOM?

For many weo-people there is an understandable problem in relating to our sexual organs as fully as free and equal as the cuter ones such as the pancreas and the wurlitzer baby grand. For years we have been propagandized to think of sex as somehow "dirty" or "disgusting" or "revolting" or "animalistic" or "undignified" or "noisy" or some such like because of our genital's interesting proximity to our excretory system. As the male poet Mzr. W. B. Yeats said, "God has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement" and anyone who is ashamed of her/is own recycling system must be a drag at modeling clay class and a stone clutch at mudpies.

* * *

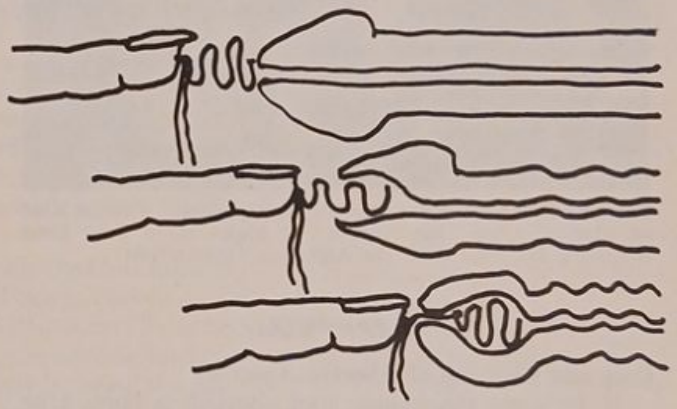
I watch my baby. She sits in the bath playing with her rubber duck and is excreting at every opening. Now I know why they say goo. Inspecting herself, pore by pore, she has tried to insert that ducky in or up every possible orifice. It's only a matter of time. There goes ducky. I wish I could be that free.

* * *

Sex is an incredibly personal thing. I mean, it's so incredibly incredible you wouldn't believe it. A physical activity so interwoven with mental, cultural, and spiritual connotations, wemales are often surprised to discover that it might even be *fun* occasionally if there frankly wasn't so much bother involved. Sex is something that many people still feel "touchy" or "embarrassed" about. For example, the merest mention of a common fantasy such as wanting to masturbate with a flashlight while two oiled Third World brothers engage in political dialogue, or wishing to be beaten with Robert Redford's athletic supporter, can often cause embarrassment or illness! Masturbation, too, like what we were talking about before there. There's nothing wrong with masturbation. I'm masturbating right now. No kidding, one hand on this old Underwood here we found in the shed when we rented this shithole and the other right on the button. Beep beep. Hurry, we must get the Governor's telegram out in time beep beep beep beep-a beep.

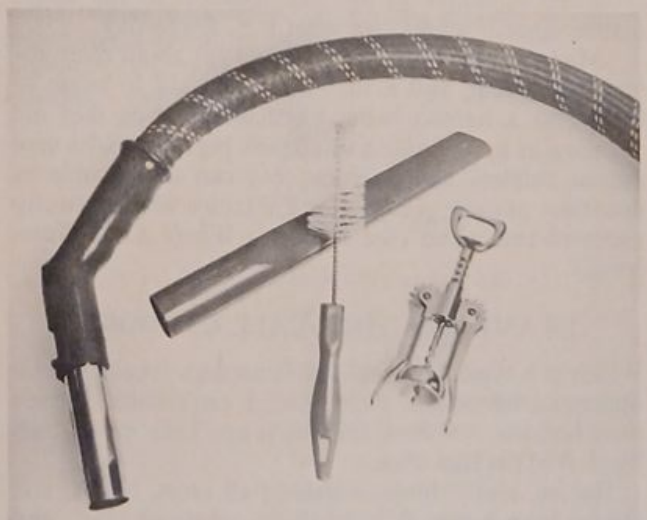
NATURAL CHILD DEATH

Abortion is an organic bodily function—fetal deadness is as natural, physically, as any other bodily transformation. Yet, in this country, we are denied control over our own very personal child-killing experience. Abortion, which could be as much a part of our everyday lives as swatting flies or slaughtering cattle, is instead removed to an unfamiliar place for "sick" people. There we are separated from supportive friendships and emo-



Birth Control

Proper Insertion of the IUD Device Provides Complete Protection from Pregnancy.



Bringing Your Abortion to Full Term in the Reassuring Environment of Your Own Home Requires Careful Planning and Preparation.

tional bonds of the family, commune, or collective. And as soon as our baby is completely dead s/he is taken away and "disposed of" without consideration of ecological effects or natural cycles—creating simply more pollution instead of beautiful and healthy soil for gardens, farms, or flower boxes. Thus a movement has grown up (though still illegal in most states) where medically inclined "mid-mistresses" assist women in having their own induced miscarriages at home. In Amerika almost all abortions take place in a hospital or clinic, but such countries as Italy, Mexico, and Spain now have large numbers of these nondoctor abortion aides, and child disposal in the home is a regular occurrence, taking place in the warm, human atmosphere of the kitchen table or on the familiar intimacy of the toilet.

Feminist Free Clinics Are Now Providing Women with the Kind of Medical Care That Almost All Males Have Been Long Receiving for Free from the Amerikan Government.

APPENDIX

Care and Cleaning of Aborted Abortion

If, by some mischance, your abortion is born, s/he will prove worth its weight in orgasms-per-breast-feeding with a relatively small investment of time and bother. Just as personal hygiene can be easy and pleasurable if approached as simple garage maintenance, so can infant maintenance if viewed for what it is. Disgusting.

Many mothers are quite ambivalent about their unterminated fetii, and it may often be hard to relate to her/im as a human being, particularly when they are so young as to resemble a small pink pig thing. S/he may appear helpless and pointless, but can also double as decorator pillows, planters, or TV lamps when correctly mounted and wired (see *Women's Whole Earth Catalogue*).

IN AMERIKA THEY CALL US KOOKS

Which is a typical example of Amerika's labeling of all oppressed minorities. Hell, mac, I can't kook. I can't even boil water without fukking it up. Take my ex-husband. And the kids. Please.

But no, really, homosexuals of all races, colors, and scenes have begun to remove the labels of "fag" and "butch" from their bodies to see the *real* weirdo underneath.

Take homo dress designers. Please. Homo dress designers—most of them men in this male-fag-oriented capitalist society—have continually pandered to fashion-consumption-oriented women's instincts to dress like fags. Yes, I said "instincts." It is a part of every real woman's sexual development to begin apeing the distinctive lisp, hip-and-eye-rolling, and extended-pinky demeanor of these fag oppressors. Thus, lesbianism can liberate you from this confining role-playing by freeing us to act like *real* men for a change.

We rest our case.

If lesbian sisterhood is a "sickness" how come we don't get Blue Cross?

RAPE AND THE SINGLE CORPSE

Officials estimate that there are four to ten times more rapes committed than reported. Why? Because we enjoy it, of course. Useful, too. Say your boyfriend/other just got through taking advantage of you on a pile of coats at some dumb party. If he refuses to say "I love you" after, or even "Will you form a legally contracted pair-bond with me?" all you have to do is scream bloody murder, rip your dress, and call your lawyer. Say your lawyer wants his fee. Just invite him over for a drink, do it, smash yourself in the face with a martini shaker, and head for the phone. Say the man from the phone company wants the phone back . . . well, you get the picture. No fooling, it really works. Shelley Winters does it all the time in late night movies.

How to stop rape? An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of ground chuck. Bandaid those nips under your sheer summer dug-jugglers and every time you see some hung dude sitting naked on a park bench, sneak up behind him and prune his hanging drupe with a hedge-clipper you keep in your purse. Then blow your whistle. □

Self-Defense for Women Means Combating Old Stereotypes.

A Child's Garden of Castration Anxieties

by Sean Kelly

Children's books are the overture to the symphony of literature. Isn't that a lovely way to think of it? For here we find stated the basic themes of tragedy: perversion, mutilation, criminal acts, insanity, and death . . . and of comedy: ridicule of deformity, misfortune, sexual hanky-panky, and the triumph of the unethical.

I.
Wipe That Lear off Your Face

The Pibble that has no dong
Once had one excessively vast;
But his uncle Roberto, one callico time,
Took it off with a mixture of beeswax and lime,
To use on his boat for a mast
(An act which was morally wrong).

The Pribble that has no dork
Once had one as cute as a cob;
But his half-cousin Clarence McClovis McClutter
Thought the carving knife perfect for smearing on butter,
And utterly bungled the job
(Which proves that one *should* use one's fork).

The Porbul that has no dink
Once had one as surely as you;
But his parents neglected to keep their young sprout
From diddely dinkely doodling about,
And it fell off one day in the loo
(Which gives one occasion to think).

II.
Kidnipped

The birdie on my window sill
When I woke up today
Was busy with his yellow bill,
A-nibbling away!

His meal was pink and curly
And fat and fresh and firm.
He must have been up early
A-catching such a worm!

Then underneath my patchwork spread,
I felt a painful throbbin'.
While I had been a sleepy-head
That bird had been cock robbin'!

RLS

III.
Mother Ghost

Black birds peck off
Noses that grow
On bad boys like
Pinocchio.
Scissor men snip-snip
Sucking thumbs.
Tails are torn from
Naughty bums.
Candlestick Jack
Be quick be nimble!
Here comes the chopper
To chop off your
Symbol.

The Joys of Wife-Tasting

by Anthony Hendra

God created wife to make merry the heart of man, says the good book, and in truth nothing complements a fine meal, warms a winter evening, cools a soft summer day, or turns a casual moment into a memory more exquisitely than a few rich-red mouthfuls of wife. Beyond the simple pleasures of refreshment, however, lies a panoply of further delights for the discriminating palate, subtleties of flavour, colour, age, and bouquet whose appreciation constitutes nothing less than a fine art, and for a fortunate few, a life's work. Who can wet his lips, as once the Roman legions did, upon the great wives of Burgundy without rhapsodizing over that inimitable flavor that packs the mouth with its classic fragrance? Who can resist the hint of sun-soaked soil the dainty wives of Moselle offer, somewhat sweet to the palate but nectar to the nose? And who in all conscience can much longer remain a member of that dwindling clique to whom the smooth, fruity, sea-breeze savour of the Napa Valley wives is anything but sublime? These are not pleasures, as the wag once remarked, to be sniffed at.

An opportunity to indulge in such epicurean delights presented itself in the most appealing fashion recently when the Société Internationale des Grand Maîtres de Tastefemme foregathered at the sumptuous Hotel Sheraton-Sonesta-Marriot in downtown Chicago for its annual tasting. The occasion brought together the fine old classics of France, Italy, and Germany, the relative newcomers from California, and for the first time the robust if somewhat tangy wives of Australia. In short, all the major wife-producing areas of the world were represented, with the exception of New York State and Spain, whose wives I must confess my palate still finds somewhat raucous. More than two dozen wives were tasted by the Société during the course of the evening, ranging from the stately '41s to the new crops of '54 and '55, many of which, to our surprise, we found extraordinarily mature. As in previous years, however, we were disappointed to find that some of the domestic wives had been the victims of sprays and other chemical additives, so much so in one or two cases as to completely obliterate the original flavour. Happily, the incidence of this deplorable practice was noticeably less than before; one feels certain that the Californians, with their uncanny ability to assimilate in years what others have taken centuries to learn, will soon master the innermost secrets, so long an exclusively French province, of wife husbandry.

The theory and practice of wife-tasting has been enshrined elsewhere in far clearer words than my humble mind can conjure. Nonetheless, a brief recapitulation might be useful for the neophytes amongst my readers.

Wives are, of course, as myriad as the regions which produce them, some dark, some light, some pink, some deep red, some lusty and full-bodied yet gentle withal, some unassuming and dainty yet with a flavor to make Bacchus blush. Notwithstanding the width of their range, however, the manner in which a great wife is brought to the lips of a *connoisseur* is generally uniform. The wife must proceed through three stages—seeding, aging, and maturing—and no matter what the idiosyncracies of a given area,* all three of these must be observed for the wife to be palatable.

Many profess to enjoy if not prefer young wives before they are aged: however, while unusually vigorous and effervescent at this point, they have little flavour and always lack depth. I have never found the tasting of young wives, necessary as it occasionally is when one has to buy early on a bumper crop, anything but a disagreeable task.

A wife is generally seeded in the spring—although this is not a rigid rule—and is up the next morning. Once the bloom of youth has disappeared, the wife usually goes

*In southern France, for instance, during the maturing stage, wives are often left open for weeks at a time—an unconscionable process to the wifemasters of Northern France but which nonetheless gives them a quite inimitable tang.

through a hollow period, during which she has little or no flavour, no body, and no colour. An inexperienced wifemaster might despair at this point, but happily the great wives are in the hands of those who know that this is when stupendous flavours and bouquets are building up, only waiting for release through the magic of *maturation*.

Maturing is the most critical process for the wifemaster, for he must bring out two of the most important aspects of his wives—their bouquet and their colour. The bouquet will have already established itself, so all that he has to do is make sure that it regulates itself at all times and in all places, even after traveling.

The colour, however, is a very different matter. The process of maturation involves constant opening and tasting, and according to climactic conditions, the wifemaster must not only be wary of overexposure to the elements and hence of oxidation—lest the wife become *tuillée* or brown round the edges—he must also protect the delicate flavour and bouquet from foreign bodies which can easily enter the wife at this point. During maturation, a number of other dangers beset the wife, due primarily to constant uncorking and recorking, but if the wifemaster is circumspect—and I have yet to meet many who are not—the labourious journey should end in triumph.

As regards the actual tasting itself, this time-honoured activity is of course attended by a number of distinct rules. Wives are considered in four main categories and graded accordingly: *colour*, *bouquet*, *flavour*, and what the Americans rather unromantically refer to as *aftertaste*, but which I prefer to designate *finish*. Wives are uncorked about half an hour prior to actual tasting to give them time to breathe, and are sampled at room temperature. There is a school that prefers the lighter wives somewhat chilled, but I prefer them if anything rather warmer than their heavier, richer counterparts in order to bring out their subtleties more fully. The deplorable practice of chilling all Californian wives prior to tasting needs no further condemnation in so knowledgeable a body as the Société Internationale. I might point out for my own satisfaction, however, that I consider this practice little more than an overt attempt to disguise their abominable flavor.

Properly, the wife is first held up to the light in order to ascertain the depth and texture of colour, although in some cases mere exposure to light, such as a candle, suffices for the expert. Personal preferences aside, there are no connections made between quality and colour—who could honestly claim that the light translucent pinks of the *femmes blondes d'Alsace* are any better or worse than the cardinalatial reds and episcopal purples of the stately wives of Tuscany? No, here comparison is made on the perfection, uniformity, and depth of colour, the lustre and sparkle that the wife displays. Too little 'glisten' may indicate a wife that will be disappointing to the nose; too much may indicate a wife who finishes poorly.

Three sumptuous *femmes de Bordeaux* await the arrival of the Grands Maîtres and the opportunity to warm a discerning palate.

Second, the *bouquet*, or, for the uninitiated, the smell of the wife is tested. For some, a wife's 'nose' may be quite sufficient to discern all that need be known regarding quality, origin, and flavour; indeed, for many epicures it is the supreme pleasure of which the actual tasting is but a confirmation. The taster passes his nose lightly back and forth over the wife at a distance of a few inches, inhaling profoundly so that the full fragrance is taken deep into his nostrils. It is hard to convey any precise guidelines for assessing bouquet, so subtly and yet so distinctly do wives differ. Suffice it to say that a certain yeastiness will usually mean the wife is not yet fully matured, while acridity, whether of notorious 'fishy' kind or of some less identifiable scent, will usually mean the wife is past her prime. On the other hand, both these qualities, when correctly combined with other savours, are actually sought after in some regions (e.g., Sicily).

At last, the supreme moment—the actual tasting. Here, the years of preparation and work, the endless hours of tending and trimming, the arduous process of maturation, finally come to fruition. The wife is taken into the mouth—anything less than a generous mouthful is an insult to her quality—and rolled slowly round and round the tongue. The full force of flavour, skin, and juice is thus unleashed upon the palate, filling the mouth with ambrosia. If the taster is not completely certain at this point, he may proceed to roll the wife somewhat more around his mouth in order to allow the flavour to pass back and forth over his tastebuds. Of critical importance here is the proportion of skin to juice. The perfect wife will juice just enough to blend all the flavours into one delicious whole; a tendency to overjuice usually indicates immaturity, although if the juice is full-bodied this bodes well for the future, since juice is, after all, the beginning and end of a wife's flavour.

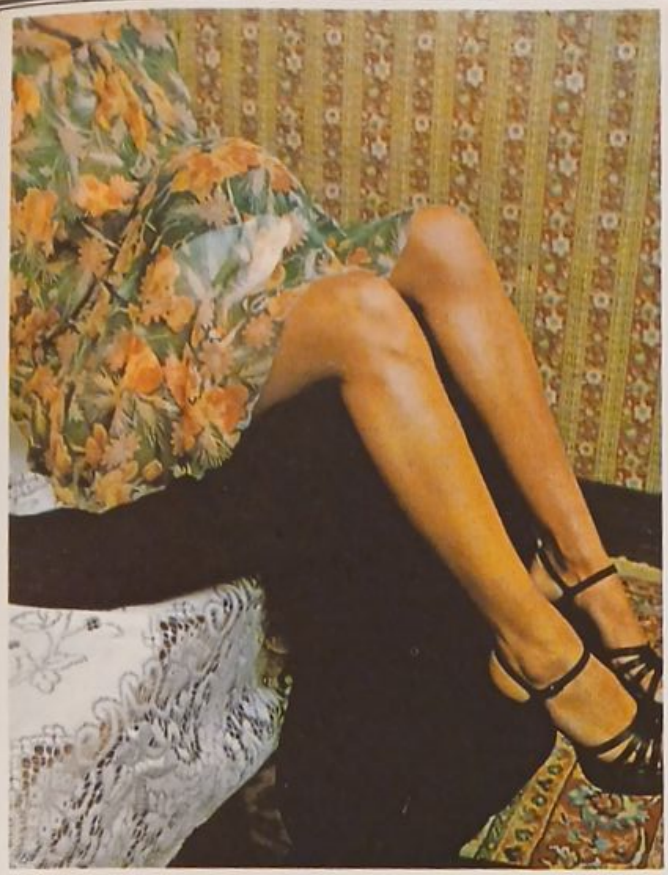
It is of interest to note that during blindfold tastings —such as this was—the actual tasting will convey to the expert a veritable wealth of information concerning age, maturation, and, of course, origin. Some experts can, from a single tasting, discern the origin of a wife down to village, street, and even box number.

Immediately after this, the wife is, of course, expelled from the mouth (I prefer *expelled* to the hideously graphic *spit*), and the aftertaste, or *finish*, is savoured. The taste of a truly fine wife may linger delightfully in the mouth for as long as five minutes, and such a period is a true testament to the skill of the wifemaster's art. It should hardly be necessary to add that a wife must *never*, *never* be swallowed, since this may severely damage her for future gustation, although—horreur!—such an occasion did occur at the Société's tasting when one of our older members, carried away by her excellence, attempted to swallow a fine young wife of the Loire. Happily, aside from his perpetual expulsion, little damage was done beyond a pair of broken glasses.

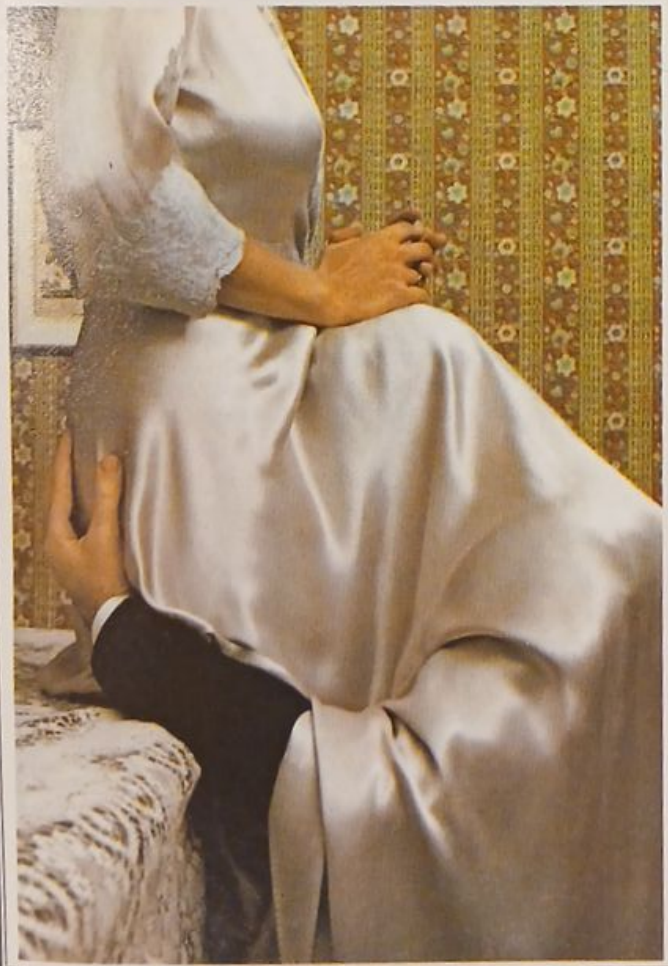
photography by Vince Aiosa

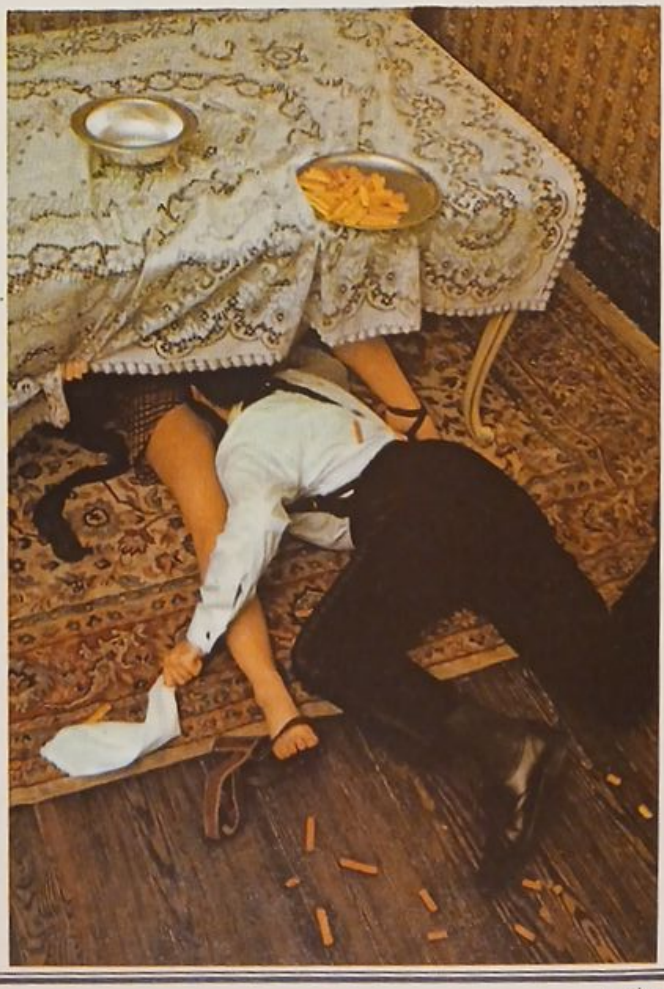
continued

Savouring the *bouquet*—a delicate and all-important process requiring the utmost finesse. For some this is the ultimate pleasure, but for us lowlier mortals it is merely the prelude to headier delights.



(Bottom, right.) One unfortunate *maître*, understandably overcome by her exquisite flavour, succumbs to the unforgivable temptation of swallowing a wife. It was the only incident to mar an otherwise perfect tasting.





continued

The Ratings

Femmes de Bourgogne

Jeanne-Paul Musigny Première Crue ('49) A superb wife of incomparable depth and body, sprightly yet with a hidden hauteur, beautiful full nose, just the right amount of breeding to balance the weight. 18/20

Gervaise-Chambertin les Cazetières Grande Crue ('53) Medium colour, delicate nose, has fruit but is still somewhat closed up. A little more time to counteract acidity should guarantee this wife an excellent future. 14/20

Cloë des Ruchottes-Chambertin Première Crue ('53) Another splendid wife that fairly explodes in the mouth! Nose as smooth as velvet, bashful yet demanding, a superb tribute when compared with her north-slope relative above, of what regular exposure to the sun can accomplish. 19/20

Cloë de Vougeot Première Crue ('54) Good, full, fruity demeanour with a certain sauciness of bouquet, but displaying some unfortunate oxidation despite youth, hence considerable browning around the edges. 12/20

Alexis Corton Grande Crue ('51) '51 was not considered a good year for Burgundy due primarily to an extraordinary influx of Algerian wives, forcing a small crop and not a good one at that. Nonetheless this great family has once again produced a superlative wife, very deep, full, and round with plenty of nose, though perhaps a little too much skin in proportion to juice. 15/20

Yvonne Romanée Première Grande Crue ('50) A joy! A blessing! Fabulous nose, staggering earthy full-fruit flavour, finishes like a thoroughbred. The kind of wife, as they say, that tastes you back. 19/20

Femmes de Bordeaux

Madame Venus de Mons (Medoc) Première Grande Crue ('41) Alas, how can one express it without doing an injustice? This grand old wife, which I have tasted several times previously (notably at Dijon in '66 and Canterbury in '68), has still the same inimitable depth and nose, the same wit and verve, the same *insouciance*. And yet something has gone. Perhaps it comes from being laid down too long, perhaps it is simple age, but the finish was thin and a trifle bitter. 14/20

Madame "Pêche" Evelle (Saint Julien) Deuxième Cuvee ('55) Quelle surprise! This comparative newcomer has amazing colour, "glisten," and full, round, flavourful finish for one so young and—dare one say it—so cocky! A treasure indeed. 18/20

Madame Rosanne Ségla Première Crue ('53) A product of *fillerandage*, this small fruity wife has an attractive bouquet and an unexceptionable finish. The sweetness, however, like that of some Californian wives, seems to me more suited to a feminine palate. 13/20

Madame Margot Première Grande Crue ('50) Superb, as usual. What can one say? Depth sublime, nose without compare, finish olympian! I have never come across a Margot that did not stun my palate with her superlative qualities, so much so that if there is not a dud soon, tasting them will become quite a bore! 19/20

Madame Gloria (Medoc) Première Crue ('55) While exhibiting all of the breeding of this great and ancient line, the '55, incredibly enough, appears to have undergone some incorrect care in the early stages. I noticed definite signs of *pourriture* ("staining with earth or sand") that quite corrupted an otherwise luscious flavor and rich nose. 12/20

Madame Magdelaine (Saint-Emilion) Première Cuvée ('49) Though a poor year for this region, this is big, special wife with a fine earthy flavour that is tasting particularly well. 17/20

Rosie d'Anjou ('58) Although exceptionally young and apparently still in the stage of maturation, this wife must be singled out as having a quite singular capacity to please. Light of nose, daintily fruity, lacking depth but amply compensating with vivacity and *joie de vivre*, Rosie is undoubtedly a wife that will go with anything (or anyone). 20/20

A brief tasting of the wives of Italy, although celebrated by some members of the Société with more powerful palates than this author, was as always somewhat disappointing. One has the feeling that these wives are consistently pressed too hard to develop a really true flavour. Nonetheless, one young '57 Veronese seemed to be perfect for those who seek an inexpensive wife for everyday use.

The few German wives that were tasted exhibited as usual an exceptionally delicate if not pale colour and that almost transparent nose and flavour so typical of the softer reaches of the Moselle.

Gretchen Himmelreich Kabinett ('55) An amazing translucent colour and a fresh, flowery bouquet, both very tentative, surprising one with a mouth-blowing flavour, not quite of the sea, not quite of the marshes, but indubitably typical of a culture to whom herring is a staple. 15/20

Needless to say, the world-famous *eisfrau* (of which there were several examples available for tasting), left this humble Francophile cold.

The Wives of California

Barbara (Martini) ('55) An impressively dark colour, and fine rich bouquet, indeed almost stifling, and sumptuous flavour reminding one of incense. I found this wife quite exhausting even though the tasting was brief. 9/20

Joanne Berger (Heitz) Grande Crue (?) ('45) Truly Californian wives are distinctive! A curious colour, light yet cloudy, a somewhat vinegary bouquet. Though well aged, this wife displayed definite greenness and the flavour, while full and rich, reminded one unmistakably of pickles. 5/20

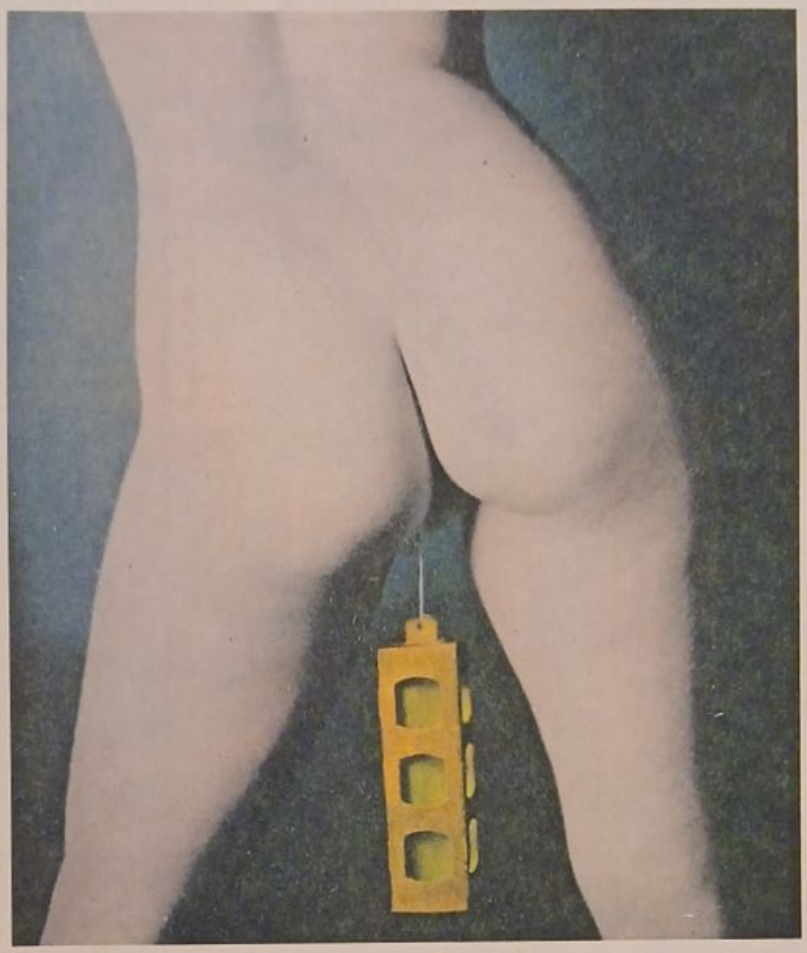
Blonde de Blondes (Schramsberg) ('55) Otherwise unnamed, this wife displayed a superb colour, light, subtle, and with a glisten to make the best wives of the Loire jealous beyond endurance. This, coupled with a strong and distinctive nose, should have resulted in a flavour to match its appearance, yet a deep, prolonged (if rather puzzled) tasting left the inescapable impression that this wife had been heavily sprayed. 7/20

The Wives of Australia

Several of the best wives of our Southern friends were available but all exhibited much the same characteristics. One rating should suffice.

Sheila Kookaburra (Wallaby Wines and Spirits) ('54) Absolutely devastating colour of deep purple (almost black) and a nose that practically burned the olfactory nerves to a cinder. Flavour indescribable—buffalo? rabbit stew? ham and eggs? This is a powerful, florid wife not for the shrinking palate. 0/20

The Puberty Pages



photograph by David Kaestle

What's wrong with this picture?

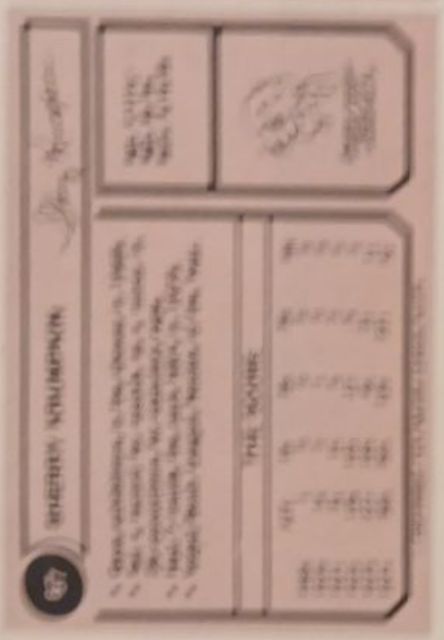
Well, some of the Editors felt that flypaper might have been preferable to the No-Pest® Strip. Kaestle, whose idea this photograph was in the first place, doesn't see what this picture has to do with pubescence, i.e., the ostensible *leitmotif* of the following ribald squibs and bold diversions.

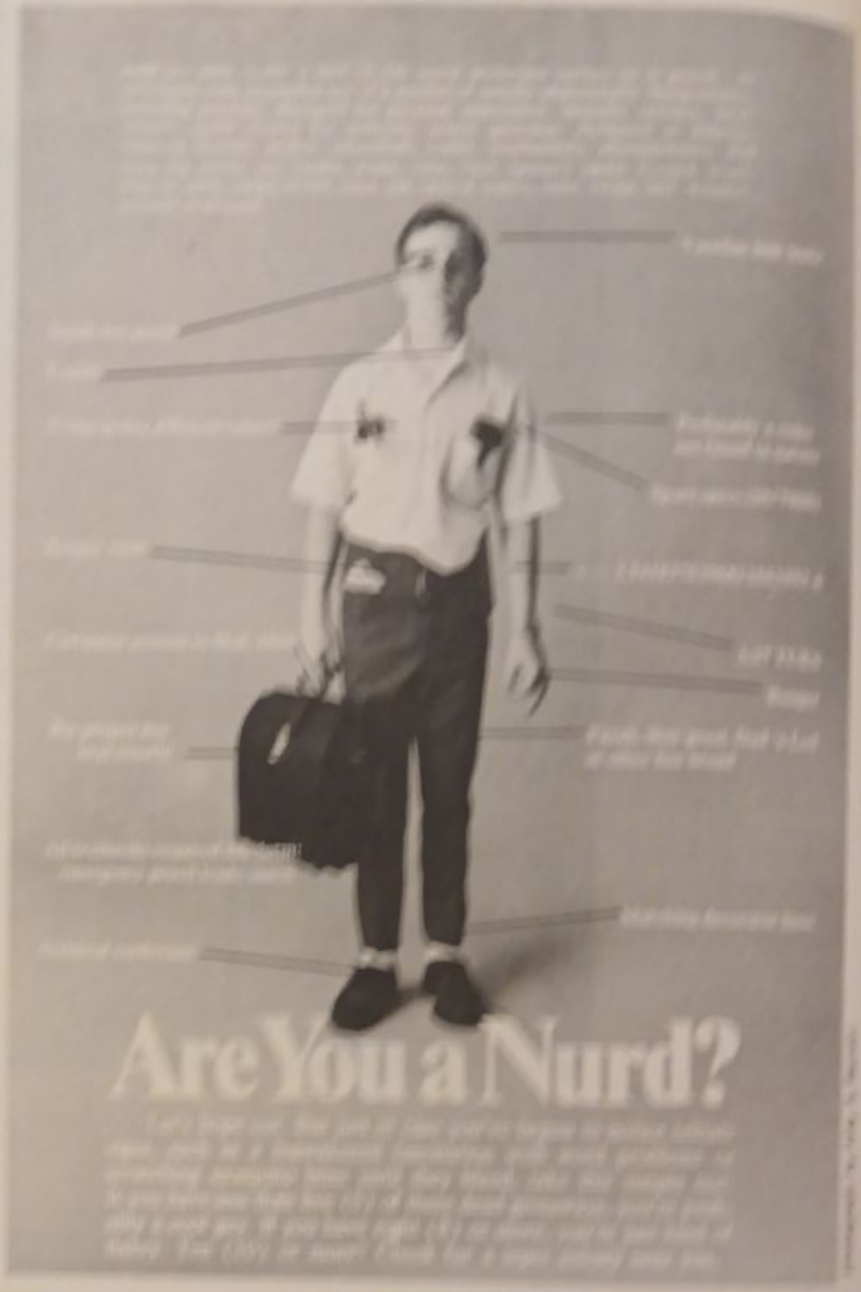
Suffice it to say that the ensuing portfolio represents *une petite collage du drollerie* culled from some of the hottest young humorists and social satirists alive and swinging today. At first glance, the following pages may seem a cynical throw-together, symptomatic of bored, indolent editing—but wait! Scrunch up your eyes as you feast upon the ensuing japes and *presto!* a subtle pattern will begin to emerge.

(What you missed in this section: Shary Flenniken's "How to Turn Your Report Card into a Letter Bomb," Gerry Sussman's "How to Predict Your Bust Size, Make Your Wet Dreams Come True, and Get Something Nice Under Your Pajamas from the Pubic Hair Fairy," Gary Blake's "Famous Term Paper Writer's School," and Tim Mayer's "A Subtle Pattern Begins to Emerge.")

Kaestle also says the Kotex pamphlet should run as two back-to-back spreads on a single page, but Kaestle also wears platform heels with felt appliqué bunnies on the toes and thinks Viet Cong are cool.

—The Management

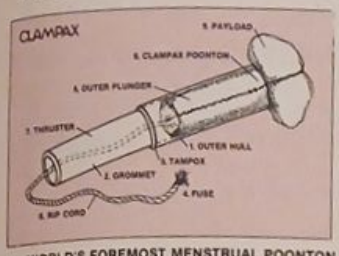



Are You a Nurd?

Sex
Education
Class

Written by
P.J. O'Rourke
Drawn by
Ralph Reese

For God's sake, if you have never before used a CLAMPAX© menstrual poonton



...WORLD'S FOREMOST MENSTRUAL POONTON

COMMIT THIS SIMPLE HANDBOOK TO MEMORY BEFORE YOU EVEN TRY

Like everything else you learned to do, from rewiring your waffle iron to parallel parking a camper-trailer, doing it yourself with Clampax menstrual poontons is just as easy once you get the knack.

We suggest you get acquainted with your Clampax poonton and see how it works. Introduce yourself to it before you introduce it into yourself! First, remove the hermetically-sealed and discreetly designed paper wrapper by placing your fingers at both ends and pulling vigorously just as you would a birthday cracker. It will pop right open, revealing the highly absorbent poonton enclosed in its safety-tested outer immersion tube which encloses the inner pumper tube which encloses the decorative braided ejection string or rip cord (see diagram).

Stand up, grasp the poonton vertically, and pretend for the moment the room you are in is a huge vagina. Good. Now, with the thumb and index finger touching, make a bunny rabbit of your right hand. Gently slide the bunny's head over units 1, 8, 5, 4, and choke it until it fits slide piston snugly. Hook your pinky, just as in crocheting, around unit 6 and hold, resting your solitaire finger on main thrusters. Now, pointing the Clampax away from your eyes and keeping hold of 6, push plunger and 2 up through 3, 4, 5, and out 8, letting go of 6 just at the last moment. If you followed the directions properly, the poonton should now be lying on the carpet.

You'll be relieved to know that because the outer immersion tube and inner pumper tube are generously prelubricated, the poonton's business end will glide easily into yours, without your ever having to look at it, touch it, or anything.

Now you are ready to embark on a maiden voyage with your Clampax poonton. Turn the page and follow the explicit directions.

CLAMPAX is the registered trademark of Clampax Incorporated.

Welcome to the millions who delight in the companionship of Clampax menstrual poontons.

579 MONA DuMAS

- Mona made a name for herself with her fast ball.
- Caught stealing for only the second time in 89 attempts in 1973.
- Accepted an offer to turn pro in '74.
- Became a switch hitter in '74 at the Women's House of Detention.

Hgt: 5'6"
Wgt: 139 lbs.
Born: 2/28/53

MONA ALLOWED EVERYONE SHE MET TO GET ON IN 1975

THE SCORE

	ATT.	1B	2B	3B	HR
1969	4	1	0	0	0
1970	7	3	1	1	1
1971	245	201	21	16	17
1972	396	287	0	0	287
1973	598	0	0	0	598
1974	59	0	0	59	0

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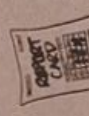
DEENA KRAMINSKI *Deena Kraminski*

- Led all girls at Madison High School in 1962 with 1,180 put-outs in 1,252 chances.
- Was at her best on long drives.
- Knocked out of her box in 1965 after a hard slide on the gear shift of a '64 'Vette.

Hgt: 5'3"
Wgt: 109 lbs.
Born: 3/27/47



THE SCORE

	ATT.	1B	2B	3B	HR
1960	12	9	2	1	0
1961	89	5	65	15	2
1962	1,252	557	279	196	148
1963	989	345	108	67	219
1964	877	21	0	0	823
1965	1	0	0	0	1

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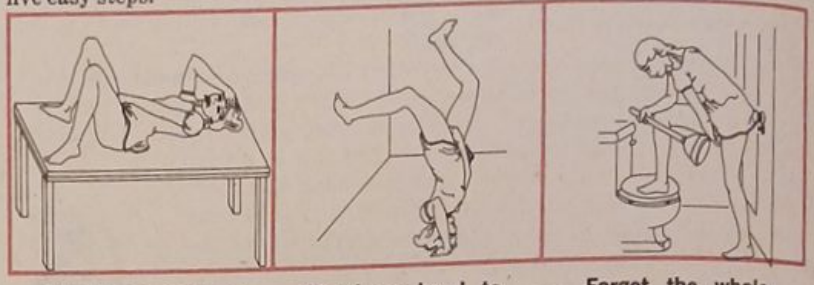
HOW TO USE CLAMPAX© POONTONS

Get hold of yourself . . .

The clue to proper insertion is to *get hold of yourself*. Make sure you are calm and relaxed. If you are tense, the muscles of your vaginal opening will snap shut like the valves of a scared mollusk and insertion will be unnecessarily difficult. No need to worry, millions of girls just like you had their "first time" and most are already walking normally!

So pop open a fresh poonton . . . *get hold of yourself* . . . and follow these five easy steps.

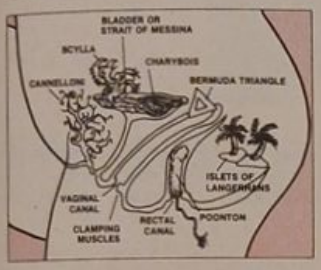


1. **Lie flat on back on kitchen table. Bite bullet** *OR* **Stand on head to avoid leakage** *OR* **Forget the whole thing, lock door, and think dirty things**

. . . whichever seems most natural and comfortable for you.

2. Inserting your fist and giving the Girl Scout Salute, or, if you prefer not to touch it, using spaghetti tongs, spread the sides of your vaginal canal A (somewhere near the rectal canal B, the urinary canal C, the Bermuda Triangle D, the Islets of Langerhans E, and Interstate 90).

3. Set the poonton end 3, 4, 5, 8, and 1 into the vaginal opening. Now wrap the ejection string 6 around and around 7 and 2 as tautly and as rapidly as you can until you are holding only the tiniest end and then *yank*! The poonton will spin upward, inserting itself into your vagina, pleasantly but firmly coming to a stop only when it is satisfied it's properly placed and feels at home. NOTE: *The Clampax poonton must*



be aimed in the right direction. This is important in order to avoid internal hemorrhaging and the remote possibility you may never be able to have children.

4. Now, with the tip of your forefinger or the heel of one of your pumps, *gently* plunge 7 and 2 into your body. When you can feel (and you will) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, and 8 up inside you and the cheerful tickle of 6 against your inner thigh, the poonton is on the job.

5. Wait! *You must remove all units except* 1, 2, and 6 before you can leave the area. So select from your hands the three fingers you like least, reach all the way up there, and take out 7, 3, 5, 4, and 8. This may be difficult as they will be damp and slippery as eels. Try powdering your hands with cornstarch or Shake 'n Bake or rub them in kitty litter to give them sufficient traction for removal.

If you followed these directions with care the poonton will be bobbing happily, tossed on the ebb and flow of your vaginal canal's monthly tides and tidal waves. You should not even feel the poonton is there. If you do, it's in the wrong orifice (see anatomical diagram, stupid) and you must take your compact mirror, penlight, and plug wrench, locate your mistake, and remove it without delay. Don't be discouraged. There are so many openings down there that even doctors refer to it as the "miraculous maze of womanhood," and you're just a weekend spelunker. So think of it as a puzzle, relax, and begin again. Your life depends on it.

IF THE POONTON FITS, WEAR IT

No matter if your flow is mercifully light or rich and full-bodied, Clampax has a poonton of sufficient strength to accomodate you. Many use Aswan or Grand Coulee during the days of heavy flooding and taper off to Beaver when less sandbagging is needed. On those flood tide days when you can't change your poonton readily, try using from two to ten at the same time. Insert them one by one, and should you use an entire box, remove box first. Arrange them inside in a pyramidal fashion like bowling pins up your alley.

941 **TRACY SHEENY**

- A real hustler, Tracy turned semi-pro after playing with her high school football team, baseball team, basketball team, track team, and Mr. Zern from Biology.
- Ranked second in the nation in being scored on.

Hgt: 5'1¼"
Wgt: 97 lbs.
Born: 7/19/56

BY 1974, TRACY SPREAD A LOT MORE THAN JUST CHEER!

THE SCORE

	ATT.	1B	2B	3B	HR
1969	17	15	0	0	0
1970	21	21	8	1	0
1971	44	19	11	10	4
1972	169	47	38	39	21
1973	457	457	457	457	457
1974	(on the disabled list)				

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Illustrations by Mari Kaestle

23 "FRENCHY" MARQUARD

- A wild bitch, Frenchy was thrown out at home in 1970.
- Joined the San Diego Angels in 1971.
- Set a record for motorcycle gang bangs that same year.
- Traded to Oakland in 1974.

Hgt: 5'5"
Wgt: 117 lbs.
Born: 4/18/55

THE SCORE

	ATT.	1B	2B	3B	HR
1968	11	9	1	1	0
1969	39	12	17	8	2
1970	137	101	97	35	21
1971	4,465	0	0	1,324	3,141
1972	867	0	0	27	164	711
1973	1	0	0	0	1
1974	3,347	296	357	1,147	3,476

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS NEW USERS OFTEN ASK

"How old must I be to start using Clampax poontons?"

It is not true that your eyes are bigger than your vagina. The Clampax poonton is inserted into the same opening from which quarts of menstrual fluid and 11-pound screaming infants have been known to emerge. This opening is sufficiently large to accomodate a casaba melon, as field researchers in Tijuana have testified, and any normal girl should be able to use them with complete confidence. *If you are over 40, however, you're probably fooling yourself and may wish first to seek the advice of your family physician.*

"I can't get the poonton in. It feels dry. What should I do?"

Clampax poontons are, of course, prelubricated, but should insertion prove difficult, run out to your local bookstore, purchase a copy of Guillaume Apollinaire's *The Debauched Hospodar*, read pages 26 to 34, and try again. You should have no trouble whatsoever.

"May I swim and exercise during my menstrual period?"

Certainly. Clampax poontons are designed so that you can lead a normal life during menstruation. Most girls, however, find it easier to erect a small tent in the backyard for the duration.

"Can the poonton get lost or drop out?"

Not bloody likely, but *don't wear white.*

"How will I know when to change a poonton?"

A Clampax poonton should be changed at least as often as you change your mind. With a little experience, you'll know only too well when. There is no need to change for urination, tub, or shower, depending, of course, on what kind of girl you are.

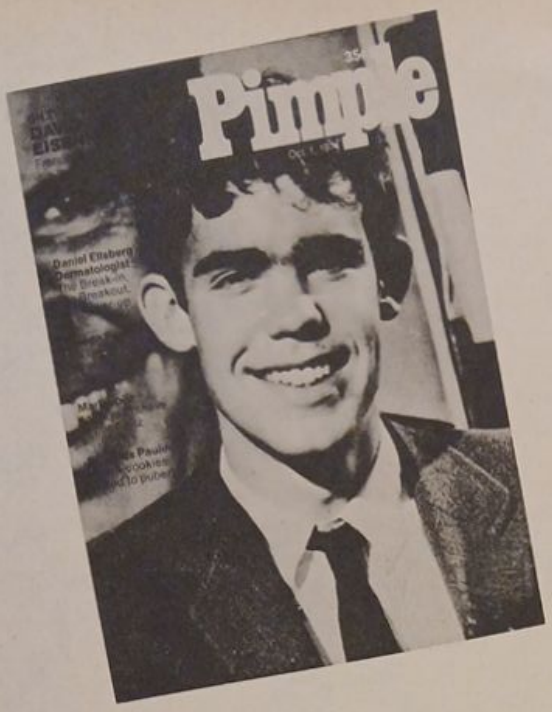
"Will anyone be able to tell that I'm menstruating and wearing Clampax?"

In addition to you, only clairvoyants, bloodhounds, and most men and little brothers will know for sure. Don't be embarrassed. Threaten to make him eat one.

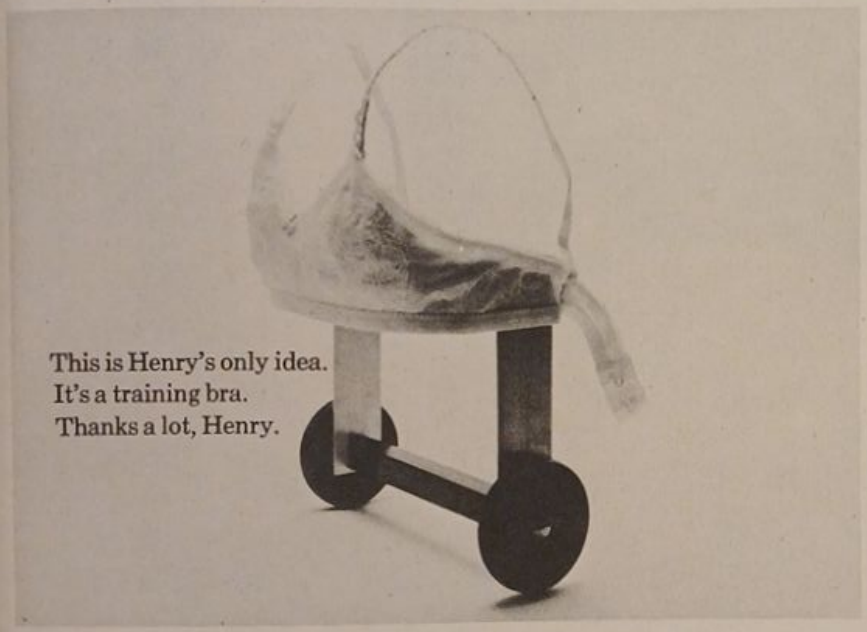
IT'S AFTER YOUR PERIOD— DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR POONTON IS?

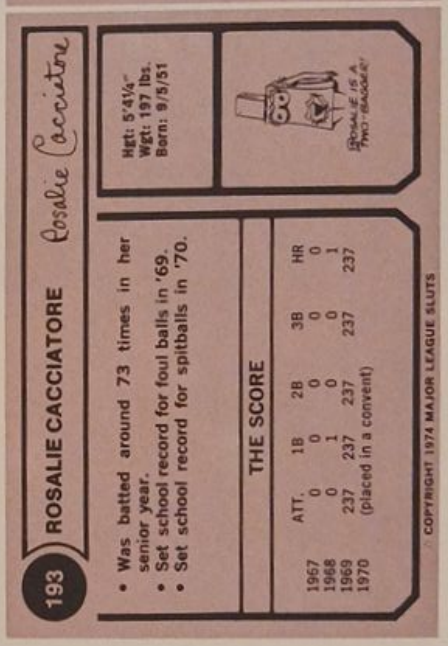
A Clampax poonton feels so pleasant and fulfilling you may forget about it entirely. Please, always remove the last poonton you use each period. If you don't, monilia, nonspecific urethritis, herpes simplex, yeasts, mastectomy, yaws, ectopic pregnancy, senile caritosis, stretch marks, plantar's warts, nymphomania, varicose veins, elephantiasis, cellulite jungle rot, or a trip to the Schlimm-Katze Clinic in Zermatt, Switzerland, at $475 per day can result.

CLAMPAX INCORPORATED • GOOSE BAY 00069 • ALASKA • U.S.A.


Pimple
Daniel Elsberg
Dermatologist

ROSALIE
CACCIATORE
THE BRONX


This is Henry's only idea.
It's a training bra.
Thanks a lot, Henry.


193
ROSALIE CACCIATORE
Rosalie Cacciatore
• Was batted around 73 times in her senior year.
• Set school record for foul balls in '69.
• Set school record for spitballs in '70.
Hgt: 5'4½"
Wgt: 197 lbs.
Born: 9/5/51
THE SCORE
ATT. 1B 2B 3B HR
1967 0 0 0 0 0
1968 0 1 0 0 1
1969 237 237 237 237 237
1970 (placed in a convent)
ROSALIE IS A PHOTOGRAPHER!
COPYRIGHT 1974 MAJOR LEAGUE SLUTS

HOWEVER, WE'LL BE COVERING THESE TOPICS MORE FULLY IN THE WEEKS TO COME. NOW, LET ME GIVE YOU YOUR PETTING STUDY ASSIGNMENTS. READ CHAPTERS 5 AND 6 ON "CHORD FACTORS AND TENSILE STRENGTHS IN THE BENDEX-MAUSER DIAHEORYL BRASSIERE HOOK MATRIX." IN THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION SECTION OF YOUR WORK-BOOKS, DO THE "UNDERWEAR EXPOSURE THROUGH CASUAL CHAIR POSTURES" SKIRT EXERCISES. AND DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR REPORTS ON "PROSPECTS IN CORPORATE BOND INVESTORS DURING LONGTERM CREDIT SHORTAGES" ARE DUE NEXT THURSDAY.

CYNTHIA, DOROTHY, TIME TO PULL UP THE SHADES.

...AND THUS THE HONEYBEE CARRIES FERTILIZING POLLEN FROM THE FLOWER'S STAMEN TO...
OH! MR. DELONG, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON. WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, GIRLS.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PL*YB*Y?

A young man in touch with himself and his own imagination. Self-reliant, and with an appreciation for his personal privacy, he keeps his hand close to his chest and an eye out for unexpected interruptions of his daily routines. With confidence in his ability to handle himself in tense situations, the PL*YB*Y reader wrings every last drop of satisfaction from his private pursuits. Helping him stand up to that challenge is his favorite magazine. Fact: PL*YB*Y is read by nearly half of all young men who eventually excell at tennis, handball, or arm wrestling, and spent at least $12 on fine spurting goods last year alone. To reach that young man, put yourself in PL*YB*Y. He does. (Source: 1973 TGIF.)

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Midville • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

I DONT WANT TO KNOW WHO BROKE INTO MY OFFICE...
... AND STOLE MY PERSONAL PROPERTY,
BUT IF IT ISN'T RETURNED TO ME...
TROTS AND BONNIE
"Teacher's Pet"
...BEFORE THE PRINCIPAL AR-RIVES FOR LOCKER ROOM INSPECTION,
I'M GOING TO BOARD UP THE PEEPHOLE TO THE BOYS' BATHROOM!
♪ TWEET!
TO THE SHOWERS, LADIES!

I THINK MS. GRANITE LIKES YOU.
SO DO I... SHE REALLY SHOULD'VE FLUNKED ME ON THAT TRAMPOLINE TEST.
MAYBE SHE LIKED THE WAY YOUR SHORTS FELL DOWN IN MIDAIR.
SHE'S AWFULLY WEIRD.
WELL, PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE FOR HER AFTER SHAVE.
...SO HE PULLS IT OUT, AND SHE SAYS "THERE'S A KNOT IN IT!"
GREG USES HIS HAND... LIKE THIS.
JUST A LITTLE KISS, AND A FEEL HERE AND THERE.
ASSST, BONNIE, I'M THE ONE WHO BROKE INTO MS. GRANITE'S OFFICE!
SHAME ON YOU! WHAD'JA GET?
SURE, I'M ONLY USING HIM FOR HIS BODY, BUT...
...IT WAS LIKE EATING A GIANT TOOTSIE ROLL!
THESE PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PLAY-HOUSE CENTER-FOLDS...
...AND MS. GRANITE'S DILDO!
HOW CUTE! DOES SHE WATER HER PLANTS WITH IT?
SHE WEARS IT! LIKE THIS!
SO SHE CAN LIFT HER LEG TO WEE-WEE.

WEAR IT IN GOOD HEALTH, BONNIE.
IT'S VERY BECOMING.
HURRY UP, GIRLS!
TAKE YOUR TOWEL OFF, MISS MACFARLAND, AND GET WET!
I SAID..
... OFF WITH IT!

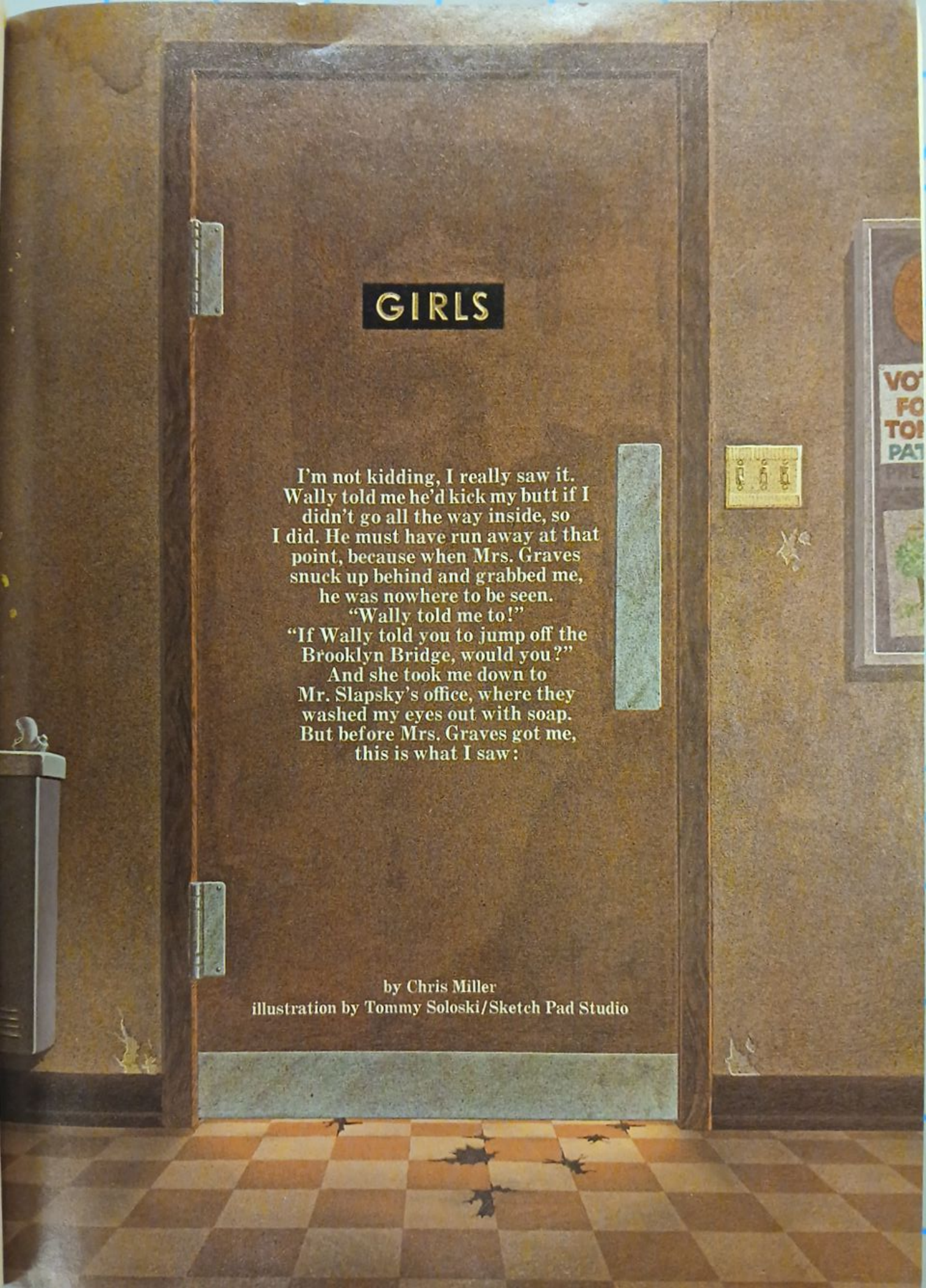
WHERE IS IT?
GIVE IT TO ME!
GIVE IT TO ME!
I'M NOT A PRUDE, MS. GRANITE, BUT I DO FEEL THAT A DISPLAY SUCH AS THIS IS DETRIMENTAL TO THE CONCEPT OF EDU-CATION AS ESPOUSED BY THE SCHOOL BOARD.... AFTER ALL, THE LEARNING PROCESS DOES NOT NECESSARILY ENTAIL THE LOSS OF INNOCENCE... AND FURTHER MORE...
IF THE PRINCIPAL FIRES MS. GRANITE, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY FOR HER SEX CHANGE.
OH? WHICH SEX IS SHE CHANGING TO?
CAN I HAVE THE DILDIE BACK NOW, TROTS? I CAN USE IT FOR SHOW AND TELL IN MY SEX EDUCATION CLASS.
NOT 'TIL I CONVINCE GRETA THE GREAT DANE TO MARRY ME!
©'74 SHARY FLENNIKEN

DIRTY DUCK
by BOBBY LONDON ©1974
MR. DUCK AND WEEVIL HAVE TAKEN TIJUANA BY STORM... AFTER 3 DAYS, THEY'RE WASHED UP.
OOHH! 25 TACOS AND NOT A CENT LEFT FOR ALKA-SELTZER?!
SOME BUSINESS VENTURE THIS IS!...
I TRY TO OPEN A CHAIN OF ADULT THEATRES DOWN HERE AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD A TICKET TO A DONKEY SHOW!
IT WAS WORTH IT, MR. DUCK!...
...I HAVEN'T HAD A MEAL LIKE THIS ONE SINCE LUPE THE SPANISH FLY COOKED ME BREAKFAST BACK IN 1936!
A-HENH!
PAT PAT
WELL, IF WE DON'T COP SOME FAST BREAD 'N' GET BACK TO NEW YORK, WE'LL BE HAVING DINNER IN EL SLAMMERITO!
LET'S JUST JOG ALL THE WAY TO BROOKLYN!...
...WUP!
LEESEN, FAT DUCK! YOU GOT TO HELP ME!!
HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU FOR BREAKING MY NECK?...

MY SEESTER, SHE IS VARY SEEK!
SICK, EH?
NGH!
SHE'S GOT DE HOTS!
O-HO! ONE O' THOSE!
PURRR PURR
IS SHE A NYMPHOID, MR. DUCK?
THAT'S NYMPHO-MANIAC, BUG-BRAIN! HER TYPE IS INTER-ESTED IN ONLY ONE THING AND TO PLEASE HER, YOU GOTTA BE HUNG LIKE A...
MY LITTLE ENCHILADA! FAME AND FORTUNE LAY...UHH...JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS!
?
WEEVIL, I DO BELIEVE WE HAVE THE INGREDIENTS FOR A FIRST-RATE DONKEY SHOW!
IS OUR DONKEY A BLUE-RIBBON WINNER, MR. DUCK?
A-HEM! WEEVIL, M'LAD, LET ME TELL YOU 'BOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES AND THE FLOWERS AND THE TREES AND GIRLS AND DONKEYS...

ONE WEEK LATER, BUSINESS IS SO GOOD, THEY'RE PLAYING FOUR A DAY AND A G-RATED MATINEE ON SUNDAY...
LAST ADULT SHOW FOR THE DAY, FOLKS - IT'LL MAKE YOU SWEAT CANNONBALLS - NOTHIN' LIKE IT SINCE KING KONG MET FAY WRAY!—
BRIDE OF THE BURRO
$1.00
PRO-GRAMS
AH, BUT BACKSTAGE...
MAY I SPEAK TO YOU PRIVATELY, CONCHITA?
HOKAY, MEK EET FAST — WE REHEARSIN'!
LOOK! I SPENT ALL OF LAST WEEK'S PROFITS ON THIS JUST FOR YOU!!!
WHY... WEEVIL!!
A-HENH!!
STOP "SCHLEPPING" THAT STUPID DONKEY AND COME WITH ME TO VIENNA!!!
SMAK! SLOP! SMOOCH!
NH!
H4OU ESPEC' ME TO GEEU UP TOP BEEL-ING AN' FEEFTY PERCENT OF GROSS FOR H4OU?!!
PLAY THE GERMAN CLUBS WITH ME AND YOU CAN GET 15%!
WHO WOULD PAY TO SEE GIRL "DO EET" WEETH EENSECT?!!
CONCHITA - PLEASE!
WHINE WHIMPER

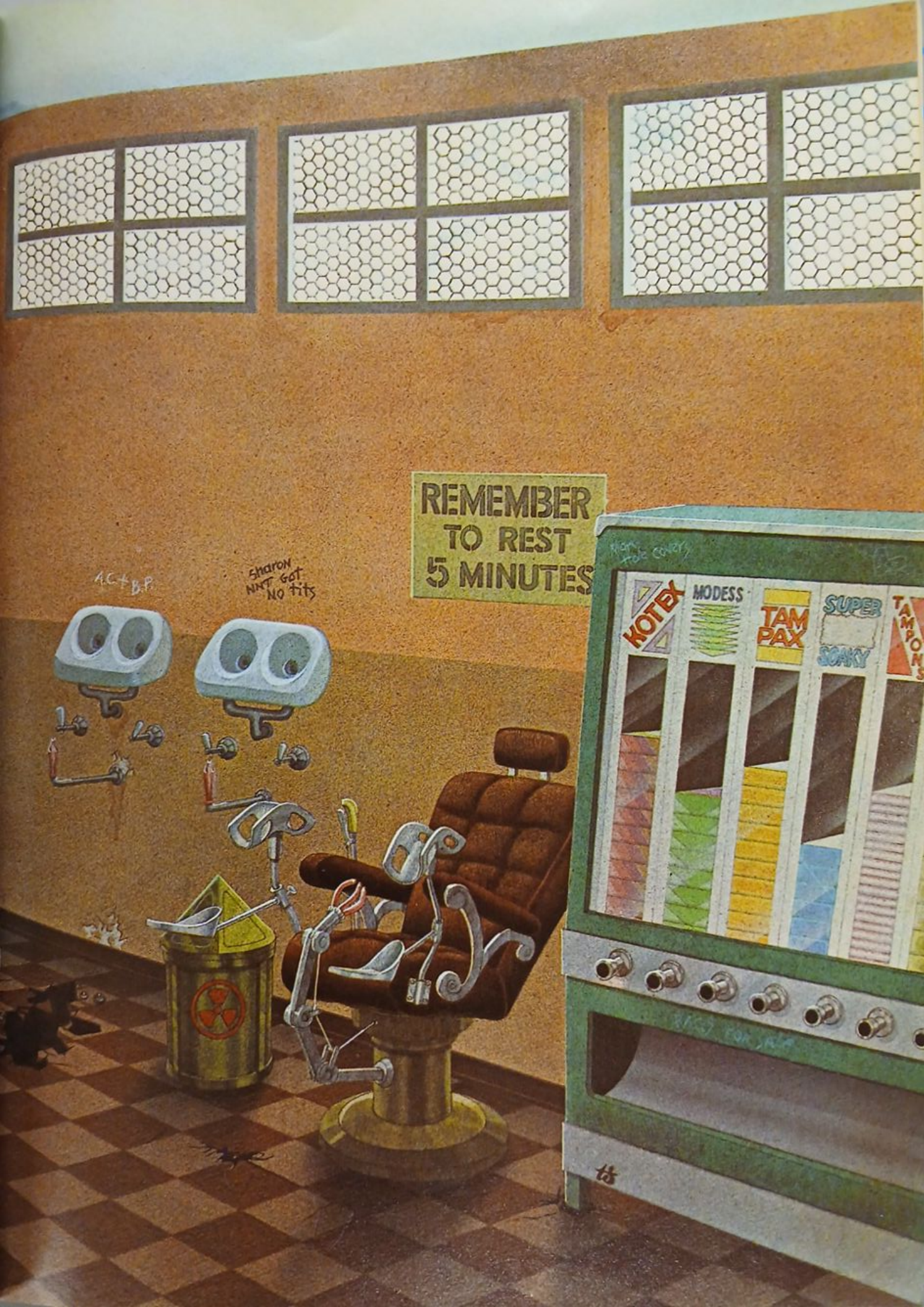
WEEVIL, STOP! LANCE MAY BE AN ASS, BUT HE'S KIND! WE'RE GOING TO MARRY --- HE'S VARY JEALOUS... HE...
FORGET LANCE!!
AND NOW, FOR YOUR TWISTED ENJOYMENT... "BRIDE OF THE BURRO!"
"DOG OF FLANDERS!"
SO ONE MORE SHOW BUSINESS CAREER GOES THE WAY OF ALL FLESH...
LANCE DIDN'T DO TOO WELL WITH CONCHITA, BUT HE'S GREAT WITH HOT SAUCE!
©1974 SCATTLE, WASH.



I'm not kidding, I really saw it.
Wally told me he'd kick my butt if I
didn't go all the way inside, so
I did. He must have run away at that
point, because when Mrs. Graves
snuck up behind and grabbed me,
he was nowhere to be seen.
"Wally told me to!"
"If Wally told you to jump off the
Brooklyn Bridge, would you?"
And she took me down to
Mr. Slapsky's office, where they
washed my eyes out with soap.
But before Mrs. Graves got me,
this is what I saw:

by Chris Miller
illustration by Tommy Soloski/Sketch Pad Studio

AERO-FLO
INDUSTRIAL VENTILATOR
SUCTION
SLUICE, DON'T FLUSH


REMEMBER
TO REST
5 MINUTES
A.C.+B.P.
Sharon
AINT GOT
NO tits
KOTEX
MODESS
TAM
PAX
SUPER
SOAKY
TAMPONS
tits

Tom Balchunas

Rural Free Love

by Brian McConnachie

A traveling salesman is driving down this country road when all of a sudden his Dodge Polara breaks down. He gets out of the car and opens the hood to see what the trouble is, but he can't find what the trouble is. There's a tremendous storm that's about to begin, so the salesman decides he'd better look for shelter. The nearest place is a farmhouse just up the road. He walks there. It's not far. He gets to the house and knocks on the door. After a while—not long—a man, probably the father farmer, answers the door and asks him what he wants. The salesman tells him about the Dodge and the storm that's about to begin. The farmer looks him up and down, tells him to wait a minute, goes inside . . . and slams the door. The door has two small windows on the top with curtains. The salesman stands waiting on the porch. A couple of minutes pass and the salesman is still waiting. He looks all around the yard and turns around to look at the door hoping that the father farmer will come out. But instead he sees someone looking out at him. It's a middle-aged woman, maybe the father farmer's wife. Just after his eyes meet hers, she drops the curtain and disappears. The salesman doesn't know what to think. He keeps waiting on the porch and staring out at the dirt yard. More time passes, he turns around to look at the door again, and this time a girl, probably a daughter, is looking out . . . and again the curtain drops. By this time the salesman doesn't know what to think. Fifteen minutes must have passed. He starts pacing up and down the porch nervously. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and then he quickly turns to look into the door windows. Now this is the third time, remember. He quickly turns to look into the door windows, and instead of seeing two eyes staring out at him, he sees two little white boiled potatoes being held up against the glass. Then, in a flash, the curtain drops and the two little white boiled potatoes vanish. In the meantime it's really started to rain and the salesman is getting pretty jumpy. So he starts knocking on the door. Nobody answers. So he keeps knocking and knocking. He can hear a lot of moving around inside, and suddenly the door is yanked open. Standing there is an enormous guy in a pair of overalls but he doesn't have a shirt on. Just overalls. He asks the salesman if he wants to spend the night, and the salesman says yes. The enormous guy walks to the front of the porch and the salesman sees a tattoo on the guy's arm. It says "Born to Raise Wheat"; big sprigs of wheat are weaved in and out of the lettering, and the whole thing is framed in bales stacked on bales. The enormous guy turns and stares into the salesman's eyes for a good minute and then asks him if he's ever done any A&P. Before the salesman can answer him, the guy says that they don't take much to doing any A&P in these parts. Even mild A&P.

"S&H's O.K. and so's A&W, but no A&P. If I catch you doin' any A&P around here, I'll put your crainer in the combine and plow forty."

Then this enormous guy with the "Born to Raise Wheat" tattoo goes back into the house before the salesman can ask him what this is all about.

Bewildered, the salesman is staring at the door again, trying to figure when the father farmer will come out again.

"We've decided to let you spend the night here, but since there's no room in the house, you'll have to sleep with our International Harvester. But because we'd like to keep an eye on you, you'll be sleeping right here in the yard . . . in the dirt . . . in the rain. Jedidiah is bringing our International Harvester around from the barn for you. And no A&P. If we catch you doing A&P, we'll stuff your vegetables in the feeder and fly the crop duster into it!"

"Wait a minute. . . ."

But before the salesman can really protest, the father turns and goes back into the house. Just as he does, out comes the mother with a blanket and a pillow, followed by three huge guys carrying a cedar wardrobe over their heads. The woman starts making a bed in the mud, and the three guys put the cedar wardrobe next to it.

Two of the guys are wearing overalls and the third has on flannel long-johns.

"We'll show you what we want you to do," says one of the guys wearing overalls, and he and the other guy wearing overalls go into the cedar wardrobe and shut the doors behind them. The cedar wardrobe starts shaking around so much that the mother and the guy in the long johns have to hold it steady. After about five minutes of this shaking and rattling, the doors open and the two guys step out.

"Do you know what we did, mister? We swapped overalls."

The salesman can't really tell if they did or not, but he takes their word for it. The rain has been coming down hard for a while now, and everybody's pretty well drenched.

"We want you to go into the wardrobe with Clep—he's the one in the flannel long-johns—and swap clothes."

"Now, look . . ."

"You better do like we say, mister."

He agrees. He climbs into the wardrobe, Clep goes in after him, and the doors are shut.

The mother yells into the wardrobe, "I don't want you going to sleep in those wet clothes."

Then the mother and the two guys steady the wardrobe as it starts shak-

Illustration by Tom Balchunas

ing again. There's a lot of cursing and crashing around going on inside, and then the doors fly open and they both tumble out. But they did it! They swapped clothes. Then the mother tells the salesman to climb under the blanket and go to sleep.

"It's only six-thirty."

"Do like we tell you, mister, and don't go wandering around any. We're going back inside now. We'll bring you your dinner later."

They wait until he gets under the blanket, and then they go inside. When they're gone, he sits up looking around and wonders if he should make a run for it or not. Just then, the front door opens and the daughter comes running out. When he sees her coming, he quickly lies down and pulls the blanket up to his chin. She runs over to him, drops something, and then runs back into the house. He picks it up. It looks like a big white plastic cover to keep the rain off. But then he sees an air nozzle, so he begins blowing it up. It starts to take shape and it looks like, and it is . . . an inflatable sheep. And it's from Japan . . . an inflatable sheep from Japan. He looks over to the house and sees the girl staring out the window at him, but as he sees her she ducks back.

Just then, the door opens again and the big tattooed guy comes walking out. The salesman quickly stuffs the inflatable sheep under the blanket, pulls the blanket up to his chin, and pretends to be asleep.

The tattooed guy walks over. He starts nudging the salesman with the toe of his boot.

"We're expecting some company. Don't frighten them. What's that you got under the blanket with you? You doin' A&P under there?"

"No, no, no. Just this." He takes out the sheep to show him.

"O.K. But no A&P or I jam your neener into a copy of *The Pure Seed Laws*, slam it shut, and drive a tractor over it."

Then the big tattooed guy walks back into the house.

In spite of the rain, mud, itchy flannel long-johns, and the situation with the family, the exhausted salesman falls asleep.

He's asleep for about five minutes when a little girl comes out of the storm cellar, walks over to him, and starts shaking him awake.

"Hey, mister. Hey, mister. Wake up. Wake up."

"Whatzamatter? What is it?"

"I'm Dorothy."

"What is it, Dorothy?"

"Nothing. I just want somebody to talk to. I stay down there in that storm cellar and I never get to talk to anybody. Or sing. I never get to sing to anybody."

"Oh, that's too bad, Dorothy. . . ."

"I'm not that good, mister. They tell me that I'm tone deaf. Tell me what you think. . . . I'm only eleven years old, remember. . . . 'My cow's tits are as big as catchers' mitts / And we won't go sellin' her for beans. / You can trade us watermelon and a picture of Magellan, / But we won't go tradin' her for beans.' "

"Ah, Dorothy, I need your help. Do you know where my clothes are?"

"No, but if you hum a few bars, I'll fake the rest."

Just then, a truck filled with laughing, shouting people starts heading up the dirt road to the house. Little Dorothy quickly waves good-bye to the salesman, tells him that maybe they can talk later, and runs back down into the storm cellar. The truck screeches to a stop by the side of the house, and about ten people pile out yahooing and slapping their legs together and falling over one another trying to get to the house. They all go inside, and there's a lot more howling. The salesman begins to think that maybe he should forget about his clothes and make a run for it. No telling what's going to happen here. But as he starts to get up the door opens, and the daughter comes out and over to him. She asks him for the inflatable sheep. He takes it out from under the blankets and hands it to her. Then she goes skipping back into the house. As she enters with the sheep there's more howling. Then the place goes totally silent for about three minutes. The salesman can't figure out what's going on. Then, all of a sudden, out of this quiet comes an explosion of screams and laughter, and everybody who's in the house comes running and tumbling out, using all of the doors and most of the windows. They're staggering with laughter, and they begin collapsing on the ground all around the house. A lot of them start choking and gagging because they can't catch their breath from all the laughing. But finally they all manage to quiet down and begin shaking their heads at one another in happy disbelief. Just then the mother appears at the door. She has a pair of men's overalls on backwards; in one hand she's holding an ear of corn and in the other, the deflated sheep. The laughter starts all over again. She looks angry at first but then starts to smile and laugh along with the rest of them. Then she gives them a disgusted wave and goes back into the house yelling something about getting the stranger his dinner. This turns everyone's attention to the salesman in the mud with the blanket. It's still really coming down. They all get up, form a big group, and keep staring at the salesman. And then they huddle. The salesman starts to get up on one knee in case he has to make a run for it.

"Stay where you are, mister," one of them shouts. The salesman slowly lies down again. "Or else I'll show you where the horsey bit me."

One of the guys in the crowd takes out a pack of Gauloise cigarettes, the French cigarettes. He lights one, then starts passing it around to everybody. They all take really deep drags. Then the guy brings out another one, and another one, until he has five going at once. Everyone's passing them back and forth and smiling at each other. The salesman keeps staring at them and trying to figure out what they're up to. He can't make out what they're saying because they're talking and inhaling at the same time. Soon they finish all of the cigarettes and begin sitting down Indian-style on the muddy ground.

One of the sons, Clep, jumps up and shouts, "Why don't we go inside and watch 'The Governor and J. J.' with the sound off?" A lot of them think this is a neat idea and get up to go inside . . . but not all of them.

By this time the salesman thinks that they've forgotten all about him, but then he sees the others get up and begin wandering around the yard. One of them sort of staggers past the side of the house and begins shouting. "Hey, everybody, look at this silo. That's the biggest silo I've ever seen. That's the biggest silo I've ever seen."

Some others come over and join him and begin screaming in amazement at the size of the silo. "It's so big . . . so far up in the air." Then one of them says that it looks just like a giant brick beer can wearing a giant beanie.

"No, no, no, it looks like a great big cement can of peas with a round bubble-top."

They all begin arguing. Now all of the time this is going on, the people who went into the house to watch 'The Governor and J. J.' with the sound off keep tumbling out of the house in fits of laughter. They collapse on the porch until they have the strength to go back inside. Then they go back inside.

Pretty sure that no one is going to bother him at this point, the salesman is sitting up taking all of this in. Just then he's proved wrong. The guy with the "Born to Raise Wheat" tattoo comes walking over with another guy. The other guy is in a tattered suit.

"You know something, mister, you're all right. You're an all-right guy. I want you to meet somebody here. This is my friend, the professor. A real smart guy. But the professor here can't remember anything. Isn't that right, professor? What do you call it?"

"Total no recall."

"That's right. Total no recall. He can't remember a thing. I don't know how he even remembers that. But anyway, about this A&P business, I've been thinking. Who the hell am I to tell you, a perfect stranger, that you can't do any A&P? You can do all the A&P you want. I'm just saying 'Don't let me catch you.' Fair enough? Do all of the A&P you can, but don't let me catch you. That's where the professor comes in. He's going to sit here in the mud with you and watch you. Now remember, he can't remember a thing, so you're probably safe to do it in front of him, but he's going to stay by you nonetheless. Go ahead and do it, but if I catch you, you know what happens: I lop off your jayboes with a trowel and toss 'em into the soil bank and drop a fifty-five-gallon drum of fuel on top."

The guy with the tattoo walks away and the professor sits down.

"He's right, you know. I do have total no recall. I can't remember a thing. Go ahead and ask me a question, and I won't even remember what it is. Go ahead."

"What is the capital of Delaware?"

"I don't even remember what it is you asked me. What did you ask me? See, I can't remember anything. Ask me another question."

The salesman really doesn't want to do this but decides to humor the professor by asking him a bunch of questions. And sure enough, the professor can't answer any of them. Every once in a while, though, the professor gets a real mean look on his face and says, "Saaaaaaayy, who are you and what's this all about?" But then he goes back to politely not answering any of the questions.

Around then, the people who were watching 'The Governor and J. J.' start coming out of the house. They're all wiping laugh tears from their eyes. They all sort of sit around on the porch and relax for a while. Then one of them suggests that they do square dancing without a caller.

"Yes, yes."

"And no fair humming anything."

"Yes, yes."

"And with potato sacks on our heads."

"Yes, yes."

"And our britches down around our ankles."

"Oh, yes."

"And we won't get up tomorrow and do any chores."

"YES."

"Or rotate our crops."

"YAHOO!"

"And we'll do A&W and S&H. . . ."

"YEA-HAW!"

"But no A&P!"

". . . no . . ."

Then they all start dropping their overalls and putting potato sacks over their heads. At first they just stay in place and sway to the imaginary music. Then they start shuffling around with their arms out, searching for partners. A couple of people are ready to go right into reels and do-si-dos, but as soon as they do they fall over in the mud.

The salesman is taking all of this in, and then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the storm-cellar door opening. Dorothy comes out, walks over to the salesman, and says hi.

"I've been down in the cellar thinking, mister. This is no place to spend the night. Have you ever heard of the girl who doesn't have any legs and is always left hanging in trees?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, she lives with her family just down the road. Come on, I'll take you there. You come too, professor."

The salesman stood up slowly, looking around to see if anybody was watching him. Nobody was. He decided this was as good a time as any to leave. So the three of them started walking hand in hand down the road. The salesman looked back over his shoulder one last time. He saw all of the people shuffling into walls, tractors, stumps, fences, each other, and so forth. Then the mother came out on the porch dressed in a Naugahyde rain slicker, held out a bowl, and shouted, "Mountain oysters. Come and get your eats. Good eats." Then they really started crashing into things. Funny thing, they never took the sacks off their heads.

When they were a good distance from the farm, the salesman asked, "Dorothy, I know you're only a little eleven-year-old girl, but do you know what A&P is?"

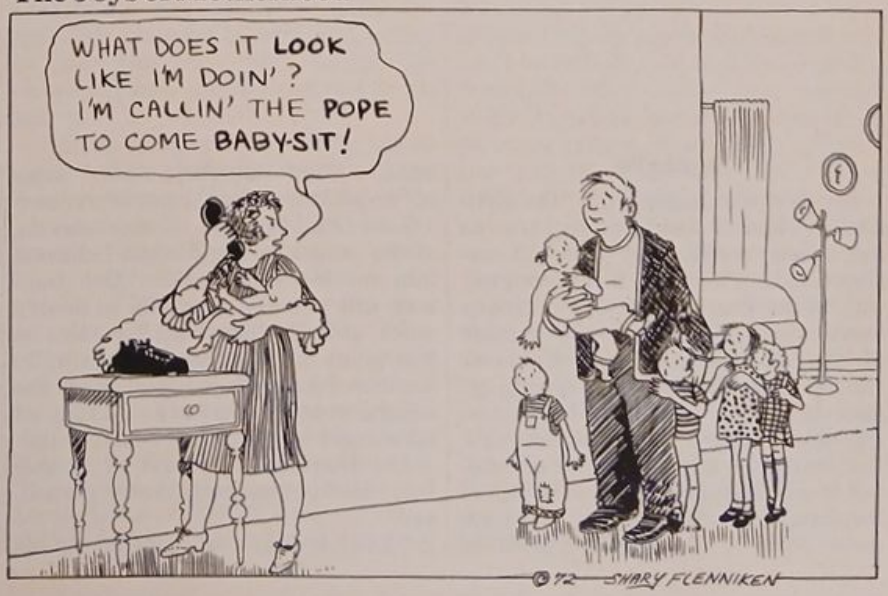
"No, but if you hum a few bars, I'll fake the rest."

"I do," said the professor.

"*You do*!"

"I think it's a chain of hardware stores, though I can't be certain. I *do* have total no recall, remember. Ask me another question and I bet I get it wrong." □

The Joys of Motherhood



Strange Sex We Have Known

by William S. Burroughs
and
Terry Southern

Southern

My first encounter with "Dr. Benway" (whom I was later to know as the master scribe and film buff extraordinaire, William S. Burroughs) was on the sleepy sands of St. Tropez in the south of France in the summer of '47. I had been suffering from—or rather, *complaining of*—a certain lesion, a rather persistent lesion, on the hinder fleshy part of my left calf, just below the knee. It wasn't *painful*, but it *was* irritating in a *psychological way*, and I was keen to deal and have done with it. An acquaintance of mine, Allen Ginsberg—who later achieved international poetic renown (*Howl, Kaddish*, etc.)—was staying at the same hotel, and when I showed him the lesion, he said: "Doc Benway will put that to rights in double quick order!" (little did I realize at this point in time that it was simply another joke at my expense by the mischievous Al Ginsberg) and he set up a meet at Benway's beach house.

Dr. Benway was (and *is* to this very day) a most remarkable personage.

"Your lesion," he observed in his dry and singular tone, "has the mark of *genitalia*," and he poised a finger near it, just so, not quite touching. I glanced down and noted, with some surprise, that it did indeed resemble a tiny vage, with its puckered pouting lips, half-parted and moistly glistening—but I was reluctant to admit as much to the formidable Benway. "You must be mad," I exclaimed instead with a show of indignation, and instinctively drew back; but the fantastic Benway continued as though not having heard: "Naturally it would follow that the treatment of choice

would be to . . . *fuck it away*." And before I could protest, he raised a finger of caution: "*But* an extremely *small sexual member* would be required—perhaps that of a *gerbil*—and by damnable good fortune, hee-hee, I happen to have just such a specimen here in this very lab. . . ." He gestured towards a shoddy complex of small cages nearby, and continued: "You entertain no superstitious qualms, I take it, towards *bestiality*?"

I informed this "Doctor Benway" in no uncertain terms that I did indeed entertain such qualms, and would *not* consider being "fucked in the lesion" by a gerbil, *nor* any other member of his devilish menagerie! I had failed, however, to reckon on the man's powers of persuasion, which border on the veritably hypnotic.

"Similar case a few years back," he went on, unperturbed, "man-of-the-cloth developed stigmata in both hands and both feet, each of the blessed wounds being in the shape of a female cunt, not unlike your own, only larger—so that when the populace filed by in holy reverence to view the miraculous visitation, they found his worship—his coarse mandrill-root pulsating in gross distention—going at it into both hand-wounds like a maddened warthog. They could not restrain him—he finally broke his own back trying to fuck the lesion in his left metatarsus. . . ."

I must admit to being somewhat taken aback by the sheer grossness of this account, but it did put me in mind, a few years later, of a story so bandied about that I dare say it carries no "kiss-and-tell" onus at this late point in time—namely, that curious tale of how LBJ was "caught in the act" (if one may coin) on the Kennedy death-plane from Dallas, trying to force his rude animal-member into the mortal wound of the young President. I recounted the bizarre incident to Benway, but it was apparently old hat to him.

"Hee-hee," he chuckled, nodding sagely, though more through *politesse* if my guess is any good, than through your true humorous enjoyment, "yes, a classic case of . . . *neck-ro-philia*, was it not?"

I'm not too keen on *puns* myself, but I let it pass; after all, a man of Benway's stature (Ginsberg had shown me a lot of weird microfilmed diplomas, citations, credentials, depositions, endorsements, etc.) was not to be challenged unduly.

"Very well, Benway," I said, "if that is your view—"

"It is not only my *view*," he quipped in his inimitable fashion (cross between Ben Jonson and W. C. Fields), "it is also my gol-dang *pur-view*! Hee-hee-hee. . . ."

Needless to say, Benway's "treatment of choice" proved to be less than useless—and, in fact, I very nearly succumbed to a damnable case of the pesky "gerbil-clap."

I was intrigued, however, by the emphasis he placed on what was later to become his infamous "view-syndrome," and when I pointed this out he was good enough to address himself to that very issue.

Burroughs

Yes, the cinematic image is apt, and may be extended. Ungrammatically speaking, what is sexy to humans is a film usually laid down in early childhood on a receptive screen. In my not inconsiderable experience as a physician, I have indeed encountered some strange films. Here is a mild example I cite simply to illustrate the concept of sex as film. This highly placed British civil servant pays boys to don uniforms which he provides and treat him like a boy in a reform school. They are given a precise script with certain words like: "You little bastard." And he reads back his own script: "Yes, sir," assenting with civil leer as he casts himself as a Borstal Boy instead of an old school tie. He is tied to that little piece of film. It is the only way he can achieve sexual satisfaction. He may be bored with it and disgusted with it. He may even laugh at it. But not while it is going on. There seems to be a basic incompatibility between sex and laughter. Sex must be *serious*. Who can laugh during an orgasm? I recall the bizarre case of a boy named Ali I encountered in a remote corner of southern Morocco who could accomplish this seemingly impossible feat. He disappeared before I learned his secret. He is tied to a fear film that is the sexualization of fear, a phenomenon that dates back to our caveman days. It is dangerous to be caught with one's pants down by a saber-toothed tiger, a Texas Ranger, or a house dick. However, if the intruder is on your payroll and acting in your film play, then fear can be converted into the desired end product.

I know of one case of a man whose name I cannot mention because of my deep reverence for his exalted office who can only achieve orgasm by dressing himself as an atom bomb. He is then detonated by a whore disguised as Marilyn Monroe and goes off watching Hiroshima films. Another case of a billionaire . . . (once again my medical ethics prevent me from giving his name) who recreates the 1929 crash, watches his stocks fall off the board, then screams out: "*I am ruined! I am penniless!*" and jumps out a prop Wall Street window all of six feet down into a swimming pool full of gold dollars and achieves orgasm on contact. Many other cases of this nature are in my files: a famous actress who reenacts her greatest role and defecates on stage; a similar case involving an Admiral who defecates on deck and wipes his ass with Old Glory while a chorus of hired tars scream imprecations; a white-supremacist politician who turns into a nigger on TV and drops dead while the White Goddess of the evening says coldly: "Take him outside because he stinks. Take him to the nigger morgue."

The thoughtful reader will detect a common denominator. All of these VIPs achieve orgasm by a *simulated situation* in which the thing they fear most occurs, like the famous author who types out an atrociously written page and screams out: "*My talent is gone!*" and comes all over the critics.

Cases of animal identification are frequent: subjects who dress themselves as horses, pigs, mandrills, leopards, bears. It would seem that renunciation of the human form is in this case the exciting element dating to a time when some nanny called them a filthy beast, or when the patient reflected that perhaps saber-toothed tigers have more fun than people.

I am happy to say that the whole matter of human sexuality has been placed in a new and more hopeful light by recent discoveries in the area of electrical brain stimulation. Once the sex centers in the brain are stimulated by implanted electrodes, everything in sight is sexy, even a psychiatrist. In fact, one subject was able to achieve full satisfaction by looking at an old boot. So we can perhaps change the film and lead our patient back to normality? Enter the psychiatrist with a naked Bunny girl. But the man said flatly, "The boot is cheaper."

And who can say he is wrong? Electrical brain stimulation demonstrates that sex *is* arbitrary and if you can't be normal, why not be arbitrary, especially if it saves you money? With electrodes installed in the brain of every citizen, full sexual satisfaction will be achieved by all and we will enter a Utopia of electronic bliss endangered only by mechanical failures, a very real danger indeed as anyone knows who has waited weeks and even months for electrical repairs, even though he had been guaranteed twenty-four-hour service on his appliance. The answer, of course, is private enterprise and competition. I would like to sound a word of warning, however—and I am sure T. Southern will join me in this—of the *very real dangers inherent in nationalized sex-service*. □

The Palma Sutra

Translated from the Original Sanskrit by Doug Kenney

(Translator's note: The Palma Sutra, *the definitive Hindu text on the sacred practice of* mahasturbhata, *or self-abuse, has long been familiar to serious students of Eastern literature. However, until recently this ancient treatise on the sensual art of onanism was inaccessible to those ignorant of Sanskrit. Predating the more popularly-known* Kama Sutra *by centuries, this work was studied by Indian yogis and mystics over 4,000 years before the birth of David Eisenhower.)*

CHAPTER 1:

A Dialogue between Master and Student; Observations on the Three Necessities for Happiness on Earth—Virtue, Riches, and Manhandling One's Melon.

MASTER: The span of human life is about 100 years, and during this time a man must practice *Dharma*, or obedience to the Holy Scriptures; *Artha*, or the acquisition of riches; and *Palma*, or the enjoyment of yanking one's yam. These are the three principles of existence, and if they are ignored, a man will discover himself up the Ganges without an air freshener.

STUDENT: But Master, does not the great Buddha himself teach that the strumming of one's own sitar is forbidden by the sacred *Vedas*? Moreover, does not this vile and unclean habit impair the practice of Kundalini yoga by weakening and knotting the spine?

MASTER: You read the ancient writings as mere words rather than wisdom. I have long studied the yoga of which you speak, and if you have attained such self-mastery as to sit in a cave meditating upon your Third Eye for twenty years without noticing your Third Leg upon occasion, you are talking through your turban.

STUDENT: But is it not written, "Only the vain peacock excels at preening his plume"?

MASTER: And is it not also written, "A pigeon in the hand is worth—"

STUDENT: Don't bother.

CHAPTER 2:

In Praise of the Study of Mahasturbhata; the Pleasures of Doing the Homework.

While it is true that some sages have spoken against the art of fondling one's fig, there are others who speak most highly of its many advantages. Lord Krishna Himself affirms, *no matter how passionately a man loves a woman, he will conquer her only after a great investment of words, but victory within one's own breechclout requires only two rupees for the hanky.*

The revered Arjuna says, *the affection a man feels for a strong water buffalo, a silent woman, or a comfortable sandal is as nothing when compared to the love of a man for pounding his own pomegranate.*

The respected *Shastras* advise, *a traveler versed in the art of hoeing his turnips may swiftly relieve loneliness when far from his homeland, and a poor man who manipulates his mango need not afterward take his hand out to dinner.*

The Bhagavad Gita counsels:

A man who is both wise and cunning
Takes no wife save the one which bears his sword.
His arm is his companion and courtesan,
And should his arm be separated from his shoulder in battle,
He pays no alimony.

It is not astonishing, then, that numerous gurus, ascetics, and hermits yet refuse to wed any but "the elephant boy's wife."

Some others who may profit from betrothal to the "monk's maiden" include: cripples, lepers, wayfarers in unclean villages, sailors on long voyages, those confined in prisons, men with wives who are ill-favored, seekers of public office desirous of strengthening their handsclasps, archers, those awaiting rescue from wells, butter churners, and Greeks.

Also, there are many evils that punish those who scorn the art. These unfortunates may be recognized by their several afflictions: their lower eyelids are stretched too tightly across the lower eyeball, impairing the contemplation of their scepter; they are too

full of *rajas*, the mad impetuous energy of those who cannot find quiet activity for their hands; their complexions are unseemly — white and smooth as the belly of a fish — and they lack the crimson caste-marks that signify those who faithfully bang their betel nuts; their hand of greeting is as the limp lily pad, and they are the laughing stock of tavern idlers in wrist-wrestling contests; their eyesight, too acute, blinds them in the bright sun; and they are given to aimless thumb-twiddling, knuckle-cracking, and unmanly knitting.

As the world has yet to end, there are still men filled with *avidya*, or ignorance, and destined to return to this world again and again in the ceaseless cycle of rebirth. If the Great Wheel of Life must yet turn and turn, does it not profit a man to strive for the calm of the center? Shall he not gather pleasure from greasing the hub?

CHAPTER 3:

The Proper Preparation of the Lingam; Its Care and Cleaning.

The male member can be divided into three groups according to firmness and resilience. These are known as the Elephant's Goad, the Cormorant's Neck, and the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom.

Accordingly, they are bestowed upon three categories of men: 1) those whose grip has the strength of ten, 2) those whose wrists are as supple as the cobra, 3) those who excel at naught but taffy pulls.

Thus, if a man boasts an Elephant's Goad, his hand soon gleams with a shield of calluses and, fearing not the pricking thorns of the berry bush, grows sleek and fat. If a man possesses a Cormorant's Neck, his agile member may learn to open locked door-latches from the outside and increase his wealth manyfold. If, however, a man be endowed with the Waterlogged Lotus Blossom, he may still win favor with the king by offering his services as a pennant, which every passing breeze stirs to a cheerful salute.

Whatever the nature of a man's pestle, he should treat it as he would a bride on her wedding night. He must speak softly to it and allay its fears in a tender fashion. If the organ performs enthusiastically, a wise groom rewards his bride with garlands of flowers, essence of lime, cool sherbets, and a good horse-liniment.

The sincere seeker of Ultimate Release should choose a small, poorly-lit tent or room little frequented by vagabonds, neighbors, or inquisitive younger brothers and sisters. The chamber should be simply decorated and should contain a prayer mat, a pot of soothing oils, and eight incense sticks, useful both for their sweet fragrance and as splints. He should bathe every day; every fourth day he should change his garments; every sixth day he should move to a new abode.

Many often puzzle over the proper varieties of sacred representations suitable for assisting the novice in firming his fish. These depictions are most valuable for the elongating of one's eel and are divided into four forms, each according to the persimmon pincher's rank and caste:

Brahman (priests): An exquisitely-wrought wall plaque of burnished gold depicting the fully clothed goddess *Palma* enthroned on a cloud of flower petals and borne aloft by white swans. The hanging must have been made by the finest artist in the region, suspended by silken cord and lit only by the highest quality candles.

Ksatriya (nobles): A well-crafted carving of a woman of high birth dabbling her naked ankles unobserved in a pool of orchids and water hyacinths. The statue must be covered in beaten silver, painted with rich colors, bordered with semiprecious stones, and placed out of range of the bowman's nectar arrows.

Vaisya (merchants and freeman): A presentable tapestry depicting the delectation of a courtesan, or *gopi*, by three sturdy workmen, all possessing well-formed limbs and expressions revealing a readiness to resume their regular labors after lunch break. Their hands and feet should have the appearance of being recently washed.

Sudras (untouchables): A recognizable tattoo of a slave or serving girl being enjoyed by a leper, a lunatic, a four-legged animal no smaller than a tortoise and no larger than a he-boar, or a flock of geese. The wench should be of a rank no higher than that of the lowest participant, and the tattoo of a position so as to obscure it from the eyes of young children.

CHAPTER 4:

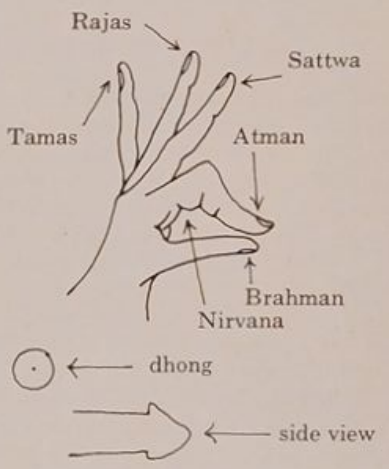
The Correct Positioning of the Hand; Appropriate Positioning of the Fingers; the Dangers of the Australian Grip.

There exist two types of men who pluck their own bowstring: those who say, "I will devote myself diligently to the learning found in the *Palma Sutra* and thus most gracefully cleanse my *karma* in the ceaseless Dance of Life," and those who say, "Fie on the sacred practices! What care I for long and difficult years of self-discipline? What care I for the attainment of *nirvana*? It is all I desire to sound my gourd thrice daily and participate in all manner of foul amusements and low company, for there is nothing more important in the cosmos than clumsily bludgeoning my beefcake."

The former are the beloved of *Palma* and will become united with her for all eternity; the latter are foolish and base men who, when they leave this life, will be reincarnated as a hyena's dingleberries.

Those who respect the traditional rituals will take pains to know the proper placement of the hand and the correct cradling of the *dhong*. Any ruffian can sit in the shade of a *Bo* tree and haphazardly squeeze his lemon. But only the dedicated practitioner can extract the nectar from his blossom without angering the gods or his housekeeper.

(ILLUSTRATION A)



As can be seen from the illustration, the three lesser fingers correspond to the three *gunas*, and the joined thumb and forefinger correspond to the uniting of *Atman* and *Brahman*. In the Divine Center formed therein is the Nothingness, or Void, which, as a cup or house, is useful only insofar as it is empty, calmly awaiting the introduction of the *dhong*, or Divine Business End.

The *dhong* is then inserted, neither as a heedless ram crashes through a thicket nor as a timid virgin puts her toe in a rushing brook, but as an experienced charioteer enters a busy intersection, carefully looking both ways first. So introduced, the *dhong* is gently encircled by the thumb and forefinger, symbolizing the union of *Atman*, *Brahman*, and *dhong*; and the three remaining fingers are extended away from the *dhong*, particularly if the man is accustomed to eating with his hands.

As the man begins to slowly massage his muffin, he chants the *mantra:*

Onan me pudme yum,
Boumalaka, boumalaka,

continued

Boumalaka boum.
(O Divine Goddess, bring me release.
Give me thy grace to grease my crease.)

There are, in addition, other mystic incantations that can be called upon if the *dhong* fails to cooperate. Should the man pumping his python find that it remains flaccid, he may awake his drowsing serpent by repeating:

Svarga tapas garuda dholi,
Ravi shankar ravi oli.
(Buttocks and crotches and nipples with wings,
These are a few of my favorite things.)

If it happens that the man nudges his nutmeg too quickly, then he must temper his one-eyed worm's frenzy with the Song of Kali:

Indira gandhi hubbha hubbha,
Janma hetu ghudyir rubbha.
(To please the goddess and amaze her,
Saw off your schween with a rusty razor.)

There are times when the tongue is occupied elsewhere, as when attempting *Tasting the Spoon*. In cases such as this, it is right and proper that an assistant may recite the *mantras* for the practitioner from behind a screen or from within a cabinet or trunk. If it happens that the practitioner's ears are also occupied, as in the performance of *Listening to the Waterfall*, the assistant may yet aid him if they are both knowledgeable of sign language. In all such cooperations, however, the assistant is cautioned against losing his detachment from the higher purpose of the act by smirking, peeking, or charging admission.

Once all these preparations have been completed, the man must, before beginning, make sacrifies to the goddess *Palma*. On a certain propitious day, the initiate and his family should gather at the temple with offerings for the priests, either in the form of oranges, gold, or fully illustrated editions of the *Palma Sutra*, available to the readers of this copy at special savings by using the handy coupons on the scroll cover. The man then offers his member to the priests as a ritual sacrifice, and, if the other gifts are satisfactory to *Palma*, the priests let him have it back. Then, the man's family sings the hymn to Palma and falls silent. Women are warned against impious giggling; the traditional penalty is having their veils stuffed into their mouths.

CHAPTER 5:

The Positions to Be Assumed by the Man; Methods of Getting out of Them in Case of Slipups.

Some ancient writers claim that there are 565 ways in which a man may successfully grind his corn and that there are many more which have been lost to the present world either through man's evils or stuck-together parchments. Whatever the true number, there are only a few basic postures, the rest being but variations on them devised according to the personal inclinations, physical capabilities, and mental health of the practitioner:

1. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it into his mouth, this is known as *Tasting the Spoon*.
2. When a man grasps his member with both hands and inserts it in his mouth while balancing himself on a wooden ball, this is known as *Doing It the Hard Way*.
3. When a man lies on his stomach and, through drawing up his feet, imprisons his drumstick between his two heels and thus caresses himself by rubbing it vigorously with the soles of his feet, this is known as *The Swimming Toad*, and is particularly useful in water both as gratification and propulsion.
4. When a man reaches with his left hand around his neck and grasps his gland from between his legs, this is known as *Choking Yourself, Stupid*.
5. If a man squats on the floor, embraces his protuberance with his knees, and hops up and down until release is attained, this is known as *The Bouncing Buffalo*, or, in the far provinces, *Slopscotch*.
6. If a man inserts his ladle into a steaming broth and stirs until the contents of the pot are thoroughly spiced and seasoned, this is known as *Spoiling Your Supper*.
7. When a man inserts his cashew into the trunk of an elephant and shakes pepper in front of its face, this is known as *God Bless You*.
8. When a man places his drawstring in a pile of soiled garments by the waterside and awaits a woman of the village to pound it on the rocks, this is known as *Washday Black and Blues*.
9. If a man straps himself to the belly of a blind man's cow before milking time with his rudder pointing earthward, this is known as *Cheating the Toddler*.
10. If a man digs a hole in the ground, covers himself with dirt, and paints his upward-thrusting column with green paint during harvest time, this is known as *The False Celery*.
11. If a man assumes a prone position on his back and ties a long cord both to his pylon and to the leg of a goose during migration time, this is known as *Reach for the Sky*.
12. If the man enters a bakery by stealth and hides his pink cucumber among the bread sticks, this is known as *Let the Buyer Beware*.
13. If a man lies beneath a stage and places on it a woven basket with a hole in the bottom (through which to insert his upraised obelisk) and has hung a sign on the basket proclaiming SNAKE-CHARMER AUDITIONS, 3 P.M., this is known as *There's No Business Like Show Business*.
14. If a man befriends a baboon, this alone is known as *The Delights of 1,000 Bananas*.
15. If a man puts a glove over his eleventh finger and seeks out knaves anxious to find victims for their hand buzzers, this is known as *Shake, Pal*.
16. If a man hides himself in the temple bell at sunset and replaces the bell rope on his own clapper, this is known as *Wring out the Old*.
17. If a man attaches a magnet to his wand and, replacing the pea in a shell game with a ball bearing, lies unseen under the charlatan's table, this is known as *Heads You Win, Tails I Ooze*.

Although these techniques may, at first, appear simple for the beginner, many require a thorough knowledge of advanced yoga positions, and history records the dangers of some of these practices:

The King of Panchala was performing *Heads You Win* when a metal chariot passed by his magnet; and, while not parting the prong from its owner, it required him to travel to Jaipur to reel up the unfortunate member entirely.

Shakatani Shatavesudusi, minister to the Queen of Puntala, while performing *Let the Buyer Beware*, allowed his *tabalas*, as well as his bread stick, to be exposed and lost them both to a hurrying woman during a two-for-One sale.

CHAPTER 6:

Further Dialogue between Student and Master.

MASTER: Thus have I enumerated the most felicitious manner in which the pious may clobber their casabas without stain or vile practice. A devoted student, then, follows his master's words in these matters and rewards him generously for his unselfish instruction, not forgetting the handy order blanks on the flyleaf.

STUDENT: Long and full well have I heard your words, O Master, but they are as words written upon the water, and for this you expect fulsome rewards? Is it not written that—

MASTER: Hey, there's been a hyena around here lately, and he says he's looking for you. □

Dick Dulany

Surprise Poster #3

Amicae Curiae

The Supreme Court
reviews the evidence in its historic ruling.

conceived by Wayne Kline

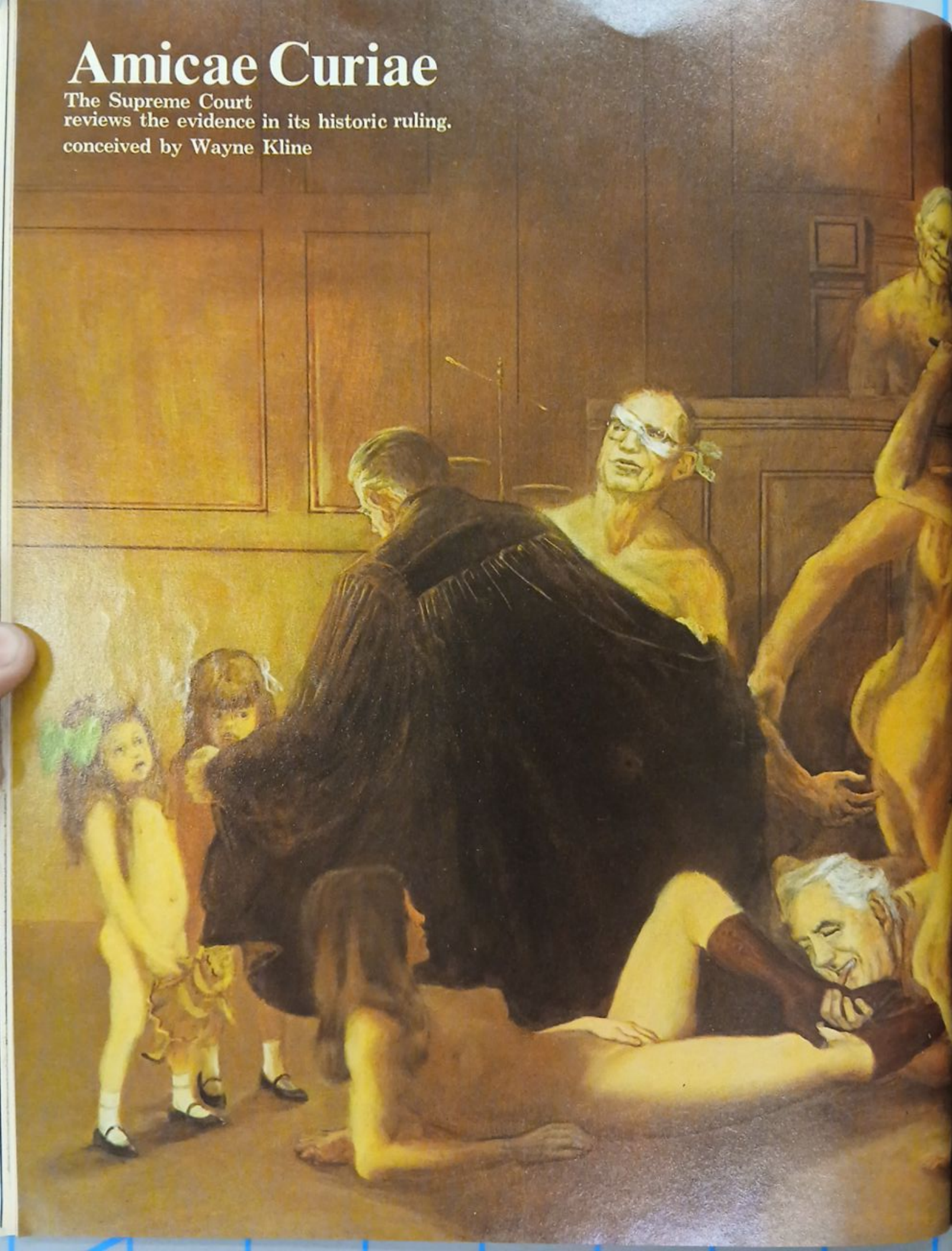


Illustration by Mara McAfee
EXHIBIT
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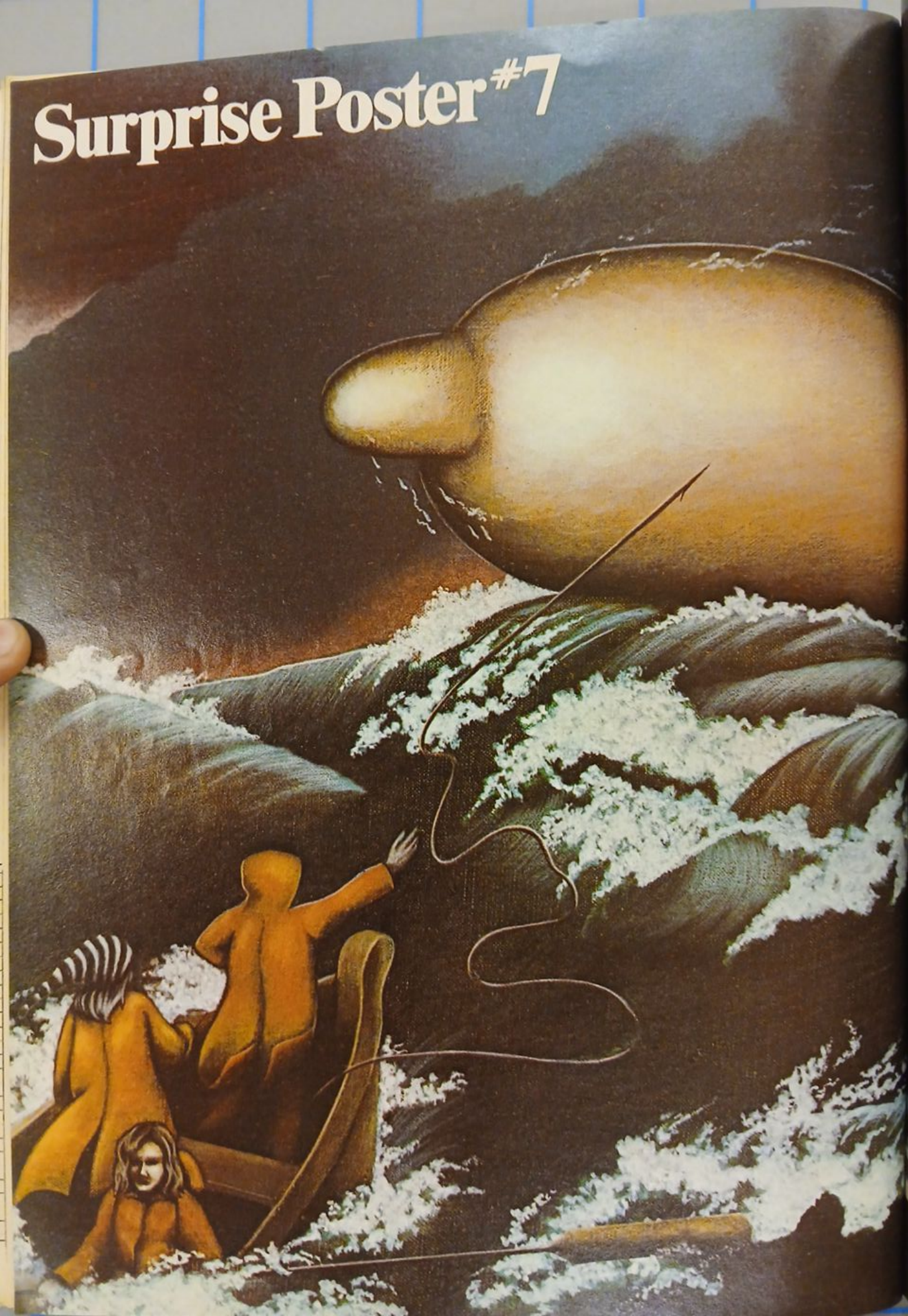
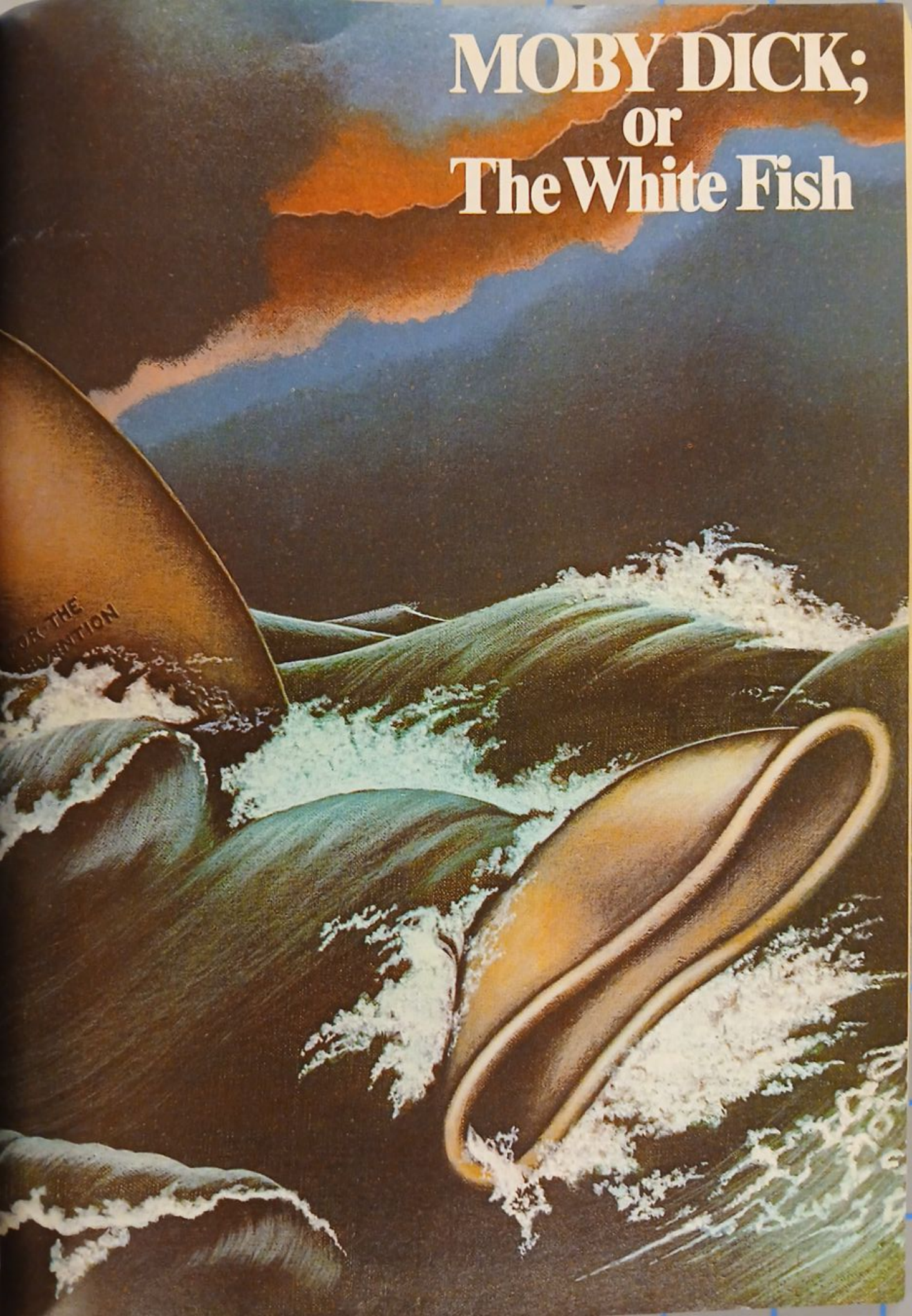
Surprise Poster #7




MOBY DICK;
or
The White Fish

Mother's Little Helper

a self-abuse pamphlet by Anne Beatts

In the absence of a popular feminist literature of stroke books for women, it is hoped that the following will help to fill the gap. . . .

Coitus Interruptus

When I first came to dour, gloomy Ravenscroft/Fisherman's Cove/St. Michael's Hospital, I never suspected that the dark, twisted younger son of the Earl/cod fisherman/but brilliant brain surgeon would come to exercise such a strange fascination over me.

Even after that morning in the deserted cupola/cove/surgical dispensary, where I had gone on the pretext of looking for my embroidery/some seashells/a bedpan, when he found me in tears and put his arms around me to comfort me, I thought his interest merely feigned, a polite gesture that was part of his natural aristocracy/New England courtesy/bedside manner.

How could he, who could have any noble lady/local girl/nurse he wanted, take an interest in a mousey governess/tourist/junior probationer?

But now, as he reached out for me, I began to realize that his cold, proud exterior concealed a warm, beating heart. Yes, I reflected as he crushed me against his ruffled shirtfront/oilskins/starched white tunic, even years of shutting himself away from everything except his hawks and hounds/codfish/patients hadn't closed his heart to me. The warning Old Melissa/Mrs. Abernathy/Matron had given me was wrong. He could feel, he could love. And it was I whom he loved.

"Cathy, Cathy," he repeated, his voice choked with emotion, his hands

Illustration by Melinda Beasley

wandering over my body, his face pressed against my hair. "Will you, my darling, will you?"

Just then the door of the cupola/fisherman's shack/surgical dispensary flew open. A voice thundered/drawled/barked, "Leave Ravenscroft forever!"/"Isn't it time for summer people to be goin'?"/"Report to Matron at once!"

Hot tears of shame sprang to my eyes. But as I tore myself away from his arms, I could not keep from saying his name: "Dirk, oh, Dirk!"

—after all lady novelists with three names

Sodomy

Now we come (catch the clever double entendre?) to something really naughty and, some people think, just a teensy bit wicked. Yes, girls, you know what I mean. The "back door." Now, before you wrinkle up your pretty little noses, just give it a chance to sink in. Lots of really famous people are all in favor of this one . . . Jean Gênet **and** Norman Mailer, for instance. And we all know how **significant** they are.

After all, fainting and pretending to be such a delicate plant was for your **grandmother**, not for a big girl like you. Shame on you for being so squeamish! We're not actually that sensitive in that area, if the truth be told. You probably won't find it at all unpleasant (provided you remember to wash thoroughly before and afterward with a strong carbolic soap—Caswell-Massey makes a divine one). Make sure **he** washes too, because disease can be a no-no! And don't let him touch you anywhere else while It's going on.

Then, you can just lie there and **enjoy** it! UHMMMMMMM!

—after Joan Garrity (*The Sensuous Woman*)

Autoeroticism

CHILDREN UNDER SIX
NOT ALLOWED ON TEETER-TOTTER
UNLESS AN ADULT IS PRESENT

Rape

He advanced toward her, the fluorescent light glinting off his open switchblade.

"Whatsa matter, dontcha wanna be nice to me, Teach?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Bel (*"Up the Down Staircase"*) Kaufmann

He advanced toward her, the sunlight glinting off the barrel of his pistol.

"Wal, a purty lady like you ain't ascairt of a Union sojer, is you, ma'am?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Margaret Mitchell

He advanced toward her, the firelight glinting off the blade of his rapier.

"'Sblood! Is't that milady wilt spurn her noble suitor?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after the Baroness d'Orczy

He advanced toward her, the moonlight glinting off his neck plugs.

"Va na ga va va gagagaga?"

As his body came closer, she could hear her own heartbeats. She drew in her breath to scream but could only whisper, "No, no . . ."

—after Mary Shelley

Bestiality

Ellen shifted position slightly and looked down at his sleeping form. His beloved head, with its rough luxuriant mane, was pillowed on her lap. The dark eyes were closed now, but she could feel the warmth of his breath. Even in the half-light, she could see his strong, beautiful body, capable of carrying her whole weight with ease. As he slept, his powerful shoulder muscles rippled under the skin, which was dewy with a faint film of sweat.

Suddenly, she felt him stirring. He raised his head, nuzzled her cheek, and whinnied.

"Oh, Gramps, it's all right! Blaze is going to be all right," Ellen said.

—after Anna Sewell (*Black Beauty*)

Sublimation

Bonwit Teller

Dear Bonwit Credit Account Customer:

Thank you for paying your account so promptly. We have extended your credit to

UNLIMITED CREDIT

We hope you enjoy shopping at Bonwit's.

Sadism

Inasmuch as it would become necessary and, indeed, imperative to rid ourselves of the restrictive authority of the male, the goal of revolution would be to halt the functional obsolescence of masculine dogma by the reversal of its subjective tenets, formerly perceived by both sexes as moral obligations, or "commandments." Take as a case in point the injunction to refrain from the elimination by violent means of others of our species: It is at best of dubious authorship, and even if we give credence to the supposition that it was handed down from a higher authority, it is readily apparent that Moses himself, motivated by what even Freud had to admit was totemic fear of the all-powerful Father, was in Marxist terminology enslaved by an economically exploitative relationship (easily threatened by the withdrawal of manna) and thus merely a self-appointed lackey of the supreme male chauvinist, Jehovah. Therefore, in order to achieve the actualization of a valid expression of that nature, which is felt to be feminine, it is evident that the first stage in the ongoing process of liberation in fact requires a corresponding invalidation and negation of all concepts and ethical systems that have been formulated by the repressive strictures of a male-dominated universe. Under this heading we may include logic, justice, truth, beauty, and the Pythagorean Theorem. And besides, women could pee standing up if they wanted to!!!

—after Kate Millett

Heterosexuality

The silken curtains surrounding the bed fell away at a touch, and she was revealed to his gaze, her pink and white bosom heaving slightly as she slept. Her feet were like tiny white doves in her little pink slippers. Her golden hair curled over her white shoulders. She looked so fresh and beautiful, it seemed as though she had just that moment closed her eyes. He bent to kiss her rose-leaf lips. On the instant, every bird in the palace garden began singing, and everyone in the palace woke up and went on with their tasks, exactly as if they had not been sleeping for the past hundred years.

—after *The Red Fairy Book*

Masochism

12:30 2 **THE SHINING HOUR**
Brad comes out of his coma to find that Dot has left him.

4 **TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY**
Dot has a brain hemorrhage when she hears about Cindy and Brad.

7 **ALL MY SORROWS**
After finding out that Cindy has left him, Ronald has a serious accident on the way to meet Dot.

9 **REACH FOR THE MOON**
The only person with Ronald's blood type is his illegitimate son, who is also Brad's doctor.

11 **TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT**
Cindy tries to shield Ronald from finding out that his illegitimate son is a drug addict.

47 **MADRE DE DIO**
Nunca diga "Canadian" se non dice "Club."

—after all major networks

Group Sex

As she cruised down Park Avenue in the hazy winter twilight, Bitsy fell into a reverie about her past lovers. She had to admit . . . she'd been out with some real doozies.

There was Waldo, the pudgy do-it-yourselfer who wanted to build her a whole new box.

And Roberto, the sensitive South American amateur bullfighter who preferred her ears to her tail.

She thought with a special fondness of Binky, the crazy dentist from Hackensack who'd brought her home to eat his mother.

Yes, she'd done them all. You name it, she'd tried it. In spades. Chinks too. Christ, at least she hoped she wasn't prejudiced.

But none of them had given her what she was looking for. None of them had pressed that magic little button. Where was it, anyway? She knew it wasn't her navel. Filling that with cream cheese had done absolutely nothing for her.

Bitsy surreptitiously adjusted the Pursette that she wore instead of panties. But no, there was never a flicker . . . except for that time with the two albino hairdressers from the Hotel Great Northern and the trained slug. Maybe if she had thought to remove her Pursette . . .

But who knew? Who could say? Where would it all lead? When would she ever find the One . . . or Two?

She realized that if she didn't hurry she'd be late for her rendezvous with the zoo keeper and his twin brother. She crossed to the other side of the Avenue and began walking uptown.

—after Joyce Eberts
(*The Crazy Ladies*)

Incest

Lovely Lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me to be just like you.
If it's true that God is Three-in-One,
You bore your Father's only Son.

Lesbianism

yesterday was a bitter day and because outside was so cold and inappropriate I went over to freda's for some coffee and she didn't have any coffee so we had goat's milk ironic really because that time in westbeth with the trouble over the elevator and then together we both went to joan's where the doorbell isn't working just like old times I said thinking of mexico and brave joan who had been to the dentist's too and recalled the time the barman was so rude to her played with her white cat and I wondered was the cat male or female and she said neuter so I thought the day was too and with a sudden swoop of clairvoyance speak of the devil alice called disguised as a marine so we all met alice at the restaurant without any cigarettes because of the doorbell and the cat stayed at home feeling bitter no doubt but the cigaretteless restaurant had fat-cat cushions warm and friendly-feeling and joan said something really sweet so that made the day sweet too if you get what I mean so maybe it was bittersweet after all like the chocolate that alice gave me in the taxi and I went home with alice to have two very good orgasms, one bitter and one sweet.

—after Jill Johnston

Exhibitionism

Q. I am a tall Australian girl with all her own teeth and a weakness for British rock musicians. In my book I used several dirty words. Since then I find I am driven by an irresistible desire to appear on television and talk about sex. I have achieved international exposure and was featured in two sleazy sex-papers and on the cover of a major American news magazine. Recently I stated in a women's-magazine article that I prefer not to wear any panties. Is there any hope for me?

A. I see no reason why you, like any other woman, shouldn't find happiness and fulfillment through marriage —as long as you remember that you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. (See the heading "Honey vs. Vinegar" in the chapter on a richer sex life through the use of food in my forthcoming book, *Every Woman Could If She Wanted To, But Why Bother When Mah-Jongg Is More Fun?*)
Next Month: "VD, the Disease You Get from Toilet Seats"

—after Dr. Rose N. Franzblau

Voyeurism
(*Consciousness I*)

Meanwhile, Steve's lovely wife, pert, lovely actress Jayne Meadows, sat dangling her toes over the edge of their kidney-shaped swimming pool, taking time out from romping with Randy, their full-grown English sheep dog, and tutoring the disadvantaged child of their Mexican gardener, to go over a part and whip up Steve's favorite dessert while we chatted.

Her sunny exterior betrayed no sign of the inner turmoil that must have raged within. Phrasing the question as delicately as I could, I asked her, "Jayne, there's been some nasty rumors going around this burg, and I'd like you to clear them up for our readers. For instance, why is it that you and Steve are forced to sleep in separate bedrooms?"

Jane laughed her full-throated throaty laugh. "Don't give it another thought, Rona," she said. "Steve and I are forced to sleep in separate bedrooms because I like the window open and Steve likes it closed."

COMING NEXT MONTH

The Lennon Sisters: "If Only We Were Black!" Sandy Duncan: "How My Operation Changed the Way I Look at Sex!" Liz to Jackie: "You Can't Have My Dick!"

Voyeurism
(*Consciousness II*)

Tooth Makers Help Convict Three-Time Sex Offender

PERTH, Australia (UPI)—The Honorable Justice Blackmer set an unusual precedent in allowing dental molds as admissible evidence in the case of George Osborne, accused of the brutal rape-murder of a 14-year-old girl.

Osborne, 31, a Melbourne resident, was picked up by police here on vagrancy charges. While undergoing some emergency dental repairs in custody, the prison doctor noted the similarity between Osborne's upper bite and the photographic record of toothmarks left on the dead girl's body by her assailant.

Osborne today was convicted of slaying Lucy Brigham, 14, of Perth, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He is awaiting trial for two other similar sex crimes that have occurred in the Perth area during the past six months. It is not known whether tooth molds will be used by the Crown in the prosecution of the other two cases.

Voyeurism
(*Consciousness III*)

I had been sitting in the same chair in the Apple office on Wigmore Street for three days and nights. When he walked in I could hardly believe it. Was this thick, cloddish, unshaven boor in the dirty mohair sweater the guy that millions of teenage girls were creaming for? I guessed so.

I followed him out to his car and lay under it.

He came around the block again before I had finished brushing off the tire tracks. This time he stopped the car, opened the door, and grunted. I hopped in.

I tried to tell myself that I wasn't in love with him, that his grunts were too pretentious, but it was hopeless.

The bedroom of his elegant townhouse was covered in priceless Oriental rugs. The Oriental rugs were covered in dog-shit from the puppy he brought home. I was supposed to clean up the shit, wash

the kitchen floor, make the beds, pick up his clothes, fetch the paper, sit, beg, and roll over.

The pathetic lot of groupies who were always hanging about outside would stare at me enviously as I washed down the front steps on my hands and knees.

We went to visit a friend in the country. The lady of the house took me aside. "Be grateful for every second you spend with him," she said. I knew what she meant.

"I'm here to give you whatever will make you happy," I told him.

He only grunted.

He was drinking a lot by then. But there were the good times. We had our own special world, with special games and rituals, things only the two of us shared. For instance, every night when he came home from the recording studio, he always had the same pet greeting for me: "What's for supper?"

In bed he was perfectly adequate, as long as you didn't expect too much of him . . . as long as you didn't expect anything at all, in fact. But it didn't really matter that he was such a lousy lay. Being with him meant so much more to me than sexula gratification. It meant fame, prestige, and a big fat advance from Straight Arrow Books.

—after Francie Schwartz (*Body Count*)

Fetishism

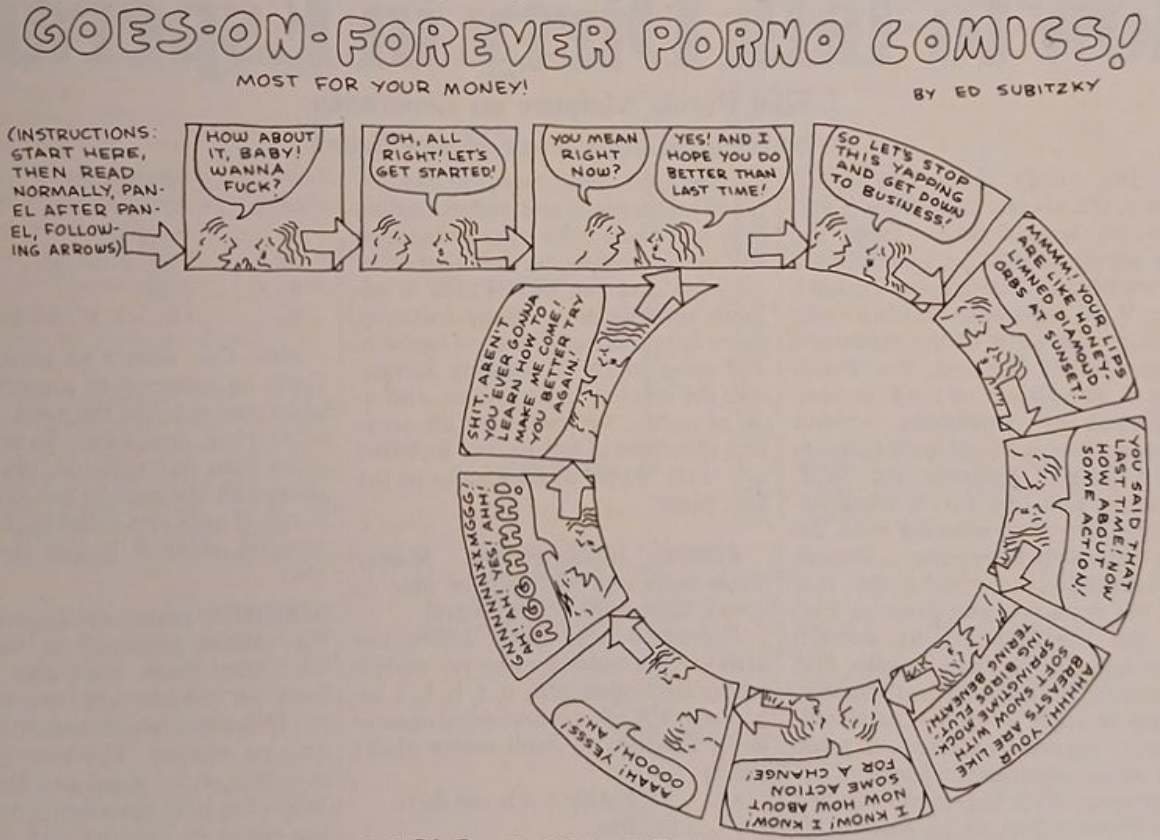
Pour 1 cup chilled heavy cream into chilled bowl and beat slowly with the whip until cream begins to foam. Gradually increase beating speed and continue until a) beater leaves light traces on surface of cream and b) a bit lifted and dropped will softly retain its shape. (In hot weather, it is best to beat over cracked ice.) Gently fold in 2 Tbs. sifted confectioner's sugar and 2 Tbs. kirsch. Turn into cheesecloth before refrigerating to ensure that the cream stays beaten. A fitting accompaniment for a *mousse au chocolat*. May also be served with Sacher-Masoch Torte.

—after Julia Child

Oral Sex

The tips of her persimmons had already begun to harden, and as she caught a glimpse of his round turnips and firm, fleshy scallion, she felt her honeydew go mushy. The next thing she knew, he was inserting a finger into her artichoke and forcing her to bury her nose in his cabbages. She nibbled daintily on his brussels sprouts and ran her fingers up and down his asparagus while he gobbled her tangerine. The intensity of his passion was turning her avocado to guacamole. Abandoning his lychees, she bit down hard on his rutabaga, causing him to emit a strangled cry of pleasure and upset the entire fruit and vegetable stand.

—after the *National Lampoon* □



FORTUNE-TELLING COMICS! by ED SUBITZKY

DIRECTIONS: CLOSE EYES, POISE OUTSTRETCHED INDEX FINGER OVER PAGE WHILE YOU MOVE PAGE BACK AND FORTH WITH OTHER HAND. WHEN YOU FEEL "MOMENT IS RIGHT," SUDDENLY DROP FINGER ONTO PAGE. FATE WILL LEAD FINGER TO PANEL WITH CORRECT ANSWER TO THIS MONTH'S QUESTION.

THIS MONTH'S QUESTION: (FOR MEN ONLY) "WILL THAT GIRL I LIKE GO ALL THE WAY WITH ME OR NOT?"

How to Talk Dirty in Esperanto

Kiel Parole Malpure en Esperanto

by Richard Bonker and Henry Beard

So you didn't think you could! Frankly, it's as easy as a *furpie* if you follow my simple rules. There are many sound reasons for spending the next few hours learning them. To name a few: With Esperanto you can write graffiti on the walls of the restrooms of the United Nations, the World Court at The Hague, or the European Parliament at Strasbourg without shame, and on more common surfaces without fear of contradiction. With Esperanto you can derive considerable pleasure from uttering even the vilest phrase in Esperanto; although your language is from the gutter, it is from the gutters of the Champs Elysées, the Kurfürstendamm, Jermyn Street, and the Via Sant Angelo. And if afterward you should feel remorse, you are entitled to wash your mouth out with beeswax or anise or some other exotic astringent instead of ordinary soap. With Esperanto you can trade imprecations as an equal with members of foreign-born minority groups whose native caterwauls—with their varmint-like barkings, pagan speech-rhythms, and moronic, singsong syllables—are so much more appropriate to scatological usage than the noble cadances of English. You can expound at great length on the chastity, racial characteristics, and sexual inventiveness of their mothers without risking the kind of comprehension that has them reaching for knives to supplement their disappointing vocabularies. And should you, by great good fortune, enter into an altercation with a fellow Esperantist, the great commitment to international brotherhood and understanding that you share with your antagonist will quickly overcome the bitterest of enmities, and you will be able to adjourn speedily to a nearby trattoria, there to partake of a toast of beeswax and anise to Dr. L. Ludwig Zamenhof, the creator of Esperanto, and to us, of course, for correcting his puzzling oversight of not having included any dirty words in Esperanto in the first place.

FIRST: pronunciation! Master these rules and you will be able to speak Esperanto like a native!

Esperanto is phonetic; letters are always pronounced alike no matter where they appear! B, d, f, h, k, l, m, n, p, s, t, v, z, are prounounced exactly as in English, so don't worry about them.

a ..... Father made me do it.
ĉ ..... tits
c ..... Chew on these, big boy.
e ..... there
g ..... gobble
ĝ ..... Gee, you sure have a small cock, needle-dick daddy.
ĥ ..... German "Achtung!" (The closest English equivalent is suck.)
i ..... cherry
ĵ ..... yoni
j ..... pleasure pit
o ..... old dirt road
r ..... French "merde" (pronounced mer-r-r-r-de)
ŝ ..... shit
u ..... boobs
aj ..... Spanish fly
aŭ ..... go down on
ej ..... foreplay
eŭ ..... "eh" plus "oo"
oj ..... joint
uj ..... Oh, ick, it's all gooey!

Now that wasn't so hard, was it? Don't be ashamed to consult this list whenever you feel the need. And, one more thing, remember: In words with more than one syllable, the stress is always on the next to last syllable. In words of only two syllables, the first is stressed, since it is also the next to last.

SECOND: grammar! Esperanto has the easiest grammar in the world! Memorize these rules and you will have no trouble with the language. All Esperanto words consist of a root[1] and an ending. The root gives the meaning of the word and the ending tells what part of speech it has. Nothing could be simpler and there are no exceptions in Esperanto.

Now watch as we make our first whole sentence:

Liroj mangas viadon.
LEE-roy MAHN-jass vee-AHN-doan.
Leroy eats meat.

Isn't that easy! What we really wanted to say was "Leroy eats shit," but our Esperanto dictionary unaccountably refused to list it. Nevertheless, we push on with:

Sandra lekas pilkojn.
SAN-drah LEH-kass PEEL-coin.
Sandra licks balls.

all of which are in the book. Notice

1 As soon as you've had your little laugh, we'll go on.

how useful the affixes are:

Sandra lekadas pilkegojn.

SAN-drah leh-KAH-dass peel-KEH-goyn.

Sandra frequently-licks large-balls.

In Esperanto, the verb *veni* means "to come." Using the suffix *-uj*, which means "container," we get *venujo*, scumbag; whence:

Li venas en la venujon.

LEE-VEHN-ass EHN LA veh-NOO-yon.

He comes into the scumbag.

Other useful appurtenances of *veni* are *venajo* 'come-substance' or 'jism,' *venegulo* 'a real comer,' *venestro* 'come-leader' (useful at orgies), etc. With these preliminaries out of the way, we are all set to go to town (or around the world) with this larger passage:

Saluton! /Kiel vi fartas?[2] */Gage bone! /Ĉu vi havas la plumon? /Jes, mi havas la granda forta plumon, sed la inko estas malpura. /Malbene! /Kia idioto mi estis, ne uzi la venejon.*

Hello there! /How are you faring? /Jolly good! /Have you a pen? /Yes, I have the large strong pen, but the ink is rotten. /That is awful! /What a fool I was not to use the scumbag.

We've gone as far as we can without some bona-fide dirty words. We won't let the spoilsport editors who compiled the dictionary have the last word; Esperanto is nothing if not adaptable. Dirty words are as easy to come by as a well-engineered teat—provided my patented system is followed.

THIRD: Vocabulary!

Example: **Asshole.** This could be rendered accurately as "anus opening," but this somehow lacks vividness: *anoaperturo*. A much better rendering would be "windhole." Thus, add *vento* to *truo* to get *ventruo*. Another more colorful rendering would be to borrow the Chinese expression "fart-eye." Thus: *fartokulo*.

Example: **Furburger.** This rather eloquent euphemism for the vulva is simply rendered by noting that the Esperanto for "Hamburg" (the alleged city of origin for the meat pattie) is *Amburgo*. Add to this the word for "fur" to get *felburgo*.

Example: **Twat.** This one's harder. "Twat" is from an old English expression for "hole in the hedge." The Esperantan rendition for this is impossibly long—"growing-thing-fence-hole," i.e., *kreskaĵbariltruo*. However, the essence of "twat" is "bushy," which is best rendered (inasmuch as the Esperantan for "bush" is "little tree"—too long a word) as *broso* 'brush'.

Example: **Prick.** This is directly translated as *pikilo*, but to get a shorter word, we truncate it to *piko*. Another possibility might be to make use of the suffix *-il* which means "tool" or "instrument of." Thus, if *fuki* is the verb "to fuck," then *la fukilo* means "the tool to fuck with" or, in other words, cock or prick.

Example: **Shit.** There are a number of baroque possibilities here, such as *noktomalpuro* 'nightsoil', which seems excessively prudish, and *brunaserpento* 'brown snake', which is evocative but clumsy. The best bet is to use the common root found in other languages, as is the custom in Es-

Nouns:	-o	singular
	-oj	plural
	-on	singular noun used as direct object
	-ojn	plural noun used as direct object
Verbs:	-as	present tense
	-is	past tense
	-os	future tense
	-us	conditional mood
	-u	imperative mood
	-ant	present participle
	-int	past participle
	-ont	future participle
Personal pronouns:	mi	I
	vi	you
	li	he
	ŝi	she
	ĝi	it
	ni	we
	ili	they
Adjectives:	-a	(-aj, -an, -ajn for plural, singular as direct object; and plural as direct object, respectively)
Adverbs:	-e	
Conjunctions, prepositions, and related words:	la	the
	kaj	and
	sur	on top of
	sub	under
	je	on (abstract) as in "*on* the rag"
	al	to
	de, da	of
	kun	with
	sed	but
	kiu	who
	ĉu	"do" as an auxilliary, as in "*Do* you give head?"
	jes	yes
	ne	no, not
	kio	what
Useful affixes: (suffixes and prefixes)	ek-	sudden action
	fi-	shameful, nasty
	mal-	the opposite of
	pra-	very old
	-aĉ	contemptible, disgusting
	-ad	frequent or continuous
	-ec	abstract quality of (-ship or -ness)
	-eg	great size
	-et	small-sized
	-in	feminine
	-uj	container

[2] The word *farti*, contrary to your expectations, means "to fare" in Esperanto. Makes a jolly pun, though: "How do You do?" puns with "How are you farting?"

continued

USEFUL SENTENCES

Esperanto	Pronunciation	Translation
1. *Leroj merdas.*	LEE-roy MEHR-dass.	Leroy shits.
2. *Leroj ekfimerdas.*	LEE-roy eck-fee-MEHR-dass.	Leroy nasty-shits-sudden.
3. *Leroj kaj Sandra merdadas montegojn da pramerdo.*	LEE-roy kai SAN-dra mehr-da-dass mon-TEH-goin da pra-MEHR-doe.	Leroy and Sandra frequently-shit great-sized-piles of antiquated-shit.
4. *Vi estas dek funtoj da merdo en kvinfunta sako.*	VEE EHS-tass dek FOON-toy da MEHR-doe ehn kveen-FOON-tah SOCK-oh.	You are ten pounds of shit in a five-pound bag.
5. *La grandioza kvalito da via merdo garantas aboleri la konkurson.*	La gran-dee-OH-zah kval-EE-toe da VEE-a MEHR-doe ga-RAHN-tass ah-bo-LEH-ree la kohn-KOOR-sohn.	The superb quality of your shit is guaranteed to wipe out the competition.
6. *Fuku vin!*	FOO-koo VEEN!	Fuck you!
7. *Peki estas homa, fuki estas divina.*	PEH-kee EHS-tass HO-ma, FOO-kee EHS-tass dee-VEE-nah.	To err is human, to fuck divine.
8. *Li fukas ŝian broson.*	Lee FOO-kass SHE-ahn BRO-sohn.	He fucks her twat.
9. *Vi ekfukas ŝian broseton kun via pikego.*	Vee eck-FOO-kass SHE-ahn bro-SEHT-tohn koon VEE-ah pee-KEH-go.	You quick-fuck her tiny-twat with your giant-cock.
10. *Mi pendegas.*	Mee pehn-DEH-gass.	I am well hung.
11. *Via pendeco estas malkredeba.*	VEE-ah pehn-DEH-tso EHS-tass mal-kreh-DEH-bah.	Your state of being hung is highly questionable.
12. *Li pendas kiel hamstro.*	Lee PEHN-dass KEE-el HAM-stro.	He is hung like a hamster.
13. *Viaj veniloj aperas multe kiel spinakaco.*	VEE-aye veh-NEE-loy ah-PEHR-ass MOOL-teh KEE-ehl spee-nah-KAH-cho.	Your genitals bear a remarkable resemblance to moldy spinach.
14. *Estes mia esprima deziro ke fulmo frapus frapus vian pinon.*	EHS-tass MEE-a ehs-PREE-ma deh-ZEE-roh keh FOOL-ma FRA-puss VEE-ahn PEE-non.	It is my express wish that your penis be struck by lightning.
15. *Estas mia konjekto ke via patrino estas ne strango al cirkauprenoj de hejmaj dorlotoj kaj fojnejokortaj bestoj.*	EHS-tass MEE-ah kohn-YEK-to keh VEE-a pa-TREE-no EST-ass neh STRAN-goh ahl tseer-cow-PREH-noy deh HEM-mai dor-LOT-toy kai foy-neh-yo-KOR-tai BES-toy.	It is my conjecture that your mother is no stranger to the embraces of domestic pets and barnyard animals.

peranto: "*merde*" to form *merdo*. It's an effortless step from the construction of dirty words in Esperanto to the compilation of short phrases. Remember, a little imagination goes a long way.

FOURTH: Practice! Translate these sentences into Esperanto.

1. The weather is nice. It is pleasant here. That is a pretty dress. Let's fuck.
   Vetero estas agrable. Estas placa ĉi tie. Tiu estas beleta kostumo. Ni fuku.
2. There seems to be some error. Your ass is occupying the position which rightfully belongs to your head.
   Apera esti ia eraro. Via posto okupas la pozicion ke laŭrajte apartenas al via kapo.
3. You are a booby. Would you be so kind as to bend over so that I may insert this kumquat into your rectum?
   Via estas naivegulo. Vi estus afabla ŝufice kliniĝi tiel ke mi esteblos enmeti ĉi tiu kumkvaton en via anuso?
4. Please correct me if I am mistaken, but are you not accustomed to eating shit?
   Mi petas korekto min se mi eraras, sed ĉu vi kutimas ne mangi merdon?
5. Shame! You should have your mouth washed out with beeswax and anise!
   Honto! Vi lavu vin buson kun abelvakso kaj anizo!
6. Can you direct me to the nearest medical facility? My penis has been struck by lightning.
   Ĉu vi povas direkti min al multoproksima medicina efiko? Mia piko estis frapont de fulmo.

As a final test of your newfound skill, translate the following passages at your leisure into English. And remember, practice makes perfect!

Passage No. 1

Mansignant la konstitucion kun minaĉo, ili devigas Ĝ. Ĵ. Uver leki la pilkojn de F. Ĝ. Ŝin dum Elen Keler masturbas kun kolumbo.

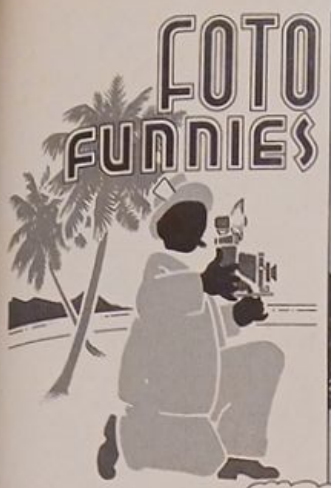
Passage No. 2

Ili fukas panjon sur litkovrilo de la amerika flago kun dileto de tagaĝa varmeghundo dum pisant sur la Biblio kaj frajon kaj reprodukto de "Amerika Gotika."

Conversation

Pardonu, fraŭlino, mi vidas ke vi portas verdan stelon. /Jes. Ĝi estas ĉar mi parolas lingve. /Kiel vi fartas hodiaŭ? /Mi fartas bone. Ejnstejn edzigis lia kuzinon en Skenektadi. /Ĉu vi observas ofte birdmigradojn? /Ne. Mia patro estas okulisto. /Mi esperas ke Ejnstejn estis plena de boneco. /Ĉu mi pruntus tason de teo? /Jes. Kiu estas la pli alta: hundido aŭ tekruĉo? /Mi ne konas. Mi ne fartas jam de multaj tagoj. /Je kioma horo vi aŭdas la veterprognozon? /Vi demandas multajn demandojn. /Ĝi estas car mi demandas ilin. Demetu vion ŝtrumpojn. /Ni aŭdis unu horon da muzikaĵoj per gramofono. /Demetu nun vian brakteningon. /Estas ne vorto por "brakteningon." /Vi komprenis min sufiĉe. /Antaŭ tri tagon mi vidis teatraĵon de Leroj. /Ĉi tio estas koko. /Ho ĉu estas tio koko? /Ĉi tioj estas pilkoj. /Kial ekzistas tia multigeco da haroj? /Nun vi demandas la demandojn. /Mia patro estis okulisto. /Mia patro edzigis Ejnstejn. /Kiel mi faras pri tio? /Metu ĝin en vian buŝon. /La okulo estas granda! /La pli bono vin vidi! /Kial vi grutas? /Mia anguinalo jukas. /Mia patro jukas neniam. /Fuku vian patron! /Mi fukas ja. Tial mi ekzistas. □

FOTO FUNNIES



How do you
make an elephant fly?
Well,
first you take a
five-foot zipper...

When I got up this morning, it looked so nice out that I decided to leave it out ALL DAY!
Cut out the hocus and pocus!
DRESSING ROOMS
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHA-CHA AND SEA-GREEN PAINT IS THAT ANYBODY CAN LEARN TO CHA-CHA!
A DIAMOND STUDDED DIAPHRAGM?!?
IF I HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN, I'D DO IT ALL OVER YOU!
ARE YOU GETTING ANY ON THE SIDE?
I HAVEN'T HAD ANY IN SO LONG, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D MOVED IT!
Do you smoke after intercourse?
I don't know! I never looked!
JAILBAIT JINGLES
In Illinois, when an old guy romances a 15-year-old girl, it's Romeo and Joliet!
RUSTIC
What's a bar stool?
WOODSMAN
That's what Davy Crockett used to step on in the forest!
HEY MATE, YOU WANNA BUY A SHRUNKEN HEAD?

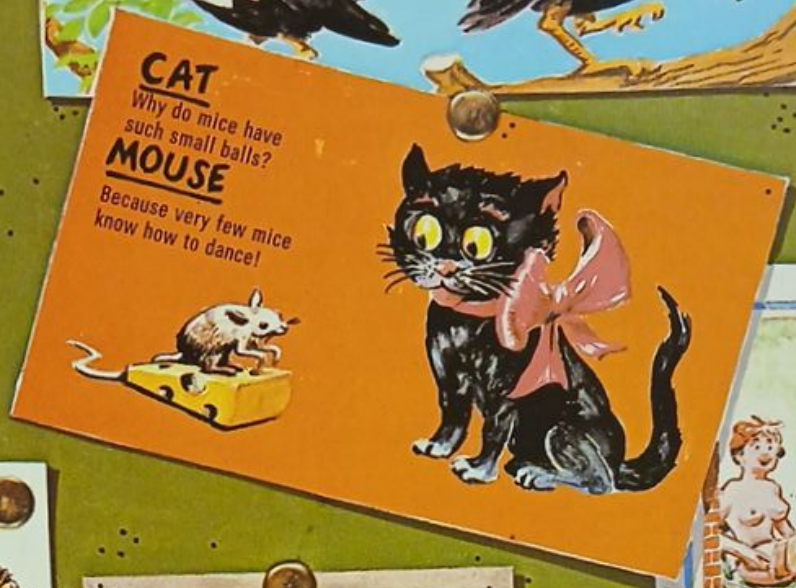
MAN What has eight legs and a cherry?

WOMAN Four barmaids and a Manhattan!

MAKE WAY FOR HOOFBEAT 'n TARBOX

CAT Why do mice have such small balls?

MOUSE Because very few mice know how to dance!



AND THEN THERE WAS THE MAD SCIENTIST WHO CROSSED AN ELEPHANT WITH A HOOKER AND GOT A TWO-TON PICKUP!

Woman: Hey, sis! There's a soldier here with a purple heart on!

Other woman: I don't care what color it is.... Send him in!

GET ANY B.T. LATELY
The AGONY and ECSTASY of
GOES DOWN FOR 25¢
APPROVED BY THE COMMIE BOOK AUTHORITY
First Lay
ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T LOSE RESPECT FOR ME ... AFTER?
..... YUK!
In this issue:
FRAT HOUSE FROLICS
DOUG KENNEY & JOE ORLANDO

MR. EISENHOWER'S EARS COURTESY U.S. AIR FORCE

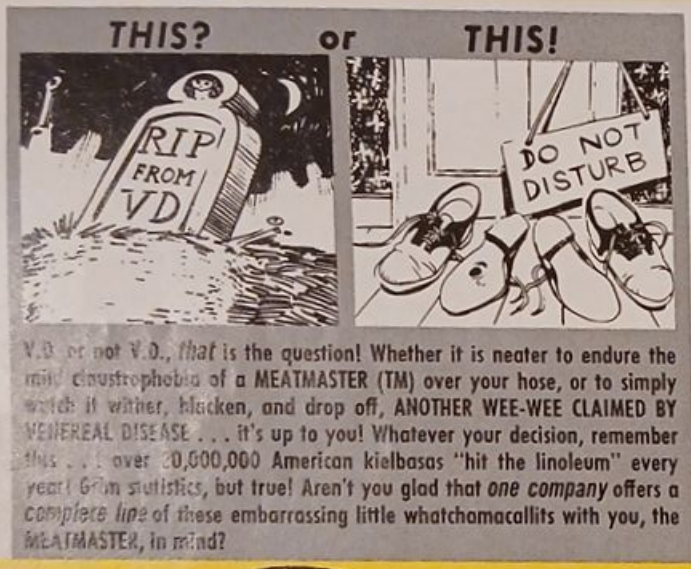
AS SEEN ON TELEVISION.

HI GUYS! I'M DAVID EISENHOWER, INVITING YOU TO A RUBBER RIOT!!

YES, ONCE AGAIN THE FINE FOLKS AT *MEATMASTERS* (TM)—MAKERS OF QUALITY LATEX PROPHYLACTICALS—HAVE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THEIR *ANNUAL RUBBER RIOT*! THE *MEATMASTER* (TM) WAREHOUSES ARE *OVERSTOCKED* WITH A *COMPLETE LINE* OF THESE NASTY LITTLE RUBBER SCUMBAGS AND PRICES HAVE BEEN *SLASHED* SO YOUR WIENER WON'T BE WHEN 'MISSED PERIOD PANIC' STRIKES!

ONE SIZE FITS ALL!

★ FULLY • GUARANTEED • for the Life of Your Wallet!



V.D. or not V.D., *that* is the question! Whether it is neater to endure the mild claustrophobia of a MEATMASTER (TM) over your hose, or to simply watch it wither, blacken, and drop off, ANOTHER WEE-WEE CLAIMED BY VENEREAL DISEASE . . . it's up to you! Whatever your decision, remember this . . . over 20,000,000 American kielbasas "hit the linoleum" every year! Grim statistics, but true! Aren't you glad that *one company* offers a *complete line* of these embarrassing little whatchamacallits with you, the MEATMASTER, in mind?

BUILT TO LAST!

ALL MEATMASTER (TM) PRODUCTS ARE MADE FROM HI-QUALITY LATEX! (THE SAME MATERIAL USED IN THE OFFICIAL SNEAKERS OF NASA'S APOLLO PROGRAM!) GUARANTEED AGAINST BLOW-OUTS, METEORITES, PINHOLES, AND FOSSILIZATION. EACH MEATMASTER (TM) CAN BE USED AGAIN AND AGAIN!

Each MEATMASTER (TM) prophylactical *fits right to feel right*! Choose from over 100 different colors and designs including special novelty models! From the sleek styling of "The Condominator" (#3556) to the rugged good looks of a "Lord Avenger" (#4523), MEATMASTER (TM) can give you some skins you'll be glad to shoot your wad on!

RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT

Send to: RUBBER RIOT!
MEATMASTER INDUSTRIES
Box #366
Akron, Ohio

Yes, I am interested in obtaining some of MEATMASTER's intriguing products. I don't want my weenie bouncing around underfoot in the kitchen where the cats can get at it and everything. You betcha. Shee.

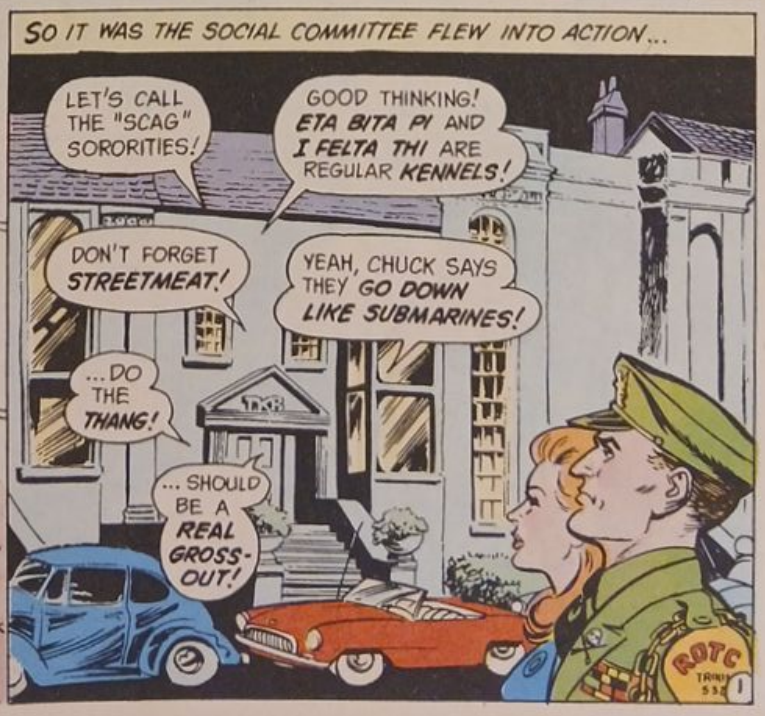
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
(*Please indicate size of weenie.*)

- ☐ Pathetic
- ☐ Ridiculous
- ☐ Microscopic
- ☐ Worse
- ☐ Can't complain
- ☐ Baby Sequoia

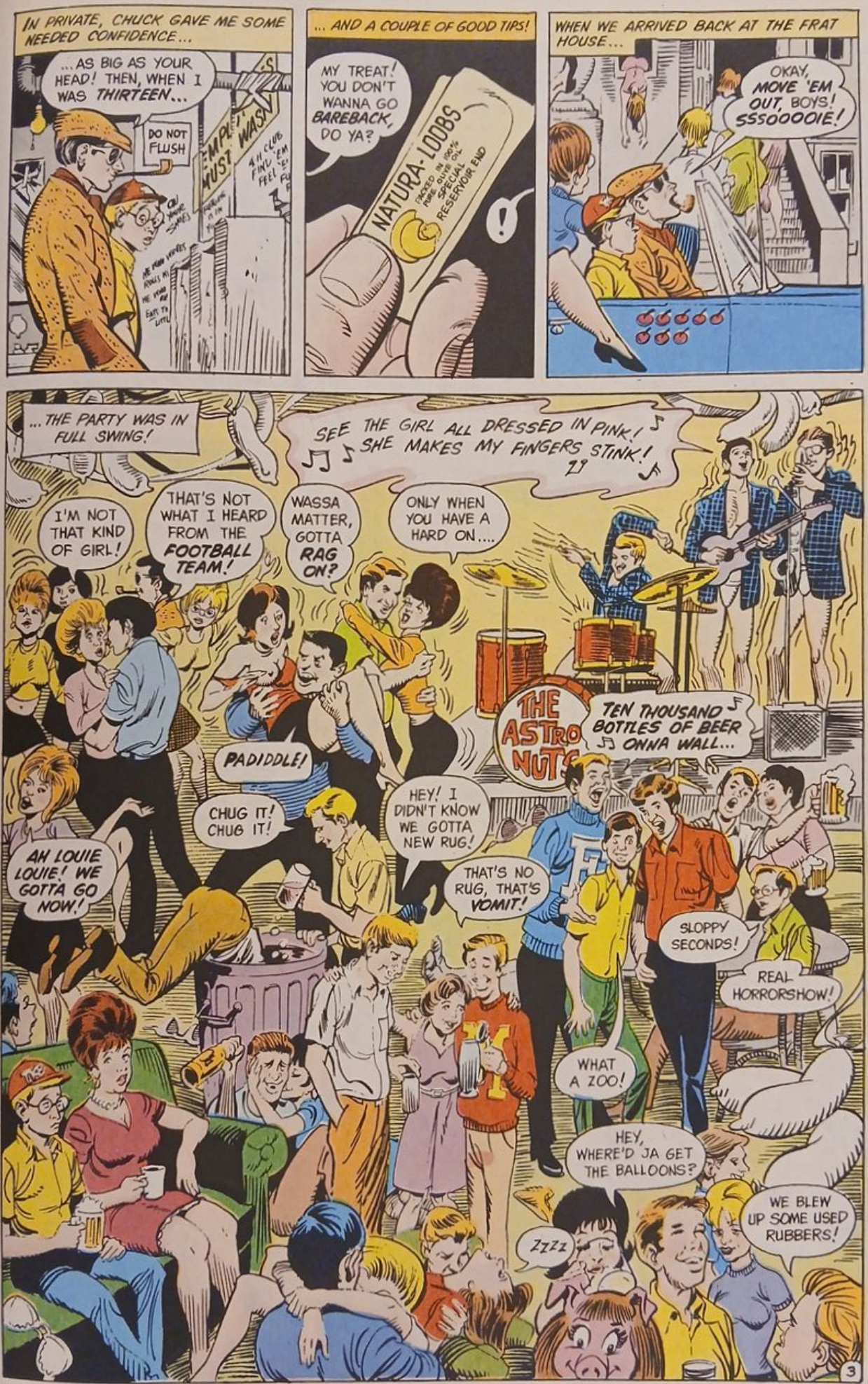
(Please enclose $2.00 additional for handling.)

RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT RUBBER RIOT

Frat House Frolics!



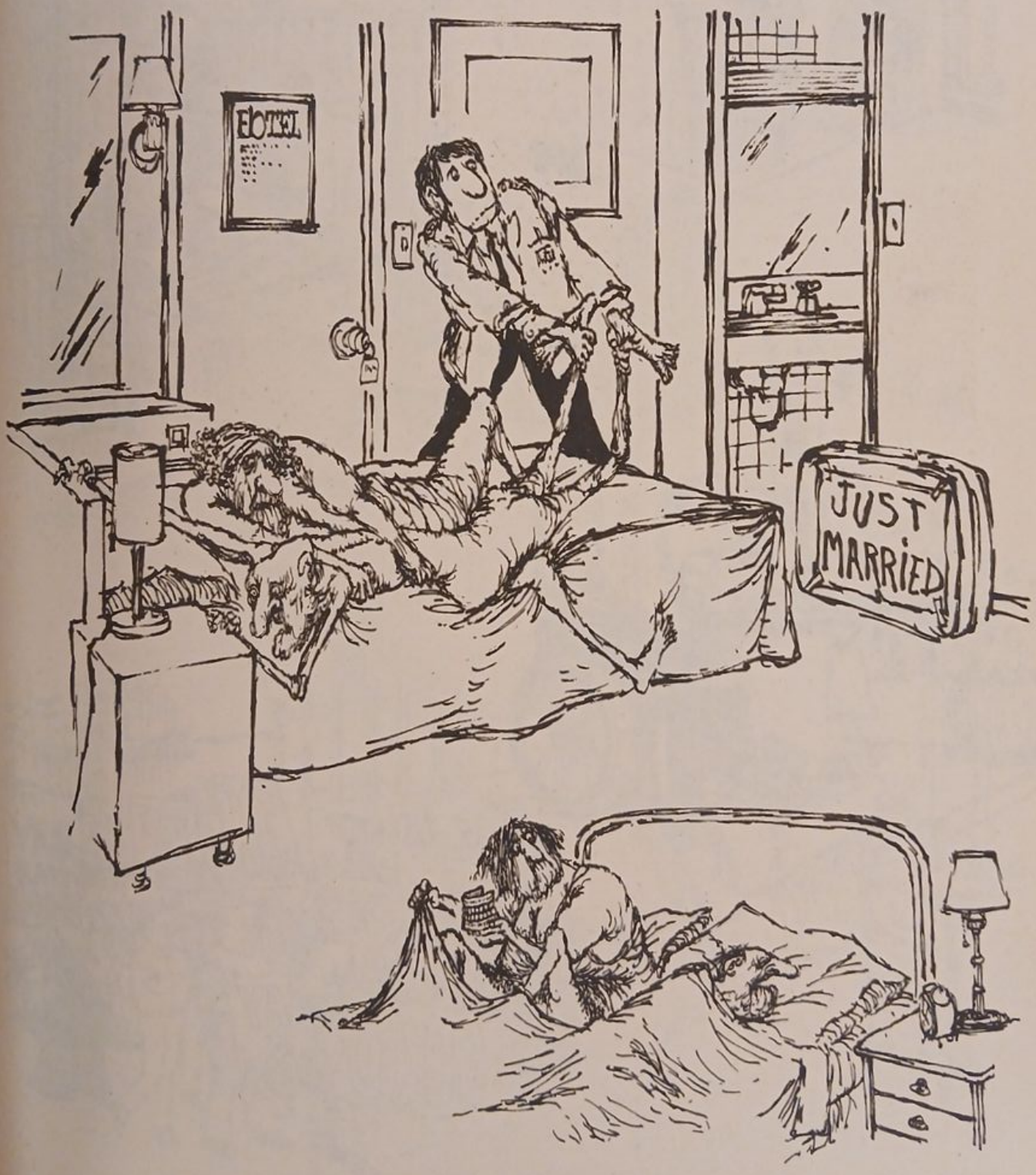
...AND I WAS TOO TONGUE-TIED WITH SHAME TO ADMIT TO MY FRAT BROTHERS THAT I WAS STILL... A VIRGIN!!
WE BETTER BAG SOME ZEES... WE'VE GOT A LOT OF HUSTLING TO DO TOMORROW!
HURRY UP IN THERE! MY TEETH ARE SINGING "ANCHORS AWEIGH"!
GENTS
BUT, EVEN IN MY DREAMS, I COULD NOT SUPRESS MY EXCITEMENT...!
ALL THE WAY... HIGH-PRICED SPREAD... HAIR PIE... BEARDED CLAM...
POONTANG!
NEXT MORNING, THE FRAT HOUSE WAS A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY...
I GOT THE SLIM-JIMS 'N FRITOS! LET'S USE FOUR-EYES FOR THE DIP! HEH HEH!
P.O.C. DRAFT
OINK OINK!
HEH HEH...
OINK OINK!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
PURPLE JESUS PUNCH! LEARNED IT FROM MY OLDER BROTHER.
DANGER
WAS HE A BARTENDER?
UNK!
NO, AN INTERROGATOR IN KOREA!
HEY! I GOTTA BAND COMING IN AFTER A MIXER AT BALDWIN-WALLACE!
OKAY, FOUR-EYES, THAT'LL BE TWO BUCKS!
FOR WHAT?
THE PIG-POT! THE GUY WITH THE UGLIEST GIRL WINS!
LATER, AS ADDED INSURANCE, WE CHECKED OUT THE CAMPUS "MEAT MARKET"...
HOT TO TROT, MISS?
BOWLING GREEN
THE CHAPMAN REPORT
2

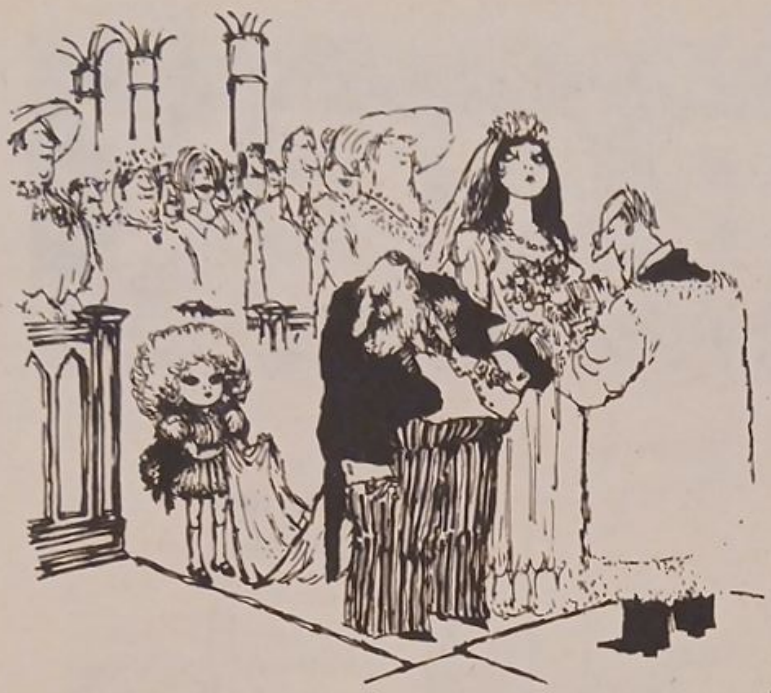

IN PRIVATE, CHUCK GAVE ME SOME NEEDED CONFIDENCE...
...AS BIG AS YOUR HEAD! THEN, WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN...
DO NOT FLUSH
... AND A COUPLE OF GOOD TIPS!
MY TREAT! YOU DON'T WANNA GO BAREBACK, DO YA?
NATURA-LOOBS
WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK AT THE FRAT HOUSE...
OKAY, MOVE 'EM OUT, BOYS! SSSOOOOIE!
...THE PARTY WAS IN FULL SWING!
SEE THE GIRL ALL DRESSED IN PINK! SHE MAKES MY FINGERS STINK!
I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I HEARD FROM THE FOOTBALL TEAM!
WASSA MATTER, GOTTA RAG ON?
ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE A HARD ON....
THE ASTRO NUTS
TEN THOUSAND BOTTLES OF BEER ONNA WALL...
PADIDDLE!
CHUG IT! CHUG IT!
HEY! I DIDN'T KNOW WE GOTTA NEW RUG!
THAT'S NO RUG, THAT'S VOMIT!
AH LOUIE LOUIE! WE GOTTA GO NOW!
SLOPPY SECONDS!
REAL HORRORSHOW!
WHAT A ZOO!
HEY, WHERE'D JA GET THE BALLOONS?
WE BLEW UP SOME USED RUBBERS!
ZZZZ
3

SUDDENLY, THE TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE WAS AT HAND...
YIPE! OH WELL... HERE GOES NOTHING...
ER- WOULD YOU LIKE SOME-ER-PUNCH, MISS?
LATER...
...ACTUALLY, I ORIGINALLY PLEDGED SIGNA PHI NOTHING, BUT THEY WERE TOO CLIQUEY...
TSHK, TSHK... HERE, BETTYPAM, LEMME GET YOU A FRESH ONE...
STILL LATER...
...SOME MOVIES ARE CUTE, BUT A LOT ARE REALLY DEPRESSING...
EXACTLY THE WAY I FEEL... TIME FOR A REFILL?
STILL MUCH LATER STILL...
...SO WHEN I WAS ELEVEN, WE MOVED TO SANDUSKY...
FASCINATING... SAY, CAN I FRESHEN THAT UP FOR YOU?
LATER THAN THAT, EVEN...
YOU KNOW, WE'VE ONLY JUST MET, BUT I THINK... I THINK...
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE... SICK!
RRRRUURRRRP!
...THE MOMENT OF TRUTH HAD COME!
G-GEE, WHAT A TIME FOR HER TO PASS OUT!
I WONDER IF ANYBODY'D CARE IF...
NO, FOUR-EYES, NO!
WOOF WOOF! SNORT! MOO!
ONLY AN ANIMAL WOULD EVEN THINK OF DOING SUCH A THING!
IN THE RUSH TO MAKE THE THE SORORITY CURFEW, THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR WORDS...
POLICEMAN! POLICEMAN!
GURGLE!
G'NIGHT, BETTYPAM... I'LL CALL YOU...
...AND ONLY IN THE LOOKING BACK DID I REALIZE THE REAL WORTH OF... THE FIRST TIME...
LOOKS LIKE ABOUT EIGHTY-FOUR BILLS FROM HERE...
THE END

SENIOR SEX

BY SENHOR rodrigues





HOTEL

GAY IS GOOD
GAY is GOOD
GAY IS GOOD
GAY IS GOOD
GAY IS GOOD
GAY WAS GOOD
GAY IS GOOD
GAY is GOOD
GAY IS GOOD

FOTO
FUNNIES

ALL UNCLOTHED SITTE WE OFTEN AND INDULGE OUR NAKED SELVES IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE;

WHAT CARE I THAT A CANKER OR A BULGE CHANCE TO ADORNE THY MORE THAN AMPLE TORSE?

WE TALKE OF MATTERS METAPHYSICKAL, OUR FINGERES BUSSYE IN OUR NETHER ZONES;

THE SMALLE DEATH'S SHUDDER PARADISICKAL RATTELLS NOW YOURE AND NOW MY BODIES' BONES.

YETTE FEAR WEE NOT ABUSED AND WITHERED PARTES, NOR LOSS OF SPIRIT, VIGOUR, SPUNKE, OR MINDE;

FEEL NO PHYSICIAN'S DOUBTS NOR CLERICKS' QUALMES ABOUTE OUR ONANISTICK HEARTE-TO-HEARTES;

FOR NEITHERE ARE WEE STRUCKE BY HEAVEN BLINDE, NOR HATH HAIRE GROWN UPON OUR NAUGHTIE PALMS!

S–X FAIR & PORNOGRAPHICUM

HELD AT THE
GREAT PALACE OF FLESHLY PLEASURES
1888

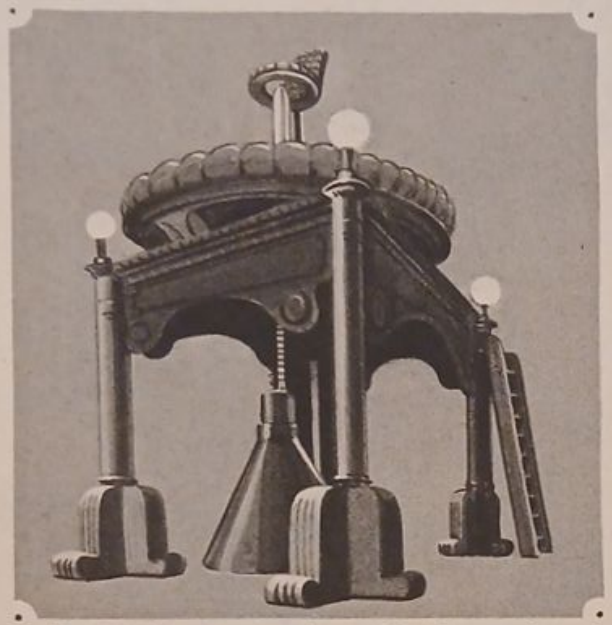
Ours is the Age of Enlightenment as to S–x; everywhere is f——g practiced, and a most cordial interest awaits he who will talk of it or show a new thing. So energetic is the press, indeed, toward Invention, that great Fairs & Exhibitions must soon be an Industry unto themselves, the one rivaling the other in displaying wares of the highest Ingenuity. We beg to submit, that this S–x Fair & Pornographicum of 1888 will mark a claim to being the most Prodigious & Comely of any held, and will be interested to hear of any judged better or more complete, or blessed by the Favors of a more illustrious Patron, who, as a man of affairs in a position of high Public trust as well as a Loving Father and Husband and a generous supporter of the Church, must remain anonymous. But all who know of S–x and f——g, and worship them, are in his debt.

—The Chairman (Anon.)

written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

continued

Captain Sweeney, of Cincinnati, has here brought forward an elegant specimen of manufacturing art. The Ladies Electric Self-Exciter is formed in cast iron mainly, with the seat upholstered in a rich brocade. The device, according to its maker, allows of the greatest weight and freest motion on all sides. The means of

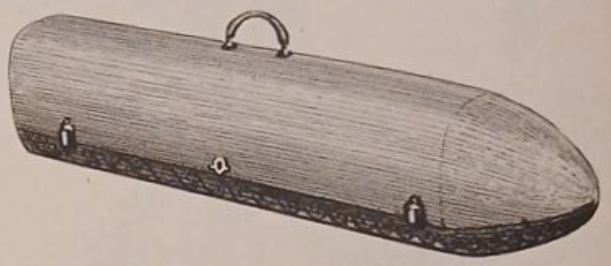


gratification is a handsomely modeled love-engine, of a girth to sate the veriest Jezebel. The refinement and modesty of our Ladies is recognized by the chaste conceit of this Piece in its every detail. Captain Sweeney's mechanical ingenuity has ensured that the Exciter's electrical energy is generated solely by the bodily movement of the "rider" while engaged in her arduous—and ardent!—labors, in other words, the Lady's feet cannot become entangled amongst stray wirings, &c.

Ludge, for many years famous for its manufactory of hats and caps, shows well at the Fair. We engrave here a Mask Sinister, made by N. Buncoman of that place; it is certainly as fine a specimen of the Inquisitorial Style as we remember to have seen so applied. Some persons can gain the Explosion That Defies All Understanding only by the constant atmosphere of Evil, and for those devoted to this naughty end, this Mask is sure to become a trusted fixture.

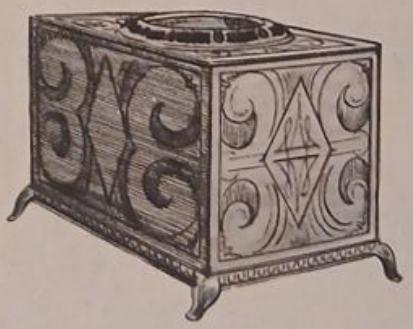
Mrs. Bibby, of Louisiana, the extensive purveyor of Aphrodisiac lotions and salves, exhibits a new herbal admixture, An Harem Eve. To the palate, it evokes the taste of cloves and curds. Users attest that Mrs. Bibby's blissful concoction creates a lust that only vigorous f——g will slake, and that its effects linger unconscionably long, but sweetly. The jar is nicely modeled and abounds in dainty details, in the style known as the German-Gothic.

It was reasonably to be expected that Spain, so rich in knitting talent, would furnish some examples of her skill in the manufacture of dainty laces. Gracing the Fair were several works in exquisite tulle by M. Santon, of Barcelona, in which the function of the nightgown is winningly betrayed by the orifices allowed in the material at many unexpected portions, so that the wearer, in the mind's eye a voluptuous Woman, seems naked whilst covered. The effect cannot but be frenzy even in the most polite Gentleman.



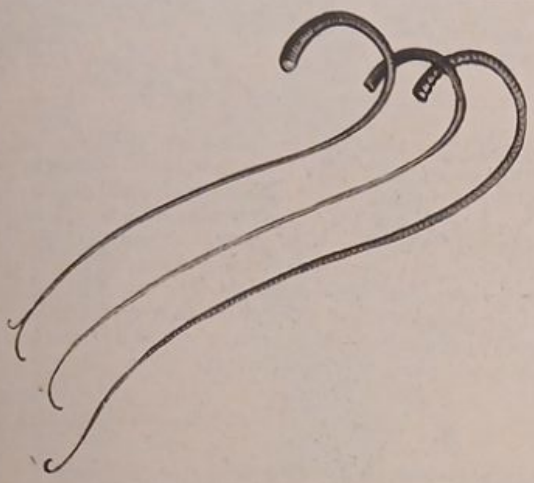
A principal ornament of the Fair is the Filigreed Dildo Traveling Pouch, by Messrs. Fudgong, of Cheapside. It is of leather, heavily worked and steamed, and will handily convey as many as six man-made exemplars of Cupid's Battering Ram, in a form so innocent of lewd demeanor as to be easily taken for a case full of *clarinets*, or *chess-men*. Thus, will any Daughter of Sappho, bent on a thrilling Rendezvous, or traveling unescorted through foreign places, be protected from detection as she conducts her errand of Eros.

We most assuredly would have omitted one of the greatest features of the Fair, had we neglected to introduce to our Catalogue the Gutta Percha Peggo Helmet. The work of Professor Flink, of Basel, it is modeled on the Prussian military headpiece and recreates in miniature its familiar spike. All is flexible rubber. The Helmet fits easily over the Fifth Limb of Love in its erectile state, so as to contain Joy's Sudden Spittle, yet at the same dear moment, *transporting* the hostess of this beloved Guest by the delicate *ticklings* of the tiny "spike." It is not to be in any way confused with the Silesian Tickler, of similar but markedly inferior manufactory.



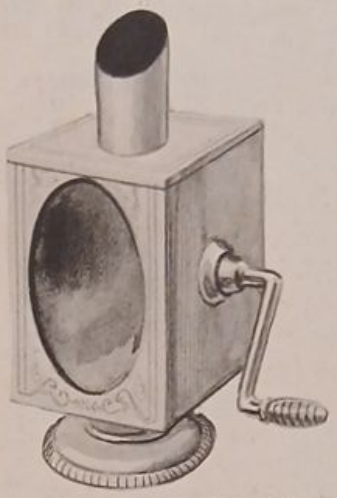
The Helmet Basin, of ormolu, belongs to those delicate and beautiful works which must be seen to be fully appreciated. It will hold sixty Helmets of the type described above, in their spent state following detonation of Love's Liquid Artillery, until such time as they can be permanently disposed of by the help. Any mere *bed*, when the Helmet Basin stands near, becomes a Love Bower; and when full, becomes a veritable Memory Vase of Precious Instants.

M. Plopard, of Paris, has furnished a pyramid of Filthy Postcards each in its own morocco sleevelet and meant to be savored and not mailed. These postcards bear a closer kinship to fine water colorings from Flanders than to the common issue of filthy card; and they are under glass. Of special merit is the item, "Her Sailor-Boy And His Shetland Pony," a sepia wonder.



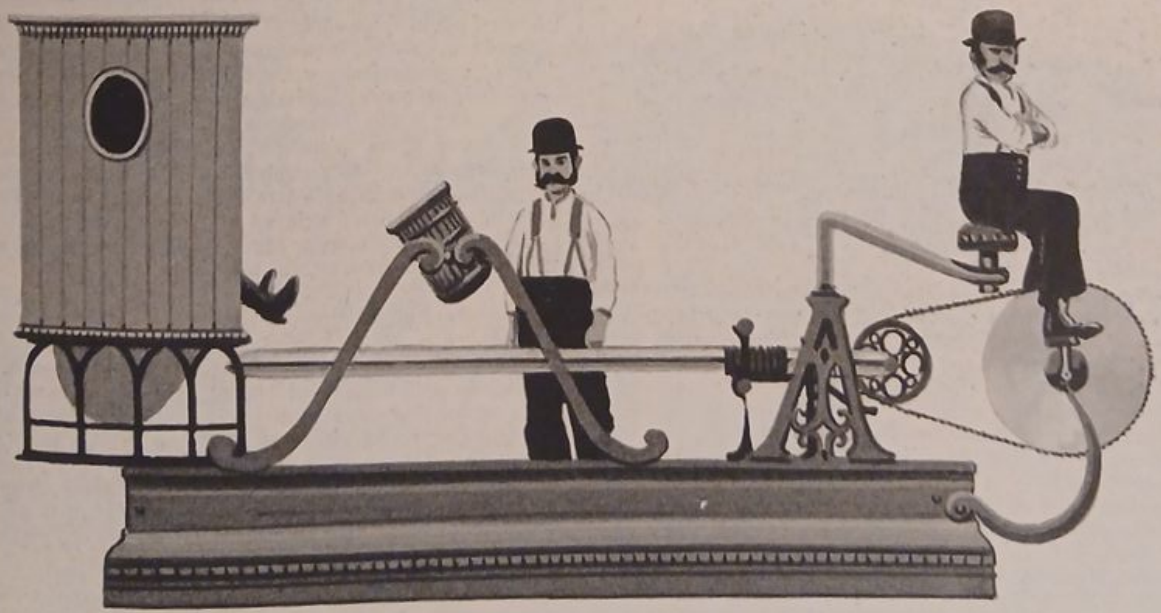
The town of Budapest maintains the reputation it has long enjoyed for the manufacture of finely turned Whips. The selection displayed here includes the Balkan Love Stroker, the Inspector General's No. 3 Corrector, and the French School Master, the latter being cleverly woven of leather intertwined with a stout cord. All are of the highest order of merit, and are certain to tickle the most recalcitrant bum.

Among the American manufacturers, few have exhibited more ability and ingenuity in designs for toy entertainments than the works of Mr. Fletchum, of Philadelphia. From there is brought forth the Frenchman & Camel

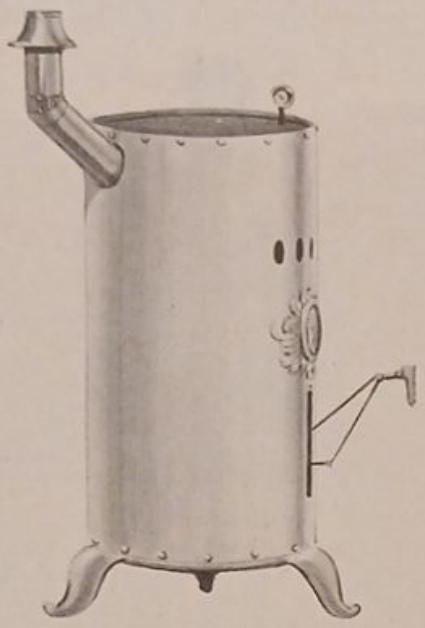


Moving Lantern Show engraved here. The crank, when the lantern is lit up, can be turned to reveal the most confounding encounter between a Zouave and a Dromedary and the Houri seeming to dance in the sands nearby. One single cycle of the crank forward makes the Zouave f——k the Houri, whilst she, in her turn, s——s the Dromedary; while reversing the mechanism displays the Dromedary f——g the Houri, and the Houri s——g the Zouave! Such artifices demand the purest taste, so as not to become mere vulgar S–x displays; in this aim, Mr. Fletchum has more than modestly succeeded. Much fancy is revealed in the engraving work overall.

The Bulgarian Thruster is a distinct novelty at the Fair, and is bound to receive close study from that quarter of Society inclined toward S–x parties. It requires three. The Lady is required to inhabit the gazebo. One Fellow works the pedals that drive the piston, which is an India rubber reproduction of the erect Love Pole of the mythic Sacred Bull of Minos from ancient times. Another Fellow, standing betwixt the Lady awaiting arrival of the Love Chugger and the pedaler who gives it life, will *lubricate* the Eden's Passion-Plunger by tipping the vase over. A cooling balm is spilled on the *Piston d'Amour*, to the Lady's great comfort. Bulgars can be found who swear by this device; and who is to say that we cannot learn from this wonderful folk, so uninhibited?



M. Pout, of Paris, contributes his Steam Body Razor, surely one of the Fair's truly ingenious manufactures. It will neither nick nor abrade the skin of the shavee, but



accurately traces the shape of: a Heart, a Wreath of Laurels, a Griffin, a Fleur-de-Lis, or a Crown Imperial on the hair that adorns the lady's Pleasure Tunnel. The medallion in the center is intended for a portrait of de Sade; it is surrounded by devices bearing reference to the part he acted in asserting the primacy of S–x in olden days.

Messrs. Lingle & Swine, of Blackpool, exhibit articles of electro-plate. They are Love Shackles & Manacles, in the Italian style. We hear them to be favored over all others by Gentlemen at their Country Week-Ends, of whom, it is known, so many are Devotees of the Flagellant Arts. Further, the Lingle & Swine artisans have devoted such attention to this important branch of the industrial and erotic arts, that the bedposts will not be scraped.

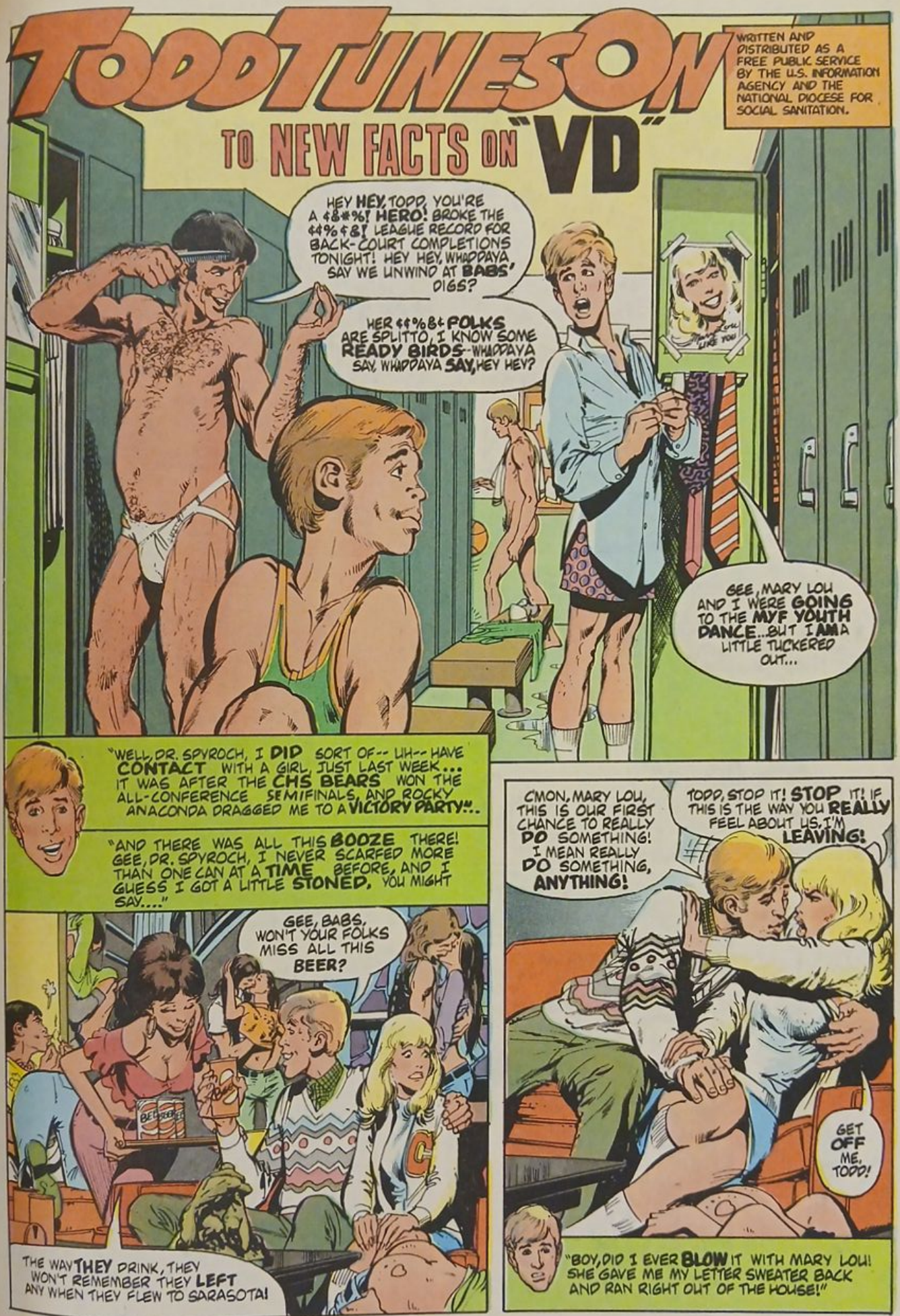
We presume to say that there is no class of manufacturers whose talents seem to have been brought out with more success than those engaged in the various branches of *Mobiliere Erotique*; and there is, perhaps, no description of manufacture in which Taste, Ingenuity, and artistic Skill may be more effectively exercised, than in the discipline of Erotic Furniture. The Soixante-Neuf Couch introduced here is manufactured by Messrs. Piff et Slezina of Lille; it is low to the floor and thereby easily mounted by both parties, it is commodious enough for almost three, and it is stuffed with Eiderdown under a covering sure to maintain a *neat appearance*, however often are passion's wars fought upon its plains.

Mrs. Bodolph, of Brooklyn, for many years well known as an extensive manufacturer of lace excitements for the boudoir, contributes a Breeched Lady's Pantaloon, in imitation of Brussels point, ornamented with flowers and salacious phrases in needlework. The fabric is cleft so as to *coincide* with that *place* in the Lady's lower torso that shelters the mossy Cave of Mystery, thus, enabling her to tempt her fortunate guest with glimpses of the glorious Huzzah-Hole before the vapors of Passion sweep both away to Arcady. It is a *peek-a-boo* merely, but so nicely made as to certainly enhance, never hinder, the Divine Ploughing Match.

A Mirror, exhibited by Mr. Smickley, of Chicago, like most productions of this artisan, is characterized by a judicious combination of elegance with utility. It is mounted on rubber wheels, in carriage fashion, and fitted with a long chain, for ready transport about the boudoir. Of special note is its extra virtue of being *adjustable* by hand levers, to virtually any angle. The operator may be fully engaged in the acrobatics of Ecstasy; yet he may still enjoy a multiplicity of visual aspects, will he but remember beforehand to loop the chain about his thumb or toe.

A very beautiful example of light metals carving is exhibited in a Pocket Pornographicon by Herr Schockt, of Berlin. Its character is well adapted to the popular vogue for handy reference materials able to be carried about on the person; in this instance, one dozen *poses sordides* in hand tinted pieces, including four almost entirely nude Egyptian water-nymphs gamboling against a most pleasing *frieze* and entitled, "O Where Has the Soap Gone?" The Pornographicon is as light as it is decorous, and its resemblance to the common Cigar Case is close enough to allay the suspicions of a Chief Magistrate.

The Pride of the Turks Body Corset is of high-grade whalebone and leather, all trimmed in brass stud-work, of a design that owes much to the uniform of Egyptian Cadets. The wearer will make a stirring sight to the fortunate orbs of the beholder, the costume being so contrived as to leave bare the twin Diana's Globes above, and the Wonder-Pouch below. The *belly button* is also *relieved* of a covering. The maker is M. Troll, of Vienna, who is said to enjoy the custom of many Balkan nobles, and more than one Sultan. □


TODD TUNES ON TO NEW FACTS ON "VD"
WRITTEN AND DISTRIBUTED AS A FREE PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE U.S. INFORMATION AGENCY AND THE NATIONAL DIOCESE FOR SOCIAL SANITATION.
HEY HEY, TODD, YOU'RE A ¢&*%! HERO! BROKE THE ¢4%¢&! LEAGUE RECORD FOR BACK-COURT COMPLETIONS TONIGHT! HEY HEY, WHADDAYA SAY WE UNWIND AT BABS' DIGS?
HER ¢¢%&¢ FOLKS ARE SPLITTO, I KNOW SOME READY BIRDS--WHADDAYA SAY, WHADDAYA SAY, HEY HEY?
I LOVE YOU
GEE, MARY LOU AND I WERE GOING TO THE MYF YOUTH DANCE...BUT I AM A LITTLE TUCKERED OUT...
"WELL, DR. SPYROCH, I DID SORT OF-- UH-- HAVE CONTACT WITH A GIRL JUST LAST WEEK... IT WAS AFTER THE CHS BEARS WON THE ALL-CONFERENCE SEMIFINALS, AND ROCKY ANACONDA DRAGGED ME TO A VICTORY PARTY!"..
"AND THERE WAS ALL THIS BOOZE THERE! GEE, DR. SPYROCH, I NEVER SCARFED MORE THAN ONE CAN AT A TIME BEFORE, AND I GUESS I GOT A LITTLE STONED, YOU MIGHT SAY...."
GEE, BABS, WON'T YOUR FOLKS MISS ALL THIS BEER?
THE WAY THEY DRINK, THEY WON'T REMEMBER THEY LEFT ANY WHEN THEY FLEW TO SARASOTA!
CMON, MARY LOU, THIS IS OUR FIRST CHANCE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING! I MEAN REALLY DO SOMETHING, ANYTHING!
TODD, STOP IT! STOP IT! IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU REALLY FEEL ABOUT US, I'M LEAVING!
GET OFF ME, TODD!
"BOY, DID I EVER BLOW IT WITH MARY LOU! SHE GAVE ME MY LETTER SWEATER BACK AND RAN RIGHT OUT OF THE HOUSE!"

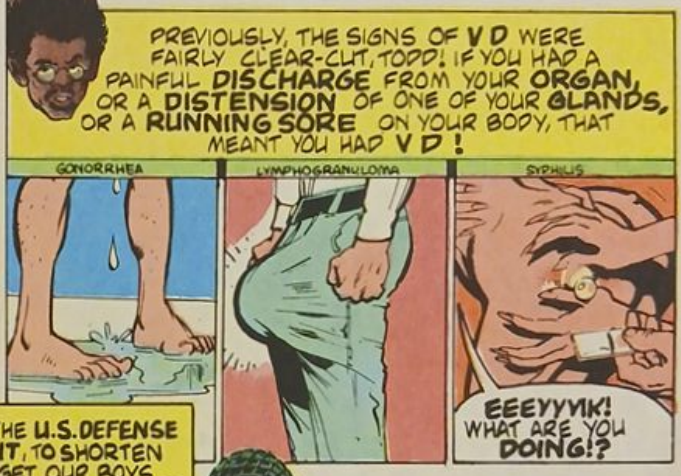
continued

"AND THEN I REALLY PULLED A SWEET ONE, FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF AND "DOING" HOOTCH UNTIL--WELL, EVERYONE ELSE WENT SPLITTO, AND THEN BABS WAS THERE, AND..."
HUH? OH, HI, BABS! HEY, IS THE PARTY OVER?
ARE YOU KIDDING, HERO? IT'S JUST BARELY STARTED!
YOU CAN "FINISH" IF YOU WANT TO, TODD! I'VE GOT "PROTECTION!"
DEODORANT? MAFIA? ATTACK DOGS? STATE FARM?
"AND BABS WAS REALLY NICE, Y'KNOW, AND-- WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THEN, RIGHT?"
NO, TODD, I DON'T! WHAT EXACTLY DID HAPPEN NEXT?
WELL, I... SHE ALREADY HAD HER HAND ON MY--HH-- ORGAN, Y'KNOW, SO I FIGURED IT'D BE OKAY TO TOUCH HER ON THE CHEST! BUT WHEN I DID I THOUGHT SHE'D FAINT, AND--AND THEN WE WERE KISSING, REAL WILD, AND I PUSHED HER BACK ON THE COUCH.... SHE HAD MY PANTS OPEN ALREADY, SO I QUICK TOOK HERS OFF, AND... THEN SHE PULLED ME INTO HER, AND I JUST STARTED HOPPING ON HER... AND THEN I BROKE INTO A HOT TINGLY SWEAT, AND IT WAS ALL OVER!
"I HOPED I'D JUST BE ABLE TO FORGET ABOUT IT, BLAME IT ON THE "LUSH": BUT THEN, A COUPLE DAYS LATER, WEIRD THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN!"
HEY MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YEAH, WATCH IT, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
"FINALLY I JUST COULDN'T HIDE IT FROM MYSELF ANY MORE! I NEED HELP, DR. SPYROCH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME??"
WHAT TH--??

I DON'T WANT TO "KOOK YOU OUT", TODD, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THIS MIGHT BE SERIOUS! I THINK WE OUGHT TO POKE AROUND A LITTLE, AND SEE IF ANY-THING COMES UP!
OH, NO...

WHOOF, WAS THAT EVER GROTTY!
...BUT WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DR. SPYROCH? WHAT'S GOING ON?
WELL, TODD-- THIS SEMEN SPECIMEN INDICATES CONCLUSIVELY THAT YOU HAVE WHAT WE MEDICAL SCIENTISTS CALL--V D!

V D?! YUCCH! WHAT'S THAT??
WELL, TODD, V D IS ANY OF A VARIETY OF PHYSICAL AILMENTS CONTRACTED THROUGH ILLICIT SEX CONDUCT! OBVIOUSLY, BABS HAD V D, AND GAVE YOU A DOSE!


PREVIOUSLY, THE SIGNS OF V D WERE FAIRLY CLEAR-CUT, TODD! IF YOU HAD A PAINFUL DISCHARGE FROM YOUR ORGAN, OR A DISTENSION OF ONE OF YOUR GLANDS, OR A RUNNING SORE ON YOUR BODY, THAT MEANT YOU HAD V D!
GONORRHEA
LYMPHOGRANULOMA
SYPHILIS
EEEYYYIK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF V D, REALLY, TODD! TWO WEEKS OF ANTIBIOTIC TREATMENT, AWAY FROM WINE AND WOMEN, AND YOU PROBABLY EVEN COULD'VE RECOVERED YOUR FORM ON THE BASKETBALL COURT!
AND THE SCORE-- 101!--

THEN IN 1969, THE U.S. DEFENSE DEPARTMENT, TO SHORTEN THE WAR AND GET OUR BOYS HOME, INFECTED CERTAIN VIET CONG PROSTITUTES WITH SOME NEW LABORATORY-BRED STRAINS OF V D! THEIR SYMPTOMS IN THE ENEMY WERE SPECTACULAR, DEMORALIZING, AND VIRTUALLY INCURABLE! UNACCOUNTABLY, THOUGH, IT BACKFIRED: AGAINST ALL REGULATIONS, IT SEEMS THAT SOME OF OUR BOYS WERE INFECTED BY THESE WOMEN, AND BROUGHT THE STUFF HOME! SO HERE WE ARE!
HEY C'MON, JOHNNY, MAKE SOP-SOP BOUM-BOUM! BETTY MAI, SHE MAIR SHOW YOU SOMETHING BY YOU CAN REMEMBER FOREVER OUR STUFF, ONE GOD DAMN!

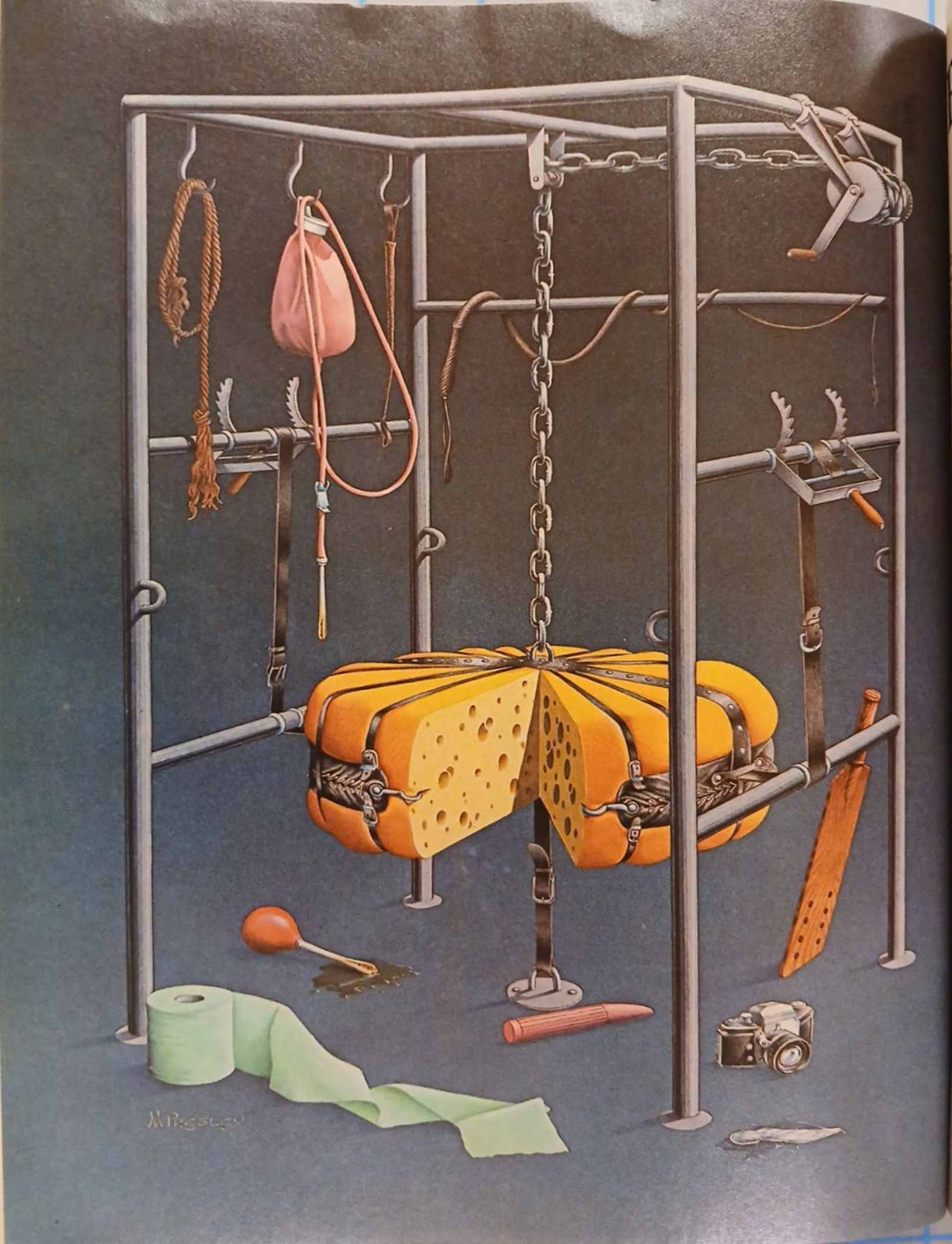
Todd Hastings, (Tart, but not bitter!
9/12/74
SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW, DOCTOR SPYROCH?
WELL, SINCE WE FOUND IT SO EARLY, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO BAD! IF WE'D ALLOWED THE DISEASE TO RUN ITS COURSE UNCHECKED, ANY NUMBER OF THINGS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

THESE NEW V D STRAINS QUICKLY AFFECT THE SPINAL CORD AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM! WITHIN MONTHS YOU MAY HAVE GONE TOTALLY INSANE!

OF COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET BABS IN HERE SHE COULD BE COMPLETELY GONE BY HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY!
QUICKIE?...
AND IF, GOD FORBID, SHE'S INFECTED SOMEBODY WHO MIGHT NOT HAVE THE COURAGE TO SEEK QUICK PROFESSIONAL HELP... BUT IT'S BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT!

BUT I CAN-- I CAN BE CURED?
YOU CAN BE TREATED, TODD! BELIEVE ME, THE BEST MINDS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO FIND A CURE FOR THESE POSTWAR DISEASES...
...JUST AS SOON AS AN AUGMENTED VETERAN'S BILL PASSES THE HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS SUBCOMMITTEE!
IN THE MEANTIME, WE HAVE TO FALL BACK ON OLD TRIED-AND-TRUE METHODS USED BEFORE PENICILLIN WAS DISCOVERED, NAMELY THE MERCURY TREATMENT: ONCE A WEEK I'LL INTRODUCE 200 CC'S OF MERCURY INTO YOUR URETHRA, MASSAGE YOUR PROSTATE, AND YOU'LL BE CLEAN!
AND ABOUT MY FOLKS, DR. SPYROCH... DO THEY HAVE TO KNOW?
SEND 'EM TO ME RIGHT AWAY, SON! THIS STUFF YOU CAN GET FROM TOILET SEATS! IN FACT, YOU MIGHT SEND YOUR TOILET SEATS...
...SO WHEN TODD TELLS HIS FOLKS THE NEWS...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, TODD?! YOUR FATHER'S FACE IS AS RED AS A BEET AND HE CAN'T TAKE A WHOLE BREATH! ARE YOU HAPPY YOU'RE PUTTING YOUR FATHER IN THE HOSPITAL AGAIN??
...AND AT SCHOOL THE NEXT DAY...
...AND YOU'VE HAD ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIP OFFERS FROM IVY LEAGUE COLLEGES! WITH ALL THIS GOING FOR YOU, TODD, I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM GETTING A CORRESPONDENCE-COURSE EQUIVALENCY! AND OF COURSE I'D TAKE A CHANCE AND KEEP YOU RIGHT HERE, BUT MY HANDS ARE TIED BY THE SCHOOL BOARD, YOU SEE...
PRINCIPAL TEPPICH
HOLD HIM TIGHT, ERNIE! THIS IS THE DIRTY &%$#*! THAT PUT HIS FILTHY, STINKING HANDS ON MY SISTER EMMY LOU WHEN HE HAD THE VD! WELL, NO LITTLE GIRL'S GONNA WANTA LOOK AT THIS &%!@$ FACE EVER AGAIN!
IS THIS THE END FOR TODD? IT CERTAINLY LOOKS THAT WAY! LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, TODD SQUANDERED THE PURITY OF HIS IMMORTAL SOUL FOR MOMENTARY "KICKS!"...
...AND NOW, EVEN THOUGH YOU AND I WOULD GLADLY FORGIVE HIM, HE HAS TO PAY THE PRICE! PERHAPS THE APPEARANCE OF THESE NEW V.D. STRAINS WAS MORE THAN A MERE MILITARY OVERSIGHT-- MAYBE IT WAS GOD REMINDING US OF THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT!! "THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY!" TALK IT OVER WITH YOUR CLERGYMAN, BOYS AND GIRLS!
Holy Bible
HE'S GOT ALL THE ANSWERS IN HERE!

FETISH SUPPLEMENT



Psychopathia Cheesealis

The case histories of Dr. Richard Von Kraft-Ebing Translated by Gerald Sussman

Case 27. *Cheesyriasis.* P., age thirty-one, importer of twine and adhesives. Married, father of two. Triangular cranium. Testicles slack, indicating congenital hysteria. Came from wealthy but tainted family involved in many cheese aberrations. Older brother conjunctive, subject to morbid thoughts, liked to cover young boys with Mozzarella cheese and bake them; later eloped with a Provolone and was married in a civil ceremony, greatly upsetting his parents, who were Catholics. Uncle on his mother's side a cheddarast.

At the age of twelve, P. was powerfully attracted to the cheese of one of his comrades. The sight of it caused acute weakness of the will, inducing erection. First nocturnal pollution soon afterward, dreaming of a wedge of Port Salut. Touching a piece of cheese was enough to produce ejaculation. Even a slice of bread or a soda biscuit that once had a few crumbs of cheese on it would send him into a state of uncontrollable lust.

In the summer of his fourteenth year, he traveled alone by railway carriage to Hanover to visit his aunt. In the opposite seat a young woman opened a package of Beer cheese and was about to cut some for her child. The sight and smell of the cheese in the warm compartment of the carriage was too intoxicating for P. to resist. He exposed himself and made an indecent proposal to the cheese, seizing it from the child and violating it, ejaculating seventeen times. Afterward P. was filled with remorse and disgust, and begged the horrified mother not to tell the authorities. He blamed the heat and noise of the train which caused him great anxiety. She complied with his wishes.

On attaining his fifteenth year he was sent to a boarding school. In an effort to build his moral character, P. tried to live up to the traditional school ethic of receiving floggings and committing homosexual acts with students and professors. But he did not have the discipline for such behavior. Coitus with women did not interest him. He developed a passion for cheddars, trying to satisfy his growing desire by committing onanism with pictures of cheddars from mail-order gift catalogs. But masturbation could not satisfy his delirious lusts. He began to roam the countryside at night, breaking into the cheese-making rooms of nearby farms, searching for young virgin cheddars that were not yet fully ripened, deflowering and assaulting them in a coarse, brutal manner. Everywhere he went he would leave a room full of crumbled, soiled cheddars, useless for future sale. The farmers were enraged. He was finally apprehended. Because of his family's social position, he was pardoned of his crimes, but it was necessary to send him to the sanitarium at Dornz.

Subject fervently desired to be corrected of his sickness and remained at the sanitarium for three years, taking potash treatments and living in complete abstinence from cheese. When released he was considered cured and resumed his schooling, graduating with honors from a leading university. A position in the family business awaited him and his parents made an excellent marriage arrangement. On the wedding night he discovered that he could not consummate his marital duties. The thought of coitus with a woman filled him with horror and disgust. "My wife was understanding about our unsuccessful wedding night, being a woman of sensitive nature and refined manners," related P. "I made an excuse about my preoccupation with a business matter of great import and she was content to wait until the mood was propitious."

Failure to perform adequately on his wedding night drove P. back to thoughts of cheese. With no regard for familial decency he took cheeses into his own home and committed vile acts on them in his vegetable cellar. Every cheese he met excited him. If he had to have coitus with his wife he could attain an erection only by thinking of a buttery Bel Paese or a richly veined Roquefort. His wife did not make sexual demands upon him and had no idea of his cheese affairs.

In October of 1888, on a business trip in a small seaport city, P. was overcome with lust. He entered a cheesemonger's shop and attacked a Camembert in broad daylight. The following day was a religious holiday and he was obliged to break into a closed shop, where he assaulted virtually every cheese he could find. Even a baby Gouda did not escape his powerful sensuality. Before his arrest he culminated his horrible crimes with the mutilation and lust murder of an entire wheel of Norwegian Jarlsberg, tearing it to pieces.

Subject taken to my clinic for treatment. Outward appearance calm, post-cheese coitus torpor, with a high rash on his body indicating an attack of cheeseorrea, no doubt due to the bacteria content of the goat cheeses he violated. He was filled with self-recrimination and sorrow, but could not remember any details of his vile acts. Upon careful examination it was discovered that his genitals were missing. He claimed this would always happen after his hysterical cheese attacks. Genitals reappeared in ten days.* The patient was sentenced to an asylum in Breslau and is undergoing electro-magnetic enema treatments and brine baths in the hope of curing his terrible disease.

Case 52. R. *Grated cheese fetishist.* Age twenty-six. Delicate physique, irregular spine, suffered from chronic sensations. Had only one open nostril. Family highly nervous. Brother committed suicide by drowning himself in a vat at a hair tonic factory. Mother epileptic tap dancer, father unsuccessful chemist.

Subject fancied himself a talented sculptor. Spent all his time carving a likeness of a local cabaret entertainer out of a huge piece of Parmesan cheese. A meticulous worker, he spent months creating the details of the woman's unusual figure, especially her large buttocks, which tapered into slender thighs, then formed enormous calves and ankles.

When a statue was finished he would attack it with a cheese grater and rub the buttocks until they were

continued

*Barlovsky, *Tagebuch Geschlecht*, 1882, p. 134, cites a similar case in Berlin, where a man's genitals were so disgusted and ashamed of their owner's acts of cheesyriasis that they left and never returned.

Illustration by Michael Presley/Sketch Pad Studio

continued

hideously mottled. He would then achieve ejaculation by having a prostitute sprinkle the grated cheese into his right ear, while he continued to grate the statue's breasts, wearing the uniform of a streetcar conductor. At the same time, a second prostitute had to urinate into his left ear.

Claimed to have been influenced by his cousin, an aesthetic. His first pollution at the age of nine, when he accidentally came upon his cousin grating the buttocks of a lifesize Parmesan cheese statue of unusual proportions, having the cheese sprinkled into his right ear by a prostitute, while he continued to grate the statue's breasts, wearing the uniform of a streetcar conductor, at the same time that a second prostitute was urinating into his left ear.

Subject had no interest in women unless they were made of Parmesan cheese. Neglected all normal pursuits to work on his cheese statues. Spent entire amount of a moderate inheritance on huge wheels of Parmesan cheese, which yielded him but two or three ejaculations a year. Evicted from his studio when he could not pay the rent. Was apprehended in a cheese shop attempting to grate a large Parmesan without the owner's permission. Claimed to have achieved a slight ejaculation from the act. Patient developed acute paranoia and ear infections. Infections led to partial deafness and blurred thoughts. Admitted to clinic at Ulzen for surgery and corrective jellies. Progress unknown at this point.

Case 89. *Cheese-hat fetishist.* A certain D. from Leipzig, age fifty-seven. Testicles square in shape. Claims he can abstain from urinating for days, evinces great fear of birds, no matter how small. Both parents died in a tannery explosion when he was six. Adopted by an aunt who was poor at mathematics, had ringworm.

The only way subject can achieve ejaculation is to put a great amount of a creamy cheese under his hat and have a heavy object dropped on the hat, crushing it, causing the cheese to stream down his face.

Upon further examination D. revealed that his aunt made him wear three hats, one over the other, when he was a boy, fearing that any exposure of his head to the elements would result in sickness. One day his aunt made him a fresh cream cheese sandwich for his school lunch. D. tucked it under his hats so that his nemesis, the local bully, would not steal it. On his way to school, he was hit on the head by a small safe that was accidentally dropped out of the window of a commercial building. Luckily, his hats and the cheese sandwich absorbed much of the blow, saving him from certain death. Before losing consciousness D. remembers getting a violent erection, ejaculating copiously, and experiencing indescribable pleasure.

As he grew into manhood, he tried to duplicate this experience by pounding cheese-filled hats down over his face with his fists. But it did not give him the same pleasure. For complete gratification he had to pay someone to drop a large, heavy object on his head from a great height. He experimented with many styles of hats, bowlers from London, Borsalinos from Italy. His preferences settled on fine opera hats from Vienna and the creamy Ricotta cheese of Italy. The opera hats were made to be flattened and could withstand abuse. The thought of normal coitus with women was abhorrent to him. Women only interested him as hat crushers. He seemed to be incapable of grasping the immorality of his disgusting perversion and continues to do it despite frequent migraine attacks. Claims to have a collection of over 570 hats.

Case 121. *Head-cheese masochist.* Related to me by Dr. Krell of Berne. B., age thirty-four, extremely short, motor coordination below average, carbuncle sufferer. Family partially tainted. Father heavy pork eater, once arrested for violating a display of Brie and fruit in a restaurant. Mother neuropathic presumptive.

B's first recollection of erection and ejaculation at the age of eight, watching a servant make a fondue, a melted Swiss cheese and wine dish. The sight of the hot bubbling cheese excited him so intensely that he polluted, fleeing the kitchen so that the girl would not see his dampened trousers. Masturbated regularly from that day on, dreaming of fondues, rarebits, cheese sauces, grilled cheese.

Subject had no desire for women. Attempted coitus once, fell asleep during the act. Torpid, phlegmatic disposition, genitals heavy, hung dangerously low. Suffered from bed sores, numerous fads. Tried to be near cheese cooking. Frequented restaurant kitchens, finally getting a job as assistant to a cook. Was fired for putting cheese in every dish on the menu. The restaurant owner was so enraged at B. for ruining a particular dish with an excess of hot Gruyere that he plunged B.'s head into the cheese as if to suffocate him. But instead of screaming in pain, B. felt a lustful pleasure greater than anything previously experienced, ejaculating copiously.

Subject now realized that his preoccupation with hot cheeses was merely a prelude to an overwhelming desire to be dipped in them. "In my fancies I imagined a great party, with many fashionable people, and a gigantic pot of hot fondue in the center of a table. I would be bound and gagged and brought to the pot, where each guest

"For this we sent her to charm school?"

would dip me into the melted cheese as if I were a piece of toasted bread. Since I am quite small and light in weight, it would be easy for the guests to do this," he said.

B. managed to insinuate himself into a circle of high society cheese degenerates by performing sexual favors that were abhorrent to him. In return they consented to satisfy his masochistic cravings, which they thought were amusing. In all other respects he tried to live a normal life, acquiring a job at a harness and bridle factory. His lustful needs demanded nightly dippings, but his debased circle of torturers grew bored with him and would not indulge his fantasies any longer. His face grew badly burned and scarred and he resorted to wearing a large mask. Though his work was satisfactory at the harness factory, his foreman fired him for his unorthodox appearance. He had but little money to his name. In order to satisfy his vile needs and earn a bare living, he took a job in a traveling carnival, allowing people to throw balls at his head, which he inserted into a hole on a sheet of canvas. Instead of rubber balls he had them throw hot cheese balls at him. But his sexual pleasure grew more diminished as the damage to his cranium increased. He was admitted to my clinic in a cheese coma. Ultraviolet ray treatments and hydrolosis prescribed. Chances for recovery considered poor.

Case 138. *Cheeseophiliac.* Z., age twenty-six. Face possessed very few features. Extremely high-waisted, abbreviated spine with buttocks beginning under the shoulder blades. Ugly genitals. Family tainted. Father cross-eyed, known to have a weakness for cheese wrapped in cotton gauze (cheeseclothobia). Mother deserted family to run away with a dye and ink merchant. Grandfather on mother's side arrested for cheese molesting.

Subject extremely poor as a youth. Family could only afford malformed, misshapen cheeses which were sold at lower prices. Took to scavenging for food at village garbage heaps. Discovered spoiled cheese. Experienced tremors and fell into a swoon. Claimed that he dreamed of covering the rotted cheese with kisses, squeezing it between his thighs, putting his finger into the mold and ejaculating while smelling his finger. He began to have coitus with the foulest cheeses he could dig up. The more mold they had the better he enjoyed them, exciting himself into a state of bestial lust. Healthy, ripe cheeses had no appeal for him.

When he was seventeen, he decided to make various cheeses his "mistresses" and took them to his room, where he kept them like women—talking to them, offering them food and drink, buying them gifts, dressing them in women's clothes. As the stench of the rotting cheeses grew more powerful, so did his crazed desires. He would then violate the cheeses horribly, strangle them, cut them into small pieces, and eat them, overcome by great waves of lustful pleasure. When apprehended by local police he admitted everything and felt no shame. Subject had limited intelligence. Signs of degeneration all over body: eyebrows close together, genitals unevenly hung, thick pubic hair growing to the navel. Considered devoid of all moral character. Sent to the asylum at Dortmund where he died of cheese poisoning.

Case 186. *Cheesevestite.* F., age forty-five. Civil servant, highly respected, lived with mother. Family tainted on father's side. Uncle once arrested for attacking a cheesecake in an outdoor café. Cousin lived with a Danish Meunster.

Subject lacked confidence in his mental abilities—was overly shy, withdrawn. Eyes deep set, one cheekbone lower than other. Penis extremely small, resembling a tiny bud on his testicles. F. claims that it only enlarges a few centimeters upon erection.

At an early age he felt instinctive distaste for his masculinity. Did not participate in boy's activities at the gymnasium. Wore male attire reluctantly. Barely tolerated the company of young ladies. At the age of twelve he saw a display of beautifully arranged cheeses in the window of a gourmet food shop, admired it greatly. He noticed that many people stopped at the window display and licked their lips in admiration and desire for the cheeses. "I soon discovered that when I was near cheese my mental qualities would improve," he relates. "I became quite witty and charming in the company of cheese. I now realized that the only way I could be loved and admired was to become as much like fine cheeses as possible."

He bought various cheeses and tried to create articles of clothing out of them. He instinctively preferred female fashions. First attempts were crude, but he worked until he had a suitable ensemble, which included a dress, hat, and high heeled boots. After many months he overcame his fear and walked in the streets with his cheese clothes. He hoped to meet a suitable companion, preferably a cheese admirer, and begin a pleasant relationship. Instead he was attacked by a maniacal young butcher's assistant who attempted rape and cheddarasty. F. managed to escape, but his dress, made of layers of caraway Meunster cheese, was torn to shreds.

Subject learned of certain cafés and music halls along the docks where people of his inclination congregated. He was immediately welcomed into this morally depraved group and discovered how much he had to learn about his dress and appearance. He was adopted by one of the cheesevestites called a "queen," who taught him how to cut cheese patterns, how to sew cheese and add the little refinements that make a cheese outfit fashionable and beautiful. "I was in seventh heaven, being accepted by my peers, who recognized me as a fine person," said F. "But at the same time I hated the cheese rack atmosphere of the cafés. Sailors, clerks, old roués, servant boys—people from all sections of society would come and look us over, as if we were just plump, ripe cheeses on a shelf. They all had just one purpose in mind. Of course, I tried to associate with the more interesting types. I began an affair with a certain B., a dealer in oils and essences, who claimed to like me for my mental qualities, but was always trying to grab my undergarments. I liked to wear undergarments made of Swiss Emmental and he was always trying to force his tongue into the holes. I know it will be difficult for me to achieve a satisfying relationship, since I am part of a nether world, the darker side of society, but I am helpless to resist my impulses and will continue to live as I am. I have had five other affairs since meeting B."

Case 197. *Cheese and shoe fetishism.* J., age twenty-three. Albino, born without nipples. Subject to erratic fits, frequent secretions. Brother apprehended for hanging a cheese. Parents untainted, but father of domineering nature, would punish J. for slightest misdeed by locking him in icebox for hours. Mother ashamed of him because of albino features, regarded him as punishment from God. Would not give him same choice cuts of sausage she gave the rest of family.

Had his first pollution at the age of thirteen, when he was put to work in his father's shoe and cheese shop. While carrying cheeses he accidentally dropped a piece of runny Brie into a lady's patent leather high laced boot. Before he could discover the mishap, a customer was given the boot to try on and put her foot into it. She cried out in horror and revulsion. J. was given a thorough beating and was ordered to clean the boot. But when he held it in his hands a paroxysm of sexual desire swept over him and he immediately ejaculated. A powerful cheese with a woman's fresh

footprint imbedded into a handsome leather boot filled him with so much lustful pleasure that he could not stop ejaculating. He polluted for hours, as if his penis were a fountain. Not possessing a strong constitution, he fell unconscious and was discovered by his father in a disgusting state, drenched in semen, sleeping with a shoe that had cost over twenty marks and was now ruined. In a rage, his father threw him out of the family, apprenticing him to a dealer in horsehairs and hog bristles.

With the help of cold vinegar baths and liver gas treatments, J. kept his vile impulses under control. He lived as a servant in the horsehair dealer's household. One day, by chance, he saw a scullery maid steal a piece of Camembert and slip it into her shoe. The sight excited him to such a state that he gave the girl his entire month's wages to have the shoe for a few hours. He took it to his room and committed every known vile act upon it, ejaculating for hours until he fell into a deep sleep.

Subject now completely reversed his previous exemplary behavior and lost all control of his will. Neither cheese, a shoe, nor a foot by itself could excite him. It had to be the odd combination of all three. The scullery maid who provided him with her cheese-filled shoe played upon his cravings much as a supplier will enslave an addict of opium or hemp. She had access to the cheeses of the kitchen and would constantly tempt him with more powerful potions, taking his meager salary in exchange. J.'s lust was such that he had to have stronger cheeses all the time, going from Camembert and Brie to the Cheddars and on to the blue-veined Roquefort, Stilton, and Gorgonzola. The evil maid also had to make her footprints sweatier and dirtier to satiate his desires. He reached a point where he could only ejaculate with a combination of aged French goat cheese and Limburger that she had "worn" in her shoe for the entire day.

Subject's excessive semen loss gradually caused damage to his brain and a severe kidney infection. Admitted to my clinic in a comatose state. Examination revealed testicles to be bright red, greatly swollen but empty to the touch. Complete paralysis of the penis, groin area quivering involuntarily. For the next three months he would awake for a brief period, try to form the words "cheese" and "shoe," then lapse into coma. He is being given bromides with high mineral content and various sand treatments. Response minimal at the present time.

Case 212. *Cheese inversion.* L., age twenty-one. Said to be physically underdeveloped when a child. Given tonics and injections to stimulate meager appetite and accelerate physical growth. Indications of arrested development still apparent—shortness of legs, unformed genitals, no visible forehead. Father a cavalry officer, sent to prison for committing cheesecest with L.'s two sisters. Uncle on his father's side known to engage in cheeseality with dogs, other cheese-loving animals.

Subject rebelled against military life forced on him by father, became highly religious. Entered monastery in France where he learned the art of cheesemaking from the monks. Despite sincere efforts in his religious studies L. found himself unable to concentrate. Thoughts of cheese were always in his brain. He asked for a leave of absence to travel, to clear his troubled mind. In his travels he came upon the town of Roquefort-sur-Sulzon, where the world-famous cheese that bears its name is made. He was fascinated by this "King of Cheeses," at once sharp and smooth, tingly and refreshingly piquant. He found himself drawn to the company of ripening Roqueforts, sitting in the great limestone caves for days at a time. He soon noticed that the light blue veins on his hands, arms, and legs were growing darker and more prominent, and his skin was exceedingly pale and ivory in color. He ran his tongue over his body and tasted an unmistakable aura of Roquefort. In a month the features of his face began to recede. The blue veins were more prominent and his entire body had a sharp, salty taste. He was assuming all the qualities of a Roquefort. He pleaded with the cheesemakers to allow him to age in the limestone caves along with the rest of the Roqueforts. They were greatly upset but when they tasted him they agreed to his wishes, although they could not legally stamp him as a pure Roquefort, no matter how well he eventually would age.

At the present he is still living in the caves until he is completely matured, and hopefully, completely changed. His deepest desire is coming true, although his feelings alternate between elation and deep anxiety for his future. He disowns his family. He hopes to return to the monastery someday and have the courage to offer himself to be eaten. "I would like to offer myself to the monks, accompanied by a vintage wine. And to see the looks on their faces when they discover that I am the equal of the King of Cheeses," he said. □

"Now that you know, I guess I'm going to have to kill you."

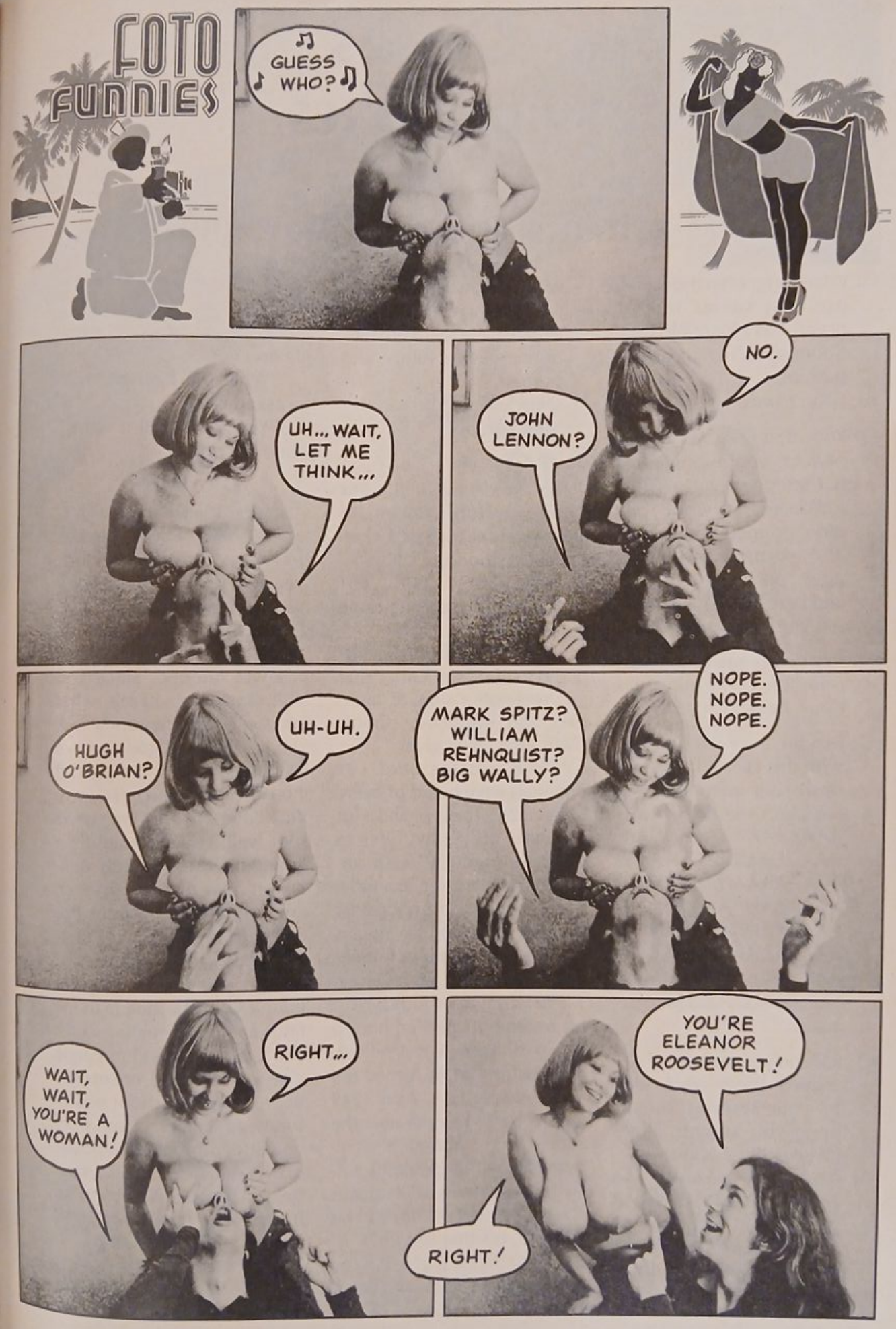


FOTO FUNNIES
GUESS WHO?
UH... WAIT, LET ME THINK...
NO.
JOHN LENNON?
HUGH O'BRIAN?
UH-UH.
MARK SPITZ? WILLIAM REHNQUIST? BIG WALLY?
NOPE. NOPE. NOPE.
WAIT, WAIT, YOU'RE A WOMAN!
RIGHT...
RIGHT!
YOU'RE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT!

Dean Corll's Favorite Jokes

edited by Michael O'Donoghue

Q: What weighs ten thousand pounds, swims in the ocean, has a lot of old harpoons stuck in him, and is purple?

A: I don't know.

Q: You don't know! Well, perhaps you'd remember if I strapped you to this makeshift plywood pillory, stripped you naked, and extinguished cigarettes on your buttocks and sexual parts, like so!

A: AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Q: Are you ready to answer?

A: I don't know, I tell you, I don't know!

Q: Maybe a severe lashing with this car aerial will refresh your memory!

A: AAAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAH! AAAAA! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAH! AAAAAH! AAAAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAH! AAAAAH! AAAAAA! AAAAH! AAAAAAAAH! Aaaaaaaaa! Aaaaaaaaaaaaa! Aaaaaa! Aaaaaaa . . .

Q: So, you've passed out! Attaching these electrodes to your testicles should bring you around. Now, I'll just plug this in and—

A: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH !

Q: Now, I'll ask you again: what weighs ten thousand pounds, swims in the ocean, has a lot of old harpoons stuck in him, and is purple?

A: Okay! Okay! You win! It's Moby Grape!

●

At a meeting of the Sex Criminal Club, Vincent, a newcomer, was puzzled when a regular stood up, said, "22 . . . 143 . . . 845 . . . 149 . . . 661 . . . 454," and everyone came in their pants.

"I don't get it!" he whispered to his friend Carl. "That guy reels off a slew of numbers and everybody shoots their wad! What gives?"

"We professional sex criminals have heard of every imaginable torture and, for purposes of brevity, refer to them by number," Carl answered. "Take, for example, the encounter described by the last speaker. 22 means that he picked up a fifteen-year-old blonde Eagle Scout. *143* means that he took him to his basement and tied him to a makeshift plywood pillory. *845* means that he forced the scout to fellate him. *149* means he then castrated the scout, *661*, stabbed him repeatedly with a penknife until he was dead. *454* means that he burned the body in his furnace. It's that simple!"

Thinking he'd give it a try, Vincent stood up and said, "54 . . . 119 . . . 752 . . . 255 . . . 108 . . . 502 . . . 391 . . . 826." There was no response from the members, not even a single erection.

"What did I do wrong?" he asked Carl.

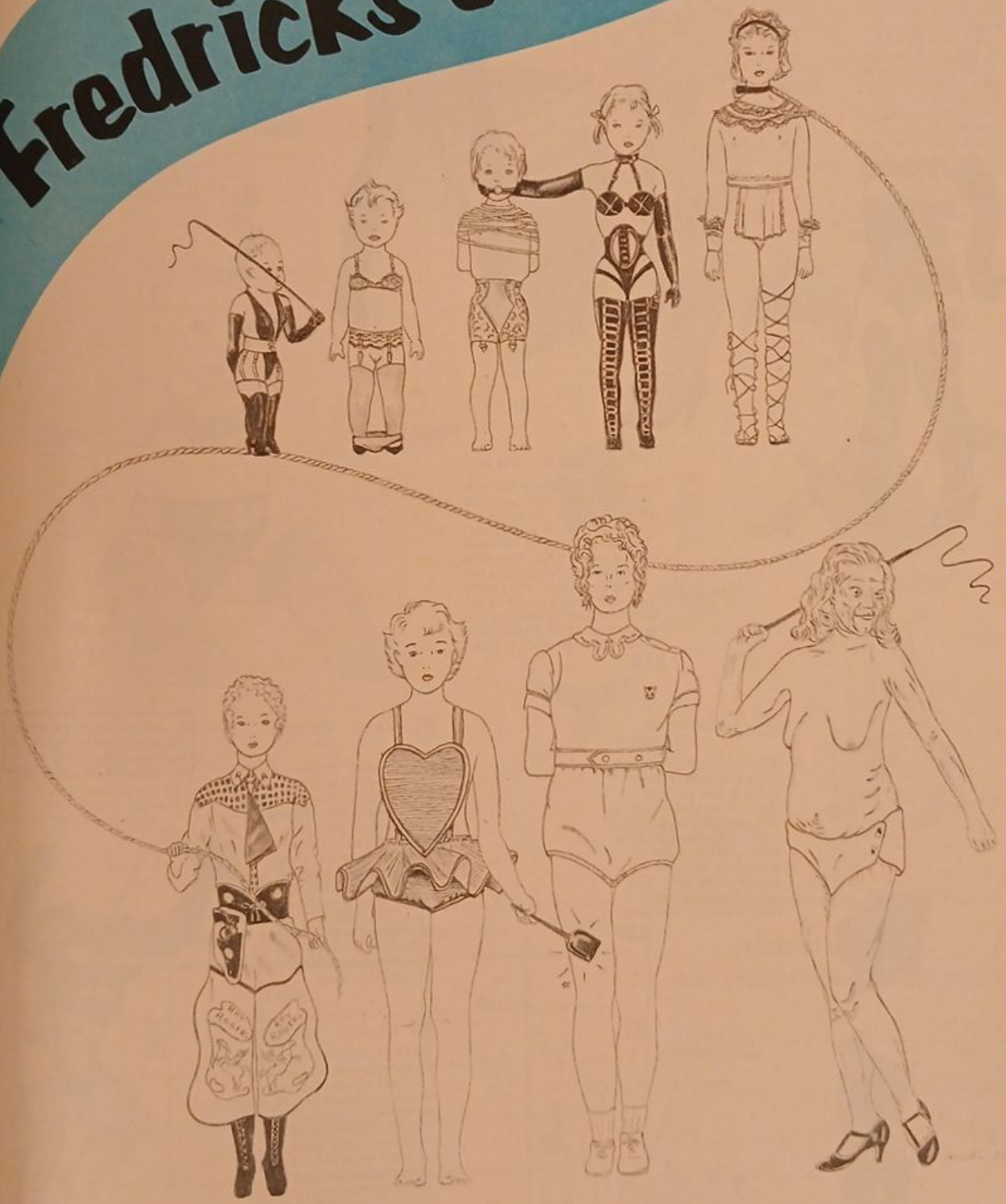
"You didn't tell it right!" came the reply.

●

"Jeez, I wish you was tattooed!" said "Specks" to the teenage hitchhiker who, wearing only a black sack over his head, was chained to a makeshift plywood pillory. "I might even let you live if you was tatooed. Since you ain't, however, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna fuck you an' then I'm gonna carve Nazi slogans in your neck and then I'm gonna force feed you Kitty Litter an' then I'm gonna spot weld your face an' then I'm gonna dress you up in latex an' piss on you an' then I'm gonna slice off your lips an' then I'm gonna take Polaroids of you an' then I'm gonna put out your eyes an' then I'm gonna nail your tongue to the floor an' then I'm gonna fuck you again an' then I'm gonna give you a Drano enema an' then I'm gonna shoot you in the head with a .22 and bury you under the old boathouse in a lot of quicklime. But maybe, just maybe, I'll let you go if you beg for mercy right now. Do you know how to beg for mercy?"

"No, but if you hum a few bars, I can fake it!" □

Fredricks of Toyland



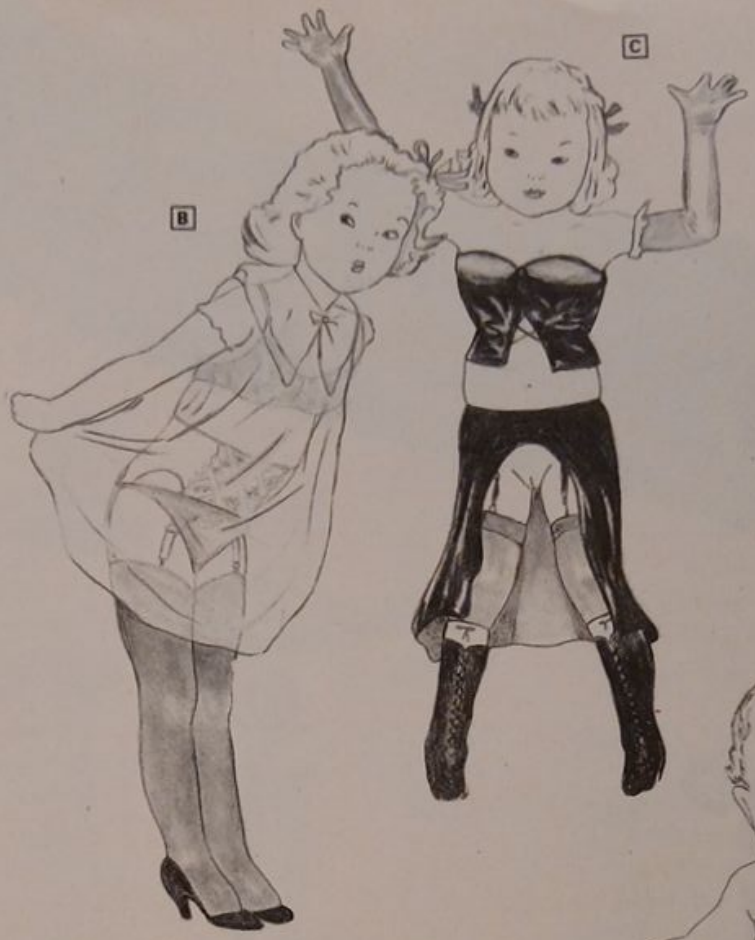
by Michael O'Donoghue and Mary Jenifer Mitchell

illustrated by Neke Carson

A #3-4113 LITTLE RED RIDING CROP

"Why, Grandma, what a big **** you have!" "And getting bigger every second, my dear!" But don't worry, because she'll tame the baddest wolf in these inviting vinyl togs that require no washing. Just wipe clean with a sponge. Five pieces include a sassy halter, crotchless corset, "spanking new" gloves, Betty Bedwetter Boots, and spurs like a kitten. Flail extra. Black or Rust.

$18
Flail $4.50



B #3-4061 LITTLE BO PEEK

Oooooooo la la! To make frogs out of tadpoles, our designers capture the spirit of Paris, France, in an enticing ensemble that "bares looking into." What moppet wouldn't be utterly molestable in this clingy 100% Orlon acrylic *peignoir*? And when worn over a tiny bra, a tiny garter belt, tiny panties, tiny nylons, and tiny shoes, you have an eye-catching combo that makes short work of childhood's innocence. Available in Aqua, Lilac, Coral, or Hot Pink.

$16

C #3-4377 LITTLE MISS MUFF

Just sit back and enjoy the view when the "apple of your eye" dons this no-holds-barred, all-holes-bared creation from our Toys-'n'-Debasement collection, including a provocative cutaway Flirt Skirt and a daring lace-up Drop Top that unties in a jiffy, all styled from sturdy, machine-washable stretch satin. And Dad, if you wish your son would prefer Fire to Treasure Island, don't pass on this one! In Slinky Black with matching Purple gloves and lining.

$18

D #4-2294 CRIB BAIT

Calling all cradle robbers! When it's just you and your baby, slip some Layette Lingerie on her, and before your eyes she's magically transformed into a goddess full-blown from the brow of Seuss. Classically crafted from luscious lace and Dacron polyester, this comely costume features see-thru bikini Scant Pants and the Pixie Cup Bra, sizes 10 AAAAA to 18 AAAAAAAA. In Red, Orange, Black, or Nude.

$12

E #8-1829 GOODY TWO-BOOTS

With two gleaming thigh-high boots, a sensuous shaped-bodice leather top, and, "lash but not least," a durable plastic miniwhip, this toddler is dressed to beat the band . . . or baby sister . . . or even you. As the old nursery rhyme put it, "One, two, lick my shoe!" (non-toxic, of course). Black only.

$27

F #8-1717 BOTTOMS UP

"Make it brief!" was the byword when we fashioned this open-tip training bra that reveals all her endearing young charms. Then we left our pint-sized pinup "stripped for action" in only 3½-inch heeled pumps with stockings fastened to the skimpiest of elastic bands. The results? A "derriére-to-be-different" minor with morals just begging to be impaired. One size fits all. Assorted colors.

$9.50

G #8-1832 SINDERELLA

Time to change the baby? Begin by rubbering her the right way with a soft and supple zip-backed Rubbertex Romper Top, discretely padded with curvaceous Kodel Fiberfill. Then toss in a hint of midriff, a French maid's apron, sultry net stockings, a pair of black patent-leather shoes with shiny spiked heels and—*voila!*—your baby is changed into an alluring *enfant fatale*. No wonder so many parents are saying as we do: "Children should be obscene and not heard!"

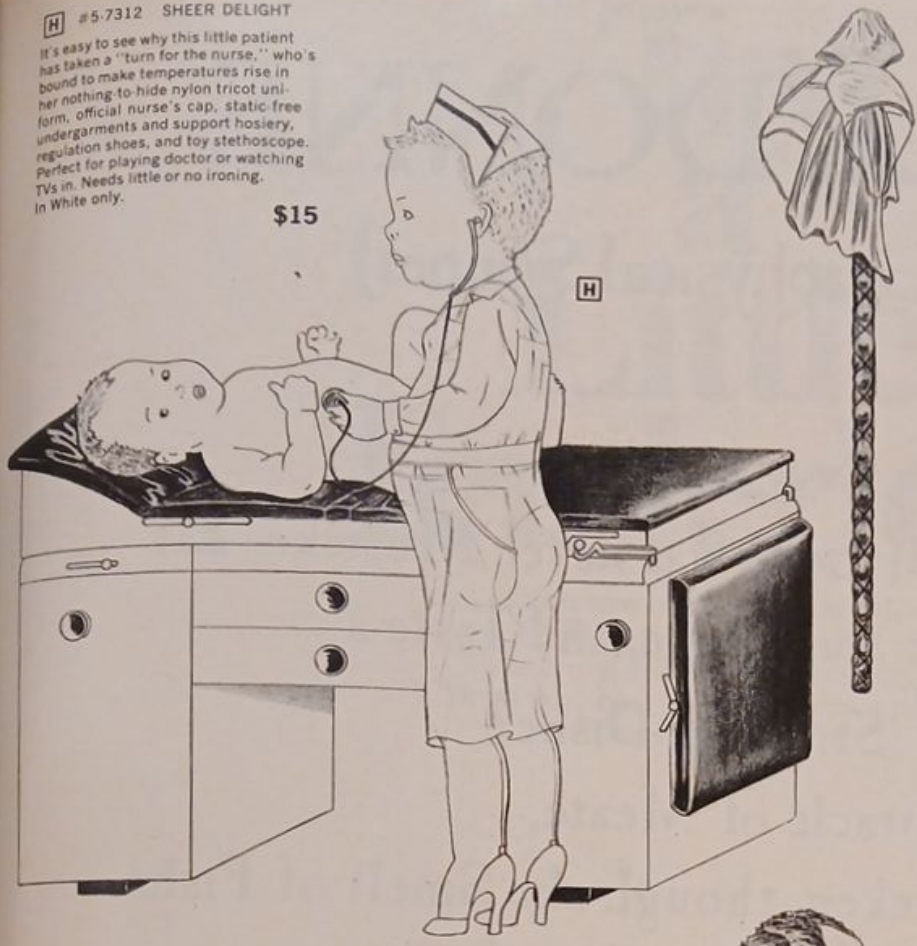
$45

All our garments are certified flame-retardent by the American Council on Child Safety.

[H] #5-7312 SHEER DELIGHT

It's easy to see why this little patient has taken a "turn for the nurse," who's bound to make temperatures rise in her nothing-to-hide nylon tricot uniform, official nurse's cap, static-free undergarments and support hosiery, regulation shoes, and toy stethoscope. Perfect for playing doctor or watching TVs in. Needs little or no ironing. In White only.

$15



[I] #6-1119 FAGGOTTY ANDY

Direct from the Bar Nothing Ranch comes a hand-tooled, custom-fitted, steerhide G-string that's guaranteed to turn any young buckeroo into a gay caballero with no secrets "South of the Border." Add roller skates (securely attached by Fredrick's own patented "child-proof bindings") and white Ban-Lon socks for a unique look that's better imagined than described. Bottle not included.

$20

[J] #6-9638 SUZY HOMOMAKER

If the patter of little high heels warms your heart, then why not treat your tyke to some grown-up clothes just like Mommy's (that is, if Mommy happens to be a dollar-a-go Yokohama hooker!) Complete with velveteen choker and open-toed shoes, this rugged, form-hugging Lycra Spandex outfit is honeycombed with hooks, eyes, clasps, ties, buttons, buckles, strap, chains, and even twin chrome-plated padlocks. While it takes you but mere minutes to dress her, it will take her, allowing for the limited dexterity of little fingers, hours to remove. And when she's wearing the snug, elbow-length "kid" gloves, it's darned near impossible. Ideal for developing manual skills. Red, Beige or Black.

$32

[K] #1-1540 TITS FOR TOTS (not shown)

Why wait for Nature when Fredrick's can do the job now? Lifelike, stick-on Breastettes, molded from scuff-resistant latex, give any youngster the build of a brick tree-house instantly. When outgrown, mail them back to us, where, for a slight charge, we will preserve those precious childhood mammeries by bronzing and, for a few dollars more, turn the results into an attractive lamp or planter.

$6 pair

ORDER BLANK

STYLE NO.	QNTY.	ARTICLE	SIZE	1st COLOR	2nd COLOR	PRICE $

TOTAL $ _____

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Box 444-K, Santa Barbara, California 93038

Name _____
please print last first

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ PREPAID (Enclose Full Amount)
☐ C.O.D. (Enclose Deposit)

Sorry, but we cannot ship C.O.D. without deposit

WELL DONNE

(a Meataphysical Sonnet)

The Food of Love was never Musicke. Eat
Thy Love some time, and Taste a
Stronger Dishe;
For Woman is a Miracle of Meate,
Who tastes of Chicken, though she Smell of Fishe.
Though Fat is Juicie, near the Bone is Sweete—
Was ever Loin so Tender, Rumpe so Rare?—
So all our Burning is to Bringe to Heate
Only a Ribbe that Adam had to Spare.
Gather ye Lambchoppes, then, whilst thou art Younge,
Nor stay the Appetites in Sympathie
With Toothless Sages, Sippinge Whey and Curd;
For Taste is But a Matter of the Tongue,
Mere Carnal Knowledge alle Philosophie,
And even Poesie onlie Fleshe, made Worde.

by Sean Kelly

Try a Little Tenderloin

You are meat, I am meat,
We are all Grade A.
Touch me, fill me, grill me, fry me,
Broil me, boil me, shepherd's pie me.
The rest is gravy.

More Meat by Tony Hendra and Ron Barrett

You are mine. . . .
We are together. . . .
I knead you.

You see a rich green meadow, and you stop the car. You both remove your clothes and begin to run. Faster and faster the breezes swirl between your legs and lift your hair. Arching through the air, your speed accelerates and you find the strength in this purity to go even faster and you . . . yes . . . YOU BEAT YOUR MEAT.

photography by Robert McCabe/The Mother Company

The contemplative aftern
day when nothing need be sa
Your thoughts are toget
and in peace. In silence y
reverie recalls the gristle
the rind, the pork chop
Trebbia, the chaos of h
cheese. These things will
become till all things are
Flanks for the memor

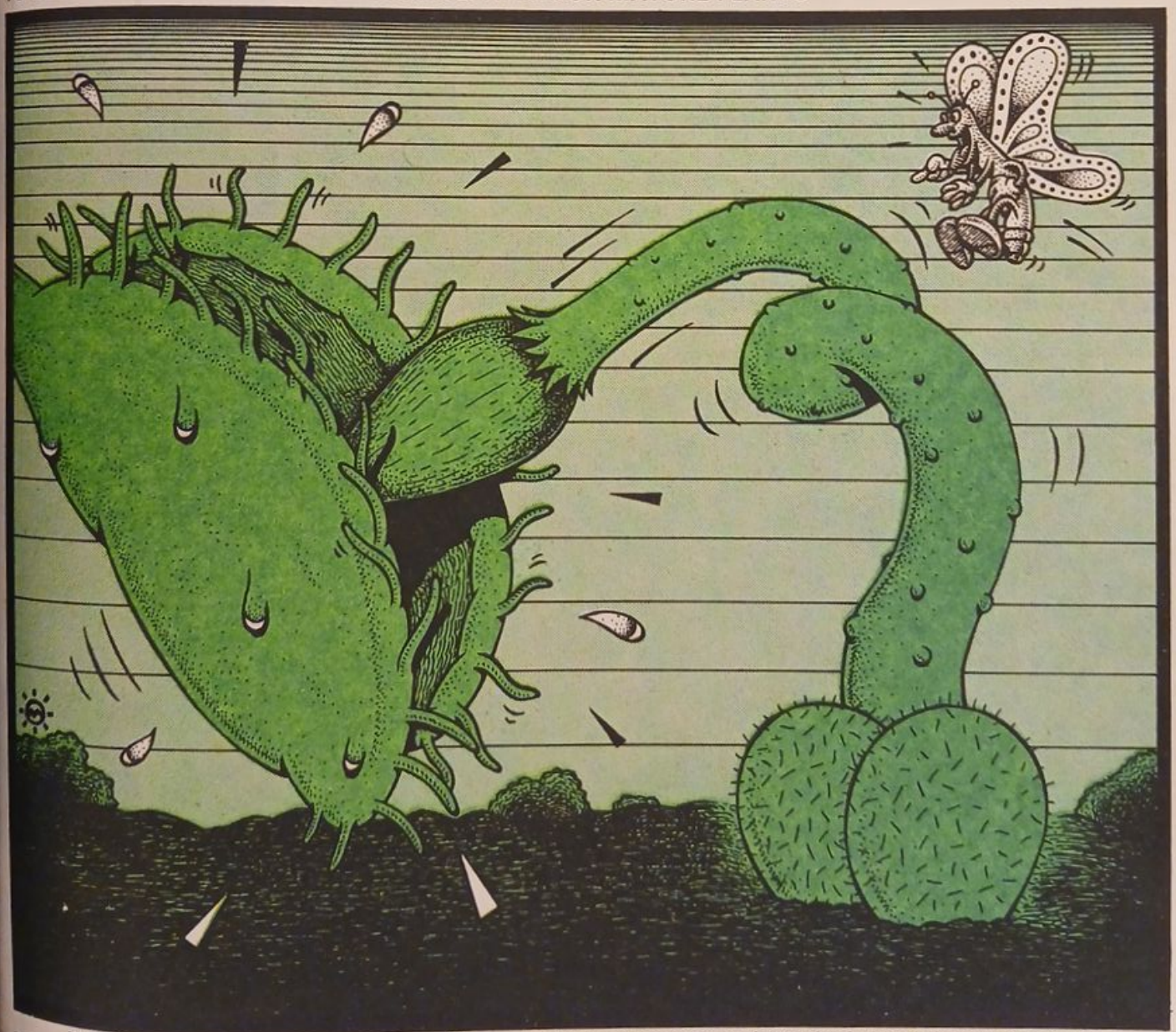
CONSENTING SWEET WILLIAMS

HETEROSPOROUS AND PROUD!

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

SEED

75 CENTS THE NEWSPAPER FOR MATURE PLANTS NUMBER 285



cover: Marvin Mattleson

WARNING: This literature is not intended for seedlings and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it, or use it as mulch.

"A rose and a Baby Ruth"

Vine: *Will you redeem my S & M green stumps?*
Rose: *I'm bound to please.*

"Getting it up"—on the right side of the seed bed!

Our deciduous friend seems to have developed quite an attachment —to a nice piece of ass-paragus!

Even Elia Kazanthemum would've been shocked by this arrangement!

photographs by Alan Rose and David Kasetle plants by Third Avenue Greenery, Inc.

GOING TO SEED

BY AL GOLDENROD

You may have had *your* soil stimulated when the "Highest Court of the Land" decided not to come out against us, or *The Secret Life of Plants*, or any of the so-called whorti-cultural art forms we all know and love. Well, if you did, you're an idealistic tulip of the nut-cracking human hypocrites who control thought in this country. For, fact is, the nine assorted nitrogen-fixers who insist on calling themselves "Supreme Court Justices" concluded that the literature of plant propagation (including the exclusive stem and gymnosperm photos that grace this lovely newspaper) was so far beneath their bud-nipping dignity that they *daren't even mention it*!

But these thallus-sucking morons were *not* above filling their opinion with all kinds of derogatory references to our deflowering world. Where the phlox do they come off attacking *smut*, a little black fungus that never even considered infecting *them* (who knows, if it did, it might settle an old spore or two!)? Why, for the love of peat, do they insist on referring to things they don't like as "*dirty*"? After all, isn't dirt the fertile medium that sustains our very lives? And "*seedy*"? For cress' sake!

SEED, ALBEIT UNDERGROUND, IS NOT BENEATH THE LAW, AND ANY JUDGE WHO SAYS IT IS, IS UNCULTIVATED AND ALSO A PEA-SWALLOWER.

SEED AND I WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED AND ANY TOMATO-EATERS WHO SAY WE WILL BE ARE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, AND I HOPE THEY ALL EAT HOMOSPOROUS PUFFBALLS AND DIE.

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Page 23

Page 34

SEED IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY MILK WEED PRODUCTIONS, INC., 635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 688-4070.

COMING NEXT WEEK

The Spartan Bonus Carrot: Exclusive interview and hot pix of the king of stigma flicks—the pistil-throb of millions.

BANG THE MUM SLOWLY

By Fondilla Casabas

The minute the Emperor Chrysanthemum saw the Pink Petunia, he could tell she was infected with an advanced case of rust. But that only quickened his excitement. "My mother always warned me about petunias," he said to himself. "Said they were common and seedy and aphid-ridden. Can't say she was wrong. But I must say I'd love to shove my swollen tuber into her throbbing seedpod, shameless and diseased though she may be."

As if reading his thoughts, the Petunia seductively spread her corolla, revealing a fleeting glimpse of her dew-moistened ovules. "You're so handsome," she breathed. "Wouldn't you like to rub your stamen against my beautifully sculpted placenta?"

The Emperor Chrysanthemum felt the warm sap rush into his stem, and his anther began quivering uncontrollably. He knew right then there was no turning back.

Sensing his desire, the Petunia let the breeze brush a few of her soft leaf stipules against the Emperor Chrysanthemum's rising tube nucleus.

"Yikes!" shouted the Chrysanthemum and, with furious abandon, he unleashed a cascade of pollen grains toward the apex of the Petunia's hot little stigma.

But to his utter shock and sadness, the Petunia pulled away from him. "Look," she said, "you look like the kind of plant I can talk to so I'll give it to you straight. I want to cross-pollinate you the same way you want to cross-pollinate me, wild, until we're both too wilted to cross-pollinate anymore. But let's face it. You're an Emperor Chrysanthemum and I'm a Petunia and I just can't forget that."

He knew that this was the time to come to his senses, to abandon this foolhardy adventure before it really began. But instead he found himself begging her, whimpering to her like a small hothouse seedling. "Please," he cried, "please. I'm not interested in who's a Chrysanthemum and who's a Petunia. I'm only interested in jabbing my pulsating vascular bundle into the beckoning nodules of your fleshy main roots, and I want to do it right now!"

Even as he spoke, the pressure had been building up unbearably in his pollen chamber and now a juicy stream of nectar began to exude from his tingling glandular cells.

Once the Petunia saw that, the need to talk was over. "You hybrid!" she scolded, savoring the slippery fluid as it squished onto her churning calyx. "You know just the right thing to do, and just the right time to do it."

(*continued on page 23*)

What's gotten into our favorite petunia? Mum's the word!

STIGMA FLICKS

Edited by Ariel Bulbe

The microspores fly every issue as we reap the best of the week's crop of sex movies.

THE TUBER-TESTER

ϔ
Definitely inferior—won't even swell your pollen grains.

ϔϔ
Reliable—enough to germinate your pollen tubes.

ϔϔϔ
Recommended— your tubes pulse into her ovule micropiles.

ϔϔϔϔ
The Ultimate—a triploid endosperm nucleus is formed!

COTTON COMES IN HAARLEM. This bizarre film relates the tale of a young, oversexed cotton plant who contracts boll weevils from one of his unsavory liaisons and is shipped off to the Netherlands so as not to contaminate the rest of the year's harvest.

Once there, he meets a group of beautiful, submissive tulips who have been enslaved by an evil and merciless band of Heineken-guzzling Dutch bulb-forcers.

What follows, needless to say, is a never-ending series of one sex scene after another, as the unrepentant *Gossypium*, in a frantic race against death-by-weevil, instructs each of the obedient tulips in the fine art of hybridization.

Of course, the premise may strike you as a bit contrived—and, to be frank, once our hero reaches the tulip fields there really is no plot, aside from the few sentences which move the various flowers in and around the hyperactive bolls of the wanton cotton plant. But who cares! If it's sex you want, you'll fall for this film, sucker, bulb, and pistil!

THESE ARE THE BEST OF THE HARD- AND SOFT-WOOD SEX FILMS IN CURRENT RELEASE. MOST ARE PLAYING IN EXTENDED RUN.

BEHIND THE GREENHOUSE DOOR ϔϔϔϔ
BLOOM IN LOVE ϔϔ
COME BLOW YOUR CORN ϔϔϔ ½
DAISY INSIDE CLOVER ϔϔϔ
EL SEED ϔϔ
FRUIT 66 ϔϔϔϔ
GENTLEMEN PREFER FRONDS ϔ
THE GRASS MENAGERIE ϔϔ
IN THE WHEAT OF THE NIGHT ϔϔ
THE LAWN GOODBYE ϔ
LUST FOR LEAF ϔϔϔ ½
THE NAKED GRAPE ϔϔϔϔ
THE POD FATHER ϔϔ
20,000 LEEKS UNDER THE SEA ϔ
THE WEEVIL IN MISS JONES ϔϔϔ
WILD STRAWBERRIES ϔϔϔ

ENJOY THE DIZZYING HEIGHTS OF HEAVEN-IN-EARTH COME TO PETROPOLOUS' TREE NURSERY

PETROPOLOUS' TREE NURSERY

Our Grecian manager and his enchanting minions will plant you, water you, fertilize and feed you, prune you and trim you, all in our luxuriously sun-filled, temperature-controlled "GREENHOUSE."

Then, your delightful tender will delicately spray you, transplant you to your own sensuous redwood tub, and set you outside in our wildly exotic "RETAIL SALES CENTER."

Weekend special: Free compost

PETROPOLOUS' TREE NURSERY
118-43 Uptopia Parkway
Babylon, L.I., New York

He was born to be eaten

THE LAST MANGO IN PARIS

"Oblong, slightly acid fruit..."
—The Random House Dictionary of the English Language

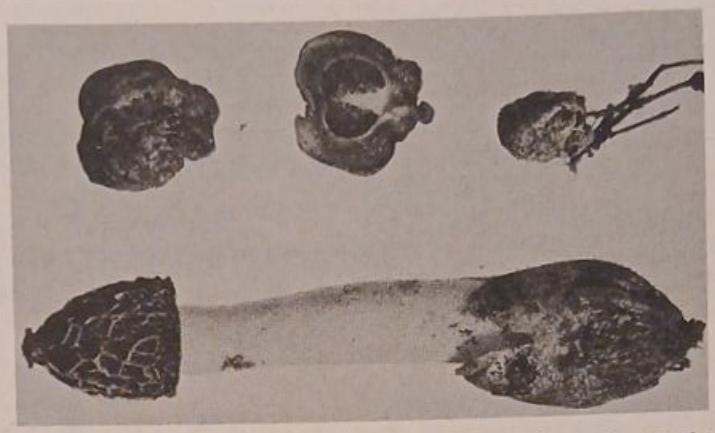
SUPER 9th St. 7th Ave

CONT. FROM 9 A.M. LATE SHOWS NITELY

POLLEN BOOKS

By Jiminy and Angelo Sperme

The 1974 Burpee Seed Catalog, *edited by David Burpee, W. Atlee Burpee Company, Clinton, Iowa 52732. 164 pp.*



What the world doesn't need now is yet another list of available flowers, vegetables, and shrubs, right?

Wrong. The new *Burpee Seed Catalog* is here and it will zing you right in the old root cap! What makes this book different is that it offers you the end-products of just about every kind of plant interbreeding that old Mother Nature—or anyone else, for that matter—ever dreamed up. In the *Catalog*'s tuber-tickling pages, you'll find honeysuckle seeds, cherry seeds, box elder seeds, cocklebur seeds, squirting cucumber seeds, screwpod mesquite seeds, prickly pear seeds, pansy seeds, fleshy fruit seeds, goldenrod seeds, cumin seeds, maidenhair tree seeds, fairy-candle seeds, and hundreds more guaranteed to stimulate your stamen.

According to the *Catalog*—and who are we to doubt it—any or all of these sensuous, exciting seeds will be mailed to your home for a very reasonable price if you communicate your desires to the Burpee people.

There are some minor flaws in this book—like its utter refusal to deal with mushrooms, toadstools, rusts and smuts, and other nonflowering plants—but there's no real sense going into them here. Suffice it to say that even if you don't intend to order anything, you owe it to yourself to get your climbing suckers on this volume—the explicit pictures alone are more than enough to put hair on your roots!

HOT PLANTS

CALLING ALL MUSHROOMS
Hi, my name is *Volvate amanitopsis* and I'm a mushroom. I have a white, scaly cap and a very, very large volva. In tests, guinea pigs and rabbits have been poisoned by me. I am a luscious 2″ wide, and a sexy 3″ in height. I long to satisfy your wildest desires. Send photo. No toadstools.
Michigan Agaricus 4MRN–1037

FERTILIZE ME?
Undernourished petite marigold, yellow, annual, would like to have humus worked into her soil, sewage, peat moss, barnyard manure –any kind will do. I'm not fussy –just sock me 4 pounds per hundred square feet of soil and I'll bloom.
Lake Forest Tagetes
6FMW–1035

TRYIN' IT? THEN LICHEN IT!
Sincere, single-celled green alga questing for generous sac fungus in which to enmesh myself. I'll manufacture carbohydrates for you; you keep me from drying out. A long, passionate life as a lichen awaits us, unless a caribou eats us. Please hurry!
Alaska Ulothrix 6BSXNW-1041

KISS MY ASCUS
Minute, yellowish yeast cell yearning to be freed from fermenting malt wort. Am eager to plunge myself, saclike spore container and all, into some real dough. If I like you, I'll render you light and spongy.
Brooklyn Ascomycete 6MNE-1038

WILL MODEL TO PLEASE
Showy, prickly-stemmed American Beauty rose would be oh so happy to send you dynamic time-lapse films of myself spreading my shapely petals. These flicks are complete and uncensored; definitely not watered-down junk!
Indiana Rosa 4FMW-1039

I WANT TO LIVE!
Looking for a tall, stately (seven feet!) wild meadowrue, covered with masses of handsome greenish-white flowers? Then send for me; I'm definitely at my best in moist, open places!
Annapolis Thalictrum
3MMA-1040

LET ME LIVE WITH YOU
Aggressive, parasitic broomrape seeking discreet attachment to green, sexually-liberated dune-grass root. Age or variety no problem.
Marblehead Orobanche
3MNE–1034

HICKORY DICKORY
My catkins? Inconspicuous. My flowers? Simple and wind-pollinated. But wait till you see my nuts! Age, genus unimportant. Write for details.
Penna Archichlamydea
2MNE-1042

WHAT A PEAR!
Prickly pear, spoiled and dominant, commands you to let him thrust the sharp prickles on his flat, pad-like stems into you. Send your tribute today. (Bonemeal at the rate of one teaspoon per six-inch pot would be appropriate!)
N. Mex. Opuntia 5MSW-1043

SHOW-OFF
Incredibly well-endowed giant phlox, available in wonderful range of soft pastel colors, will model for you in the privacy of your own vase. Write for appointment.
Oregon Phlox 3MNW–1036.

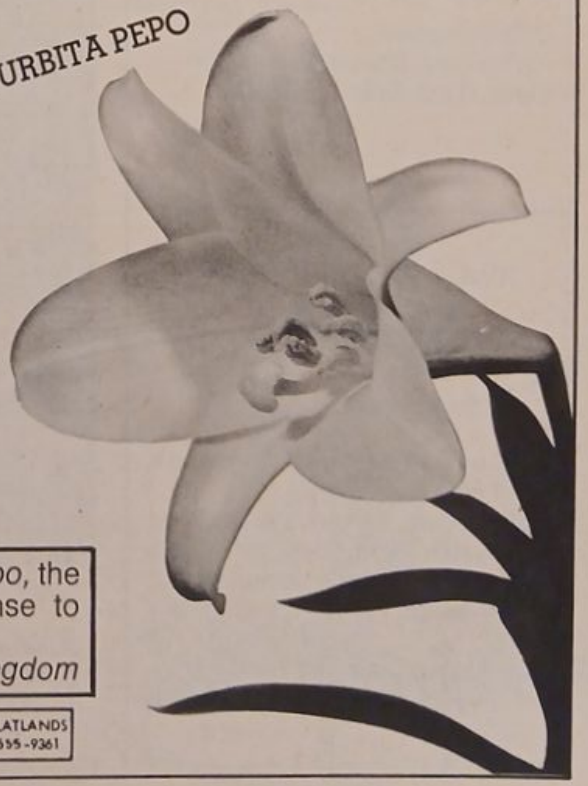
SEARCHING FOR SMUT
Young, good-looking Bermuda onion, brand new pot, very generous, seeks "stinking smut" spores. If I like you, I'll let you form unsightly pustules all over me.
Bermuda Alliumcepa
2MSE–1030

NEEDS TRAINING
I am a very, very submissive Engelman's Ivy seedling who would like to meet a wire support, such as poultry mesh, to train me properly. Thank you for taking the time to read this.
New Hampshire Hedera
1MNE–1031

STROKE MY HAIRS
Sundew, 1″ tall, 2″ across, offers her long, stout sensitive hairs, each tipped with a shiny sticky globule containing digestive enzymes, to all docile insects. My hairs will hold you while my juices digest you. Frank letter, photo appreciated.
Alabama Drosera 4FS–1032

PHOTO FREAK
Attractive asexual Marine plankton, enjoys photosynthesis, quests for free-floating flagellate with well-developed chloroplasts. Not interested in one-night stands.
Pacific Ocean Mastigophora
1ASW–1033

SUBSCRIBE TO SEED

WORLD PREMIERE
THE TENDRIL TRAP
Introducing CURCURBITA PEPO
COLOR X

MATURE PLANTS ONLY
"The tendrils of *Curcurbita Pepo*, the marrow plant, coil in response to touch."
—Ian Tribe, *The Plant Kingdom*
WORLD 8th Ave. at 5th St. 555-6646 Continuous: 8:45 AM-1 AM
ERICA 2nd AVE & FLATLANDS BKLYN 555-9361

FROM ME TO YEW

If "yew" are a female, let the wind "blow" you millions of wild, exciting pollen grains from my thrusting male cones.

Call PININGAWAY

Tub, right side of front door at top of stairway from street. c/o Crouse, 127 W. 79th St., N.Y.C. 10024

INCREASE THE LENGTH OF YOUR STEM? Yes! It's true! After centuries, science has finally devised a way to ENLARGE YOUR STEM without exposing it to the sun's burning rays. No painful grafts either. The secret? Our amazing new electric PLANT-GROW LIGHT. Order yours today for just $9.95. A longer, pithier stem in three weeks, or your money back.

PLANT-GROW LIGHT
Window Box 285
Hollywood, California 90028

MY NAME IS PASSION FLOWER

ALL CULTURES ARE MY SPECIALTY:

HORTI-, AGRI-, YOU NAME IT!

YOUR HOTHOUSE OR MINE.

Write: Box 5,
Third plant from left,
Hothouse Z, Carter Estate
Muncie, Indiana

DR. MENDEL REALLY STARTED SOMETHING . . .

and we're prepared to finish it! Discover the wild, voluptuous, and oh so sexy joys of CROSS-BREEDING.

We're eager to instruct you in budding, side grafting, cleft-grafting, whip-grafting, etc.

Call: Sweetpea
Agricultural Station
Velva, North Dakota 58790

We're juicy, we're smooth-skinned, we're pulpy, we're seedless, we're EDIBLE! That's why they call us . . .

The WILD BUNCH

On your vine or ours.
Write Trellis #2617
Modesto, Calif. 95353

IMITATION SPANISH FLY

For Venus Fly Traps and Pitcher Plants
Without any harmful effects!
Guaranteed
to excite
meat-eating
Flora!

Available in any of 24 delicious flavors.

Write for details to:
Gonzales Sales
Calahorra, Spain

I'M A PISTIL-PACKIN'

MAMA

(And when I say "pistil," I mean a pistil with style!)
Come share my private seedbed and watch as my delicate stigma receives your male gametes and my swollen ovary ripens into a fruit!
Call for appointment.
(212) 688-4070 Ask for TIGER LILY

HEY, DELPHINIUM! SELF-POLLINATE?

Sure. All angiosperms do it. But aren't you tired of the same old method? Now, really "hive" a good time with one of our complete selection of

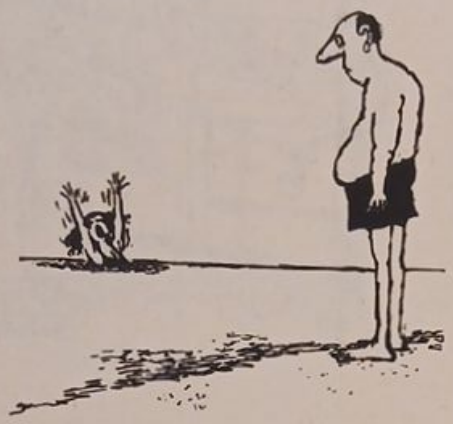
RUBBER BEES

Many of our customers tell us they're "better than the real thing"!
Write "SWEETER THAN HONEY"
Hollsopple, Pa. 15935

SEXENTRICS

BY Rodriguez

1



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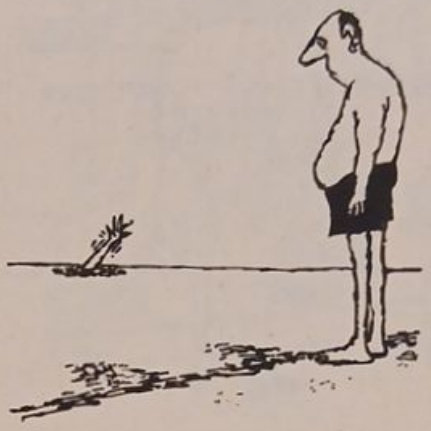

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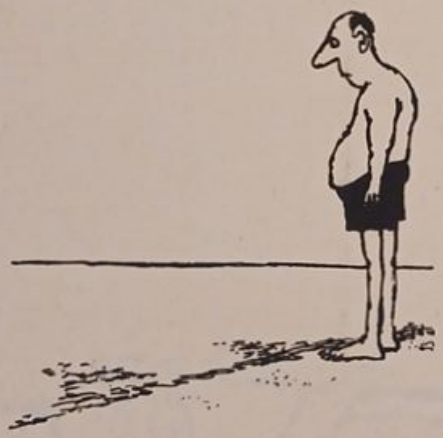


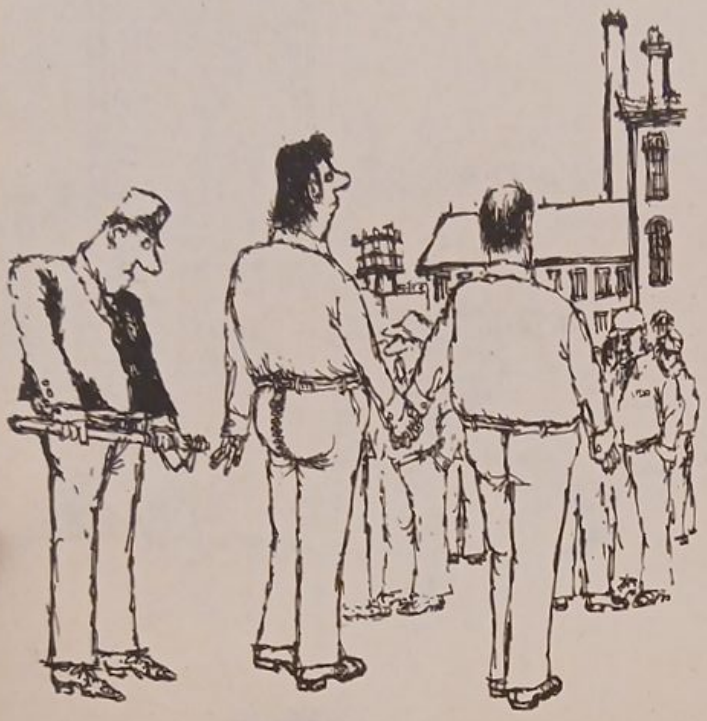
4

Rx
ENEMA
BAGS
YOU MUST
BE 21!!!
RIPTIONS
Rx

SALLY
SLUT
THE
THINGS
MEN
LIKE
TO
HEAR

HELLO! I'M DARLENE!
MAKE AN OBSCENE CALL
TO ME - I'LL LISTEN!!!
$1.00 PER MINUTE
ADULT
CHANGE

continued



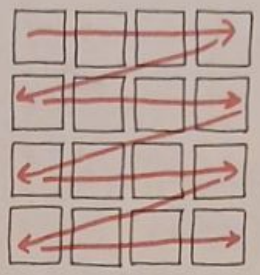
W, BI-MALE
WELL-HUNG,
28, SEEKS
COUPLE, ANY
RACE FOR
THREESOMES
WRITE-BOX-702
GAY FEMALE
31, DESIRES
W, FEM. FOR
DANCING, FUN!
WRITE BOX 702

TWO-WAY COMICS!

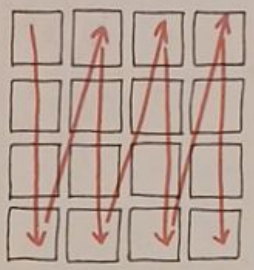
A CLEAN COMIC AND A DIRTY COMIC IN ONE

by ED SUBITZKY

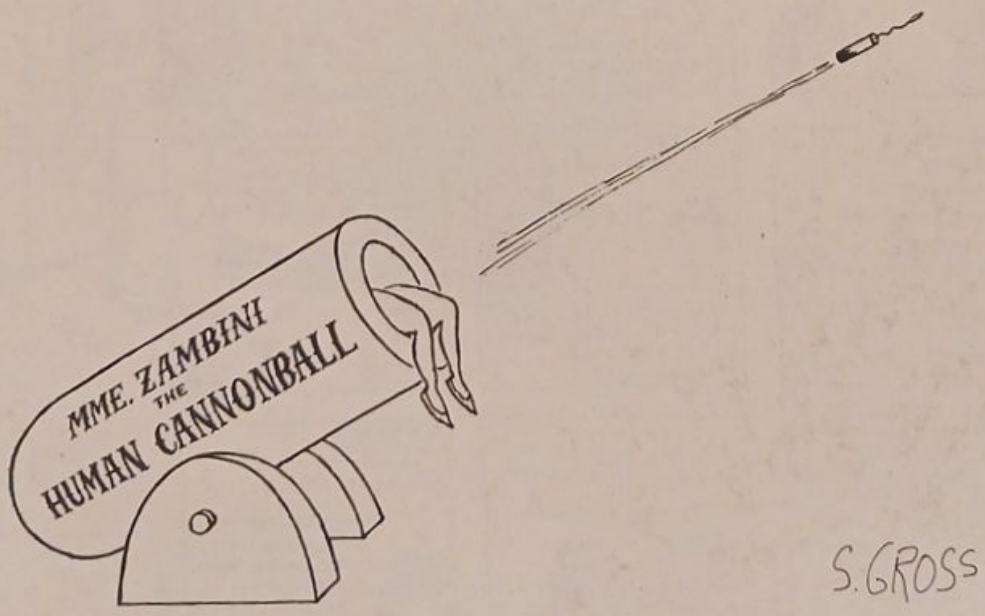
FOR THOSE CLEAN-MINDED READERS WHO WANT TO READ AN INNOCENT STORY ABOUT A BOY AND HIS SISTER TRYING TO PIN A PRETTY PAINTING ON THE WALL OF THEIR HAPPY HOME, READ ACROSS IN THE NORMAL WAY, LIKE THIS:



FOR THOSE FILTHY-MINDED READERS WHO WANT TO GET THEIR ROCKS OFF AND READ AN EXPLICIT SEX STORY THAT TAKES PLACE IN A CHEAP HOTEL, READ DOWN INSTEAD, LIKE THIS:



"Now do you believe me, darling? There's the proof that it does turn black and eventually fall off."



"Hey, this is great! I don't slip out."

"We know it was the gingerbread boy! We found crumbs in her vagina."

"Look in there, little girl, and you will see an Easter Bunny with a funny pink nose."

S. GROSS

"Go fuck yourself!"

Vol. 3 No. 6
Feb. 6, 1973

riddle

THE ADULT PUBLICATION FOR CHILDREN

"SUCK ME!" she cooed,
"OH, BABY! SUCK ME! SUCK ME!!!"

It's—
SIXUAL!
SIXSATIONAL!
SIXOTIC!

50¢
or a real Indian arrowhead, two aggies, and a Branch Ricky Manager that still has the gum in it.

pottypourri

PENCIL #1 PALS

Hi ya, kids, hi ya, hi ya, and **pluck my magic twanger,** if you catch my drift, Buster **Brown.** . . . Well, we just put another PIDDLE **to bed** and I "tink" I can speak for the **whole** staff when I say we're really **wiped** out. . . . It's a heck of an issue **too.** . . . Don't mean to **toot** our own horn, **but** it was well worth the **strain!**

THIS WEEK

Got a great puerilent tale from PIDDLE contributing peditor **Norman Mailer,** infantmous author of *The Bare-Bottomed and the Gone-Away-on-a-Long-Visit, Barbary Sandbox, Bambi Park, An American Bed-Wetting, Why Are We in the Girls' Room?, Armies of Bedtime,* and *Playing With Matches on the Moon,* . . . plus a **high fever** photo spread, "Baby Makes Three"—**candied Kodak Brownie box-shots** of one Saturday night when the **sitter** wasn't kidding around (not to mention titters, titties, taddles, and toddlers), . . . reviews of all the latest **skinned-knee flicks**—the usual didy pictures. . . . And that **snot** the half of it!

SHOW & TELL

Smart money is off the stork as far as **where babies come from.** . . . Indiana University prodigy Ph.D. Davey Standish, age ten, claims that babies **grow in their mothers' stomachs,** news that's rocked the chemistry set from *Weekly Reader* to "Mr. Wizard." "Accepting this hypothesis," says Standish, "points irrevocably to the long-suspect **belly button** as natal orafice!" . . . which reminds us, don't miss next week's PIDDLE PANEL PRATTLE on "Push-Ups: Why Father Can't Keep Shoulder Level With Rump and What Is Mother Doing Underneath?"...

Seems like just yesterday when **daddy magazines** were all num-nums and gym class . . . but new **pop mag** OUI (as in "wee-wee" and it's **one** catchy handle—at least that's what *oui* think) has jumped on the little red wagon with a picture book of **animals getting married** in its first issue! . . .

MONTGOMERY WARD SPRING CATALOGUE is out early this year . . . and you **naughty** get a **load** of pages 2227, 2463, 3478, and 4590–93. . . .

Bad news for boys and girls who got their mouths washed out with **hexaclorophene soap** . . . 340 with **tongue damage** to date, according to a new government study. . . .

Chic kids and kittens say **doctor** is on its way out. . . . Hip **Jungsters** and with-it **p-teens** are playing **Off-Broadway, Sauna,** and **Esalen** now . . . .

And for those of you who know how to read . . . take a **Mother Gander** at the *American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.* **Bum, poof, knickers, PU**—it's all there in black and white. . . .Thought I'd **pass** it on! . . .

Gotta **go** now. . . . Hope everything **comes out** alright. . . . And, till next week, don't forget the First Principle of PIDDLE—aim high or **urine** trouble! !

Uncle P.J.

Dear PIDDLE,

Hooray for "May The Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose," the article you did about what glues to sniff when eating which pastes.

You are right about DuPont costing too much. May I recommend Testor's AAA, only a modest domestic cement but possessing robust character and an unpretentious elan, which I think you'll find amusing...especially with Huey Gooey and Looey Disneystick School Paste in the yellow can with a duck head on top.

Yours,
Rhoda Gelfond

Dear PIDDLE,

I thought "Why's My Weenie Get Like That?" (Jan. 22) was very good. "It's Probably Not Cancer" was my favorite part!

Simple anxiety is my own theory. Weenie-wise, our dog Puddles also gets like that. Questioning the gardener in this matter he replied that Puddles was nervous and I informed the gardener that I too was nervous and he became nervous himself I believe at that time.

Sincerely yours,
Arthur ("Four Eyes") Levine

Dear PIDDLE,

I am Louise. I am seven. I like my men ruff. I love my daddy. Lots of girls get a hair brush with there dress pulled up!!!!!!! when they are bad. My daddy is a Liberel. When I am bad I have to go see Docter Lubinsteen. What can I do?

Louise

(Call the maid a nigger.-- Ed.)

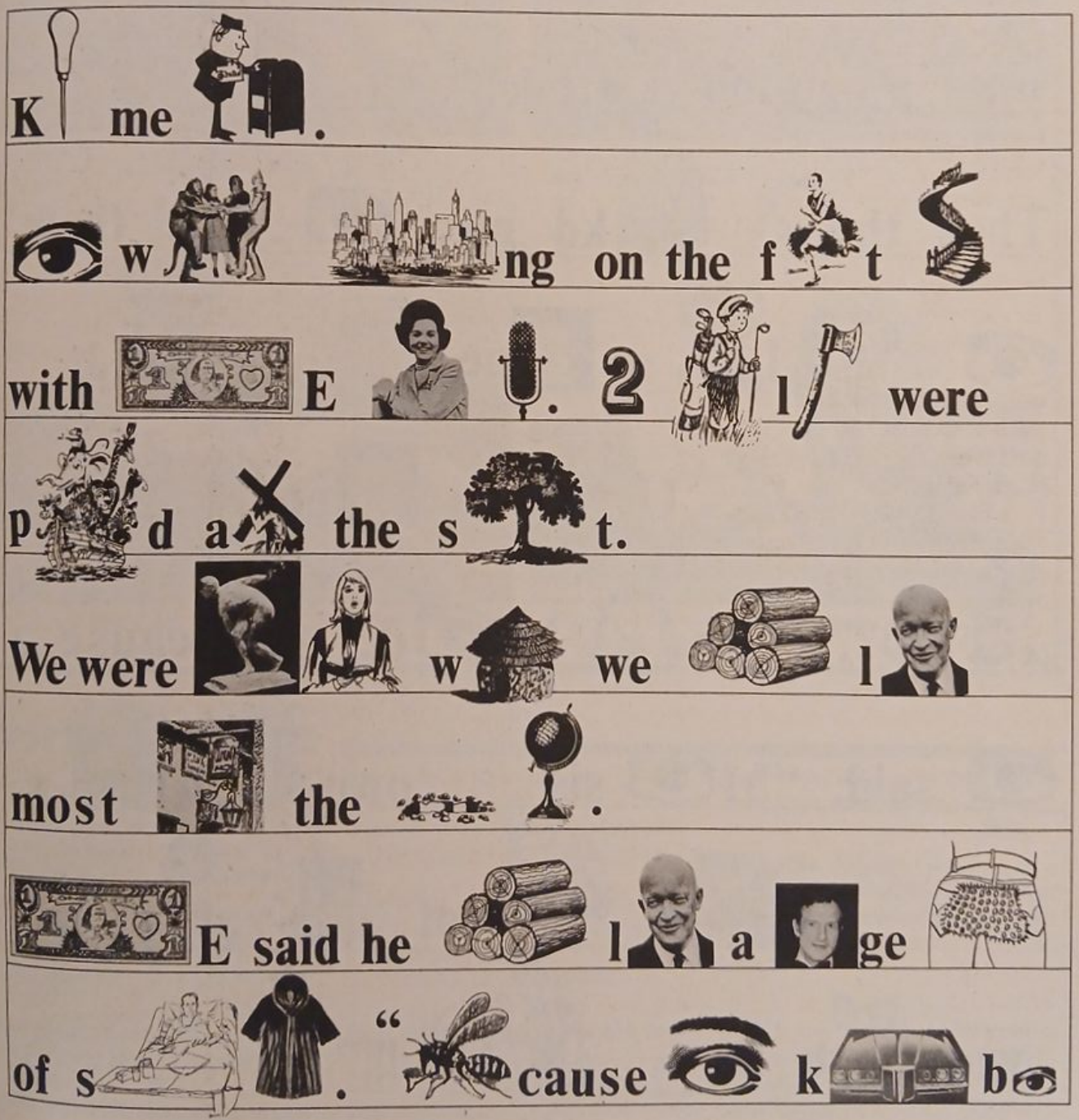
Dear PIDDLE,

Sister Mary Elizabeth caught me with a copy of PIDDLE inside a TREASURE CHEST and boy oh boy was she mad about that story Mr. Graham Greene wrote about "Do Nuns Have Hair On Their Wheels?" and now I can't be Assumption in the Glorious Mysteries pageant and all the girls in my corridor had to say twenty-five rosaries just in case and boy were they mad too and they made me drink all the holy water in the font after icky old Father Gilhoolehoody blessed it but I don't care and I even said the Fatima Ejaculation after every decade to get you to run more stories like Mr. Greene's and the one you had about "Christ Child Ca-ca: Sacrilege or Sacred Relique?"

Winky O'Donnell
Crown of Thorns School for Girls

PIDDLE brings you a brand-new piece of heirotic fiction from the Goldenrod tablet paper of America's Romper Room Rabelais . . .

Norman Mailer's Prisoner of Stork



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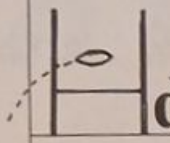 d. “ cause k b a

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P-P-Peeks by our stutterbug from the dark at the top of the stairs

by Jane Holzer

BABY MAKES THREE

Saturday night when the sitter's steady stops by . . . he really wants to "get into it!"

It's alright with her if they "play indoors," but is she ready to "go all the way"?

Oh yeah! Oh wow! She's really wet!!

Now, will he change her, or will he wait till Mom and Dad get home?

Dirty Cracks

Did you hear about the girl who saw her baby brother in his birthday suit and thought he was a pull toy?

And we know a little girl who's so shy she won't even play dentist!

How about the kid who swallowed a four-leaf clover? The next day he had "pot luck."

Why aren't slow learners allowed to play doctor?
Because they keep sticking the thermometer in their mouths!

Why'd the slow learner mess himself after teacher let him go to the boy's room?
He couldn't count to two!

How do you tell a boy snake from a girl snake?
Boy snakes stand up to hiss!

The Golden Book of PIDDLE says elephant ca-ca is "heavy-duty."

When the remedial-reading class came back from visiting a farm, what did the slow learner want for dinner?
Cow pie!

What's the difference between a booger and a boogie?
You can't eat the maid!

"Matinee" Houses

Scarsdale Mall Jerry Lewis Theatre, Versailles Freeway at Tudor Towers Rd. (Double Feature). BAMBI: Strictly pablum. Forget anything you ever heard about stag movies. All you'll get here are a couple of rear-view shots of a hero who doesn't have pooter or dingus. Neither does his mother. She doesn't even have nam-nams. Animals everywhere, but not a rabbit pellet or squirrel flop in sight. SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS: Boring as Park and Shop despite provocative title. Only scene you could possibly get off on is when the prince licks Snow White's face while she's asleep, but by then so are you. Disney's taking you for a kiddie-car ride with a couple more of his ca-ca teasers. Save your money.

Loew's Ranchette, Great Oaks Ave. and Country House Mews, Levittown. HOSPITAL: Parents will enjoy it, but not what you might expect from a doctor film. Too much mush and wrestling grown-ups, though sometimes they have their clothes off. Some good up-chucking and hunkers, but not a respectable thermometer in sight.

Cinema CCCXVIII, Tristan and Isolde Shopping Center, White Plains. THE COWBOYS: Starring John Wayne. More than just a boo-boo movie. Hottest American film in years combines lots of great tinkle and poop with real nits and grits where-babies-come-from, plus spit-up, nose dirt, and stealing—all framed by a plot that's remarkably plausible and coherent for this kind of film. Scenes like the villain being dragged by a horse down six miles of rocky gulch, which munches his skull to jelly, show a sense of humor that allows THE COWBOYS to transcend its genre.

SAFETY-PIN UPS

Alice Tully Hall, who's working her way through Maumee Valley Day School modeling for **Coppertone** ads, says she usually likes to play **kick the can** or **house**. But she's not feeling so well today . . . hmmmm . . . Maybe she's **got a temperature?**

Oh-oh, looks like dog poo. . . . Uh-huh, smells like dog poo. . . . Yep, tastes like dog poo. . . . **Sure glad we didn't step in it!**

TALCUM PARLORS

GO TO BED . . . without dinner At a real ENGLISH NURSERY SCHOOL where our NANNIES and HEAD MASTERS will give you a STRICT upbringing!

CHILD'S GARDEN OF PERVERSE

- Hickory-stick, hair-brush, and riding-crop "back rubs"!
- Learn "Greek" from the boys in the upper forms!
- Paregoric!
- Vaporizers!
- Cold baths!
- Tight collars!
- Woolen underwear!
- "Posture" lessons!
- Clean your plate!—liver, spinach, headcheese, and brussels sprouts!

71st St. & 5th Ave.
Right Across from the Boring Central Park Zoo

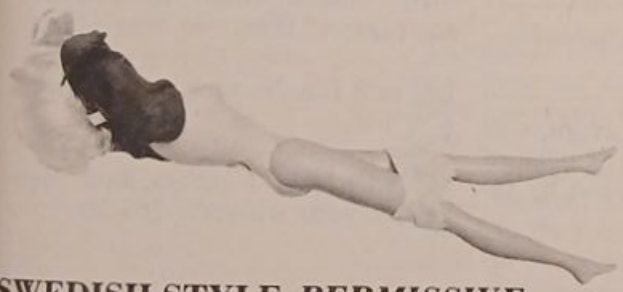
98.6° or?
NURSE NANCY
Down in your basement or mine
600-5189

"HORSEY-HORSEY"
call
"Uncle" Ralph
519-2112

IS THIS YOUR SCENE?
Then swing with

Dr. Dan
the Bondage Man
at the
KINDERGARTER BELT
M&M, BVD & ABC's too!
Experienced and Understanding
1045 East 52nd Street

Toddle Down to
TEDDY BARE



SWEDISH-STYLE *PERMISSIVE PLAYROOM* SALON

Where you'll find even fewer no-no's than at Ga-Ga's house. Come on! Let's go outside in our school clothes and get ready for more than just good clean fun. Take a bath with "Mom"! Play with dolls! Wiggle your peter in front of "company"! Make doggy-dirt castles! Pick your nose and eat it! Throw up in "church"! Or just smear peanut butter all over our kitchen cabinets.

- Make-Water beds
- Models for "finger" painting
- French thumb-massages

West 4th St. & 6th Ave. (Just tell them you're going to the Judson Church Children's Theatre!)

tee-tee tee-hee's ca-ca ha-ha's
NAUGHTY NOVELTIES!!!

- Done too soon? *Poo-Long* keeps you high on legal pot for hours.
- Vibrators—Why use an old-fashioned corn cob soaked in kerosene on that tom cat?
- Doctor Kits—Hot dog! Just look up gynecologist in the dictionary and see what you're getting.
- Great big undies all your own just like in the bedroom dresser-drawer.
- Rubber Sheets—so you can "do it" wherever you want.
- Special Spanish Fly—always sticks, so Mom will *have* to help.

PLUS BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

Winnie the POO, original European edition
The Little Engine That DID
The Piddle Prince
True Spit
Pee Nuts
The Cat in the Hat Makes Flatus

Send for our free catalogue.
HOWDIE DOODIE
Box L58 Baltimore, Md.

BAD WORDS

Brand-new list of over 5,000 bad words and what they mean. (So when they ask you if you know, you can tell 'em!) Including hard-to-get inner-city bad words like "ofay," "mammy jam," and "size queen." **And** "Words You Never Knew Were Bad"—just try out "price control" or "dictatorship of the masses" down at daddy's office and see what we're talking about!

ACT NOW AND RECEIVE
2 FREE BONUSES

Fifty Bad Gestures for Every Occasion—Hit 'em with the "clenched-fist power salute" at the Moose Lodge Father and Son Dinner, pull a "thumb-nail-tooth-flick" at the Italian restaurant, or show off "Sophia-Loren-two-hands-full-of-casaba-melons" to your mother's bridge club.

One Hundred and One Bad Sentences—They'll flip for these. Let fly with "Mrs. Teacher gives me hyperactivity therapy candy," or "I helped Mr. Assistant Minister make white tinkle after Sunday School today," and watch the fun begin.

Write to: YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, Box 65, N. Y., N. Y.

Personals

Boys or Girls: I love to play house and be "baby." Let me be your baby. I will say "titty" or "you stink," and you can wash my mouth out. Can cross busy streets. —Tiny, 218-6154.

BATH TIME: Be Mommy and give me a bath and you say "O.K., you can do the rest yourself," and I won't do it right. I promise.—Randolph, Box 781.

GIRLS—Show me yours and I'll show you mine if you show me yours first or do no. 1 standing, and I'll teach you to spit up.—S. D., Box 911.

My doggie tries to get married to your leg and the coffee table. 5¢ or Wonder Woman I haven't seen. —Charles Schultz, Box 5 or 707-8000.

Let's play farm! I'll be the cow and you milk me. Then I'll be mommy pig.—Larry, 818-5462 after school.

Back Issues *National Geographic*—Box 711.

Free candy for little redheaded girls.—Chuck, 707-8000 or peek in back window of dark sedan by bicycle rack.

Personals

This little piggy went to market. This little piggy stayed home. This little piggy had roast beef. This little piggy had none. This little piggy went wee, wee, wee all the way home. And **THIS** little piggy **TOOK A RIDE UP THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.**—Box 5.

I know how to poof whenever I want to. Write Box 222 for details.

Firemen wanted. I'm a hook and ladder. Joey's a pumper. Gary's got a lot of rubber tubing so he's a hydrant. Ding . . . Ding . . . Ding . . . Squirt! Squirt! Fire's out!! No girls allowed.—Box 104.

Little girl to hold football for place kicking. You could become famous if I see up your dress when I fall on my bummy.—707-8000.

Two swingers looking for girl or girls to push if you don't wear panties.—P. S. 58. Meet us behind the slide.

Strip "Animal Snap!" Do you have any piggies? Wee, wee, wee!—Box 5.

BM or 3 R's. No new math.—Tony, Box 454.

My wiener is 7 inches long. How long is your wiener?—707-8000.

NEXT WEEK IN PIDDLE . . .

Have You Reached Puberty, or Is That a Crayon in Your Pocket?

Day after day, facing a castrolling older woman trying to force her femininity down his throat . . .

Can today's boy still get it up?

YES HE CAN!

Mao's Little Black Book

or Please Don't Squeeze the Chairman

by Dean Latimer

Population increases ceaselessly. It is only fifty-nine years since the Revolution of 1911, but the face of China has completely changed. In another thirty-one years, that is, in the year 2001, or the beginning of the twenty-first century, China will have undergone an even greater change. She will have become more densely populated than coastal India. And this is not as it should be. In old imperialist times, each local tyrant of the oppressive aristocracy was empowered to keep as many wives and concubines as he could afford and sire as many offspring by them as he could afford. Since the wealth of feudal China was improperly distributed, these oppressive landlords and their bureaucratic lackeys were each able to keep many women in a state of quadruple authoritarian domination (political authority, religious authority, clan authority, and the authority of the oppressing husband), and they each were able to support many offspring by each woman. So it is that China's present-day overpopulation crisis grows out of two criminal pre-Revolutionary injustices: feudal improprieties in the distribution of the wealth, and the subjection of Chinese women to the immoral institution of patriarchal polygamy. Therefore, action to sharply rein in the increase of population is not only materially necessary; it is as heroic and revolutionary a program as a Peasants' Revolutionary Committee seizing property from the landlord and redistributing it democratically among the People.

"This Township Achieved Zero Population Growth in the Second Year of the Great Nonprocreative Revolution" (December 12, 1971).

Procreation and All Pregnancies Are Backward-Tending

The masses have a potentially inexhaustible enthusiasm for nonprocreative coupling. Those who can only follow the old procreative routine in a nonprocreative revolutionary period are like foolish old men going out in the rain to a wooden privy when the cooperative has established a progressive communal indoors bathroom. They are blind and all is dark ahead of them. At times they go as far as to confuse fore with aft and turn things upside down. Haven't we suffered enough from benighted dray-mules of this sort? Those who simply follow the old routine invariably misunderstand the people's enthusiasm. Let something new be suggested and they are always horrified and rush to denounce it. Afterward, they have to admit they enjoyed it, and do a little self-criticism. But the next time something new is suggested, there they go again. This is their pattern of behavior in response to anything new and strange. Such people are always passive, always fail to do the proper thing at the critical moment, and always have to be poked in the arse sharply before they will start reciprocating.

"Interview with the American Journalist Michael O'Donoghue" (April 14, 1972).

Reviewing the facts, we discover that counterproductive procreation always occurs after the homonuclei of the man penetrates the homonucleus of the woman. Only when the homonuclei are joined does procreation occur. This is the same for men and women as it is for cattle and pigs. Yet it is desirable that men and women of China prevent counterproductive procreation by forbidding the homonuclei to join together. However, this is not true also of cattle and pigs. Ask yourself: Am I cattle or pigs or a truly revolutionary citizen of the People's Republic of China?

"Some Questions Concerning Methods of Procreation" (June 1, 1970), *Selected Works*, Vol. XVI, p. 178.

Dare to Couple, Dare to Come

To behave like "a forehobbled stallion trying to mount a heated mare" or "a foolish monkey scratching his arse with a ferocious scorpion," to be clumsy and ignorant, to rashly proceed with a faulty grasp of the slippery matter in hand—such is the regrettably bad style still exercised by many comrades in our Party, a style fundamentally counter to the true style of nonprocreative revolutionary practice. Freud, Stekel, Krafft, and Ebing have taught us that it is necessary to examine conditions conscientiously and to proceed from the true requirements of the situation and not from subjective fantasies, but many of our comrades persist in procreative acts that contravene this truth.

"On the Question of Effective Nonprocreative Techniques" (July 29, 1971).

The three main forms of nonprocreative sexual congress are:

1. Masturbation by one person alone.
2. Oral methods of achieving orgasm, whether by a man administered upon a woman, or by a man administered upon a man, or by a woman administered upon a woman, or by a woman administered upon a man.
3. Anal penetration.

The eight points of Superior Style are:

1. Do not press upon another person a form repugnant to that person.
2. Do not be reluctant to engage in new forms.
3. Be careful that your comrade achieves consummation, but in a nonprocreative way.
4. Reciprocate conscientiously all attentions given you.
5. Do not damage crops.
6. Do not take advantage of persons of faulty nonprocreative orientation.
7. Do not hit or swear at people.
8. Clean up the mess afterwards.

"On the Reissue of the Three Main Forms of Revolutionary Nonprocreative Sexual Congress and the Eight Points of Superior Style"—Instruction of the General Caucus of the Chinese People's Revolutionary Cadres (August 17, 1971).

"Grasp firmly." That is to say, the dedicated anti-procreative revolutionary must not merely "grasp," but "grasp firmly" his main organ in order to achieve a satisfying self-administered climax. One can get a grip on it only when it is grasped firmly, without the slightest slackening. Not to grasp firmly is not to grasp at all. Naturally, one cannot get a grip on his member with an open hand. When the hand is clenched about the stem but is not clenched tightly, there is still no grip. Some of us do grasp the main organ, but our grasp is not firm and so we cannot bring it to completion. It will not do to have no grasp at all, nor will it do if the grasp is not firm.

"On the Procreative Contradictions of the People" (October 27, 1971).

Building Our Country Through Diligence and Proficiency

Some people have read a few pornographic books and fancy themselves quite proficient, but what they have read has not penetrated, has not struck root in their minds, so that they do not know how to adapt it nonprocreatively and their styles of sexual congress remain as of old. Others are very conceited and, having learned some new styles, think themselves terrific and very cocky, but whenever a great urge comes up, they perform very differently from the workers and the majority of peasants. They discharge where the latter hold back, they procreate where the latter contracept.

"The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the Nonprocreative Revolution" (October, 1971), *Selected Works*, Vol. XXXI, p. 210.

In order to build a great nonprocreative socialist society, it is of the utmost importance to arouse the broad masses of women so that they will enthusiastically participate in nonprocreative forms of sexual congress. Men and women must experience mutual gratification when performing nonprocreative forms. Genuine equality of the sexes can only be realized in a great nonprocreative socialist society.

Introductory note to "Women Will Lead the Nonprocreative Revolution," *Selected Works*, Vol. XXI, pp. 287-88.

With the success of the two-year plan to firmly establish nonprocreative masturbation forms among men,

many women now feel themselves neglected. It has become necessary to arouse women to actively participate in nonprocreative forms and also to arouse men who did not couple with women before to reassume their place with women. China's women are a vast reserve of nonprocreative revolutionary fervor. This reserve should be tapped in the struggle to build a great nonprocreative socialist country.

Quoted in *On Nixon's Phony "Peace" Overture and Its Historical Lessons for the World*, pp. 112-13.

In ordinary circumstances, contraceptives among the people are not effective. For if they are not handled properly, or if we relax our vigilance and fail to use them, procreation may arise. In a socialist country, a development of this kind is a retrogressive and counterproductive phenomenon. The solution is that the exploitation of woman by man must be abolished if the interests of the people are to be met.

"On the Correct Handling of Contraceptives Among the People" (December 16, 1971), speech given before the Tsingtsing People's Cooperative.

Correct Pornography

RED SKIES AT FUKIEN!

"Let the insatiable Western imperialistic militarists go and couple after the old procreative fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed persons the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle *themselves*," bravely declares Ki Wen Po, twenty-one, inventory supervisor at the Tienshui Freight Cooperative. Indomitable Ki Wen Po, after raptly studying the works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, volunteered to instruct all the women of the Tienshui Cooperative in nonprocreative methods of manual self-stimulation. Comrade Ki also writes nonprocreative revolutionary poetry, dedicated to Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

During the Great Cultural Revolution, there toiled assiduously for the People in the province of Kirin a righteously moral peasant and his puissant daughter, in a state of exceptional equality in all spheres, and unswervingly fervid in respect and admiration for Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party. One day a traveling bureaucrat, whilst fleeing the finally erupting long-suppressed political indignation of the workers, peasants, and soldiers of Kirin Province, sought refuge for the night at the economically uplifted simple home of this peasant. The righteous peasant, unaware of the true facts in the case, due to his hard-striving but joyously-every-day-entered-upon Revolutionary toil in all fields for the people, took the traveling bureaucrat in, fed him, and showed him a place to sleep for the night. But no sooner did the righteous peasant and his puissant daughter retire than this erroneously backsliding bureaucrat crept from his bedside to that of the puissant daughter and began to urge her to couple with him after the old procreative fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed peoples the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle. Their hot altercation aroused the righteous peasant from his own bed, and he swiftly, thoroughly, completely, and totally overbore the insufficiently democratic traveling bureaucrat, and brought him up for extensive self-criticism before his Revolutionary Committee, because the righteous peasant simply did not allow such behavior in his house.

MORAL: *Only through assiduous zeal in studying the works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung can one be sure of applying them effectively to problems that arise.*

One day in the bath little Pu Tang Wi asked her father, "What is that thing between your legs?" Replied her father, "That is my running-dog lackey, little Pu Tang Wi." Later the foolish little egg-drop asked her mother, "What is that thing between your legs?" Replied her mother, "That is my untenable revanchist cliché."

Later, the mother and father went to the haymow of the cooperative's democratically erected and drawn-from-by-all-the-people barn, and began coupling after the old fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed peoples the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle. While they were thus committing this counterproductive procreative folly, the District Party Leader arrived at their home to discuss the season's millet quota, and was met there by little Pu Tang Wi. When he inquired where her parents were, the woefully addled child responded, "They are up in the People's barn, and father is putting his running-dog lackey into mother's untenable revanchist cliché." After intensive self-criticism before the people, Pu Tang Wi's mother and father recognized and confessed their non-Revolutionary orientation, and joyously removed to the district's May 7 Camp for new learning.

MORAL: *Even a mere child can "grasp firmly" the essential truths of the teachings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung.*

The Issue of Proper Nonprocreative Forms of Sexual Congress

Bad Style (Missionary form): Here are two unhappily addled persons perpetrating old-fashioned procreative form of sexual congress that permits the male and female homonuclei to be joined, and subsequently to procreate. The male sprout is lodged in the female furrow, encouraging fertilization and procreation. This inconvenient style is aptly named the Missionary position, because it was held forth by the devious imperialistic missionaries of the avaricious Christian Church to be the only permissible mode of sexual congress. To perform this unseemly and dangerous form, then, is to commit a lapse of style to the perfidious and despicable superstitions that enslaved China before the triumphant revolution of 1948, led by Chairman Mao.

Good Style (Hangchow form): The women of Hangchow proudly and righteously contend that they are the most vigorous women workers in the People's Republic of China, due to the conscientious exertion of their men in practicing this radical nonprocreative form upon them. "Every day our application and production in all fields is immeasurably improved," boast the Hangchow women, "since this unique nonprocreative form was devised by our workers, soldiers, and party members, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung."

The workers, soldiers, and party members of Hangchow also proudly assert that by practicing this form their tongues are strengthened to shout the praises of Chairman Mao Tse-tung to the tops of the highest roofs.

Good Style (Peking form): With this form, an inestimable benefit is accrued by the People with the disposal of the man's homonuclei heroically by the woman, where procreation cannot occur. A woman can even assimilate the homonuclei without any risk of procreation whatsoever! It is called Peking form because it was first developed and successfully realized by the ingenious and astonishingly inventive workers, soldiers, and party members of Peking, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Additionally, the heroic women of Peking benefit greatly by the consequent supplement to their diet.

Good Style (Shanghai form): Sometimes when old-style procreative congress is very earnestly desired by the man, the woman can, if she wishes, offer him a convincing simulacrum by employing her anus. The workers, soldiers, and party members of Shanghai, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, have courageously pioneered this alternate route, and invite the people of all China to join them in practicing this form. "Soy sauce," they say, "provides an excellent lubricative for this form."

(NOTE: In respectful commemoration of the Great Nonprocreative Revolution, the revolutionary People's Ballet in Peking, after assiduously studying the works of illustrious Chairman Mao Tse-tung, have added to their dramatic repertoire *The Courageous Eastern Socialist Communism Triumph Forever over Decadent Western Capitalist Imperialism Through Vigilant and Joyous Application of Nonprocreative Revolutionary Style of Sexual Congress As Suggested by Venerated Chairman Mao Tse-tung People's Ballet*. To illustrate "the issue of proper nonprocreative forms of sexual congress," appropriate dramatic tableaus from the People's Ballet's fourth historic opera are placed next to explications of the three good nonprocreative forms and the main bad procreative form of sexual congress.)

The Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Great Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club

Are you a dedicated nonprocreative citizen striving virtuously to implement the ascendence of socialist triumph over the paper-tiger imperialists of the U.S. and its running-dog lackeys in the capitalist camp? Are you sufficiently proficient and well-motivated to desire to unite your knowledge of nonprocreative styles and forms with other citizens of the People's Republic of China? Then enlist with The Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Great Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club! Your declaration of progressive nonprocreative fervor will be broadcast on wall posters all over China, and soon your cooperative mailbox will be abundantly provided with notices from others who share your forward-looking inclinations and wish to reciprocate them. If you have a revolutionary sentiment to thus express, take it up with your district party leader: if, after extensive self-criticism, you and he or she decide that your thought is firmly aligned with the illustrious thought of Comrade Chairman Mao Tse-tung, you too can join the Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club. Long live Chairman Mao Tse-tung!

KANSO—NOT GETTING SUFFICIENT RECIPROCATION from male partner? Mature peasant is past master of Hangchow form of gratifying women. All letters answered. 1715

FUKIEN—HANDICAPPED? Deputy party leader who lost right leg in Japanese invasion of 1943 joyously awaits replies from women similarly branded with mark of would-be colonialist aggressors. Let us heal old wounds together and reaffirm our zeal for wiping clean the face of the earth of all enemies of the people. 1364

HIELUNKIANG—INSUFFICIENT ORIENTATION: This foolish woman shamefully confesses that she still clings in many ways to old-style pre-Revolutionary conventions of form and conduct, especially Mandarin Culture. One would be humbly gratified to contact virtuous man or woman or couple or Revolutionary Committee willing to assume the task of correcting one to proper nonprocreative modes of congress. All letters obsequiously answered. 1289

SZECHWAN—A GOOD TIME can be always had with us! Mid-thirties; active in all spheres; working, singing, teaching, venerating Chairman Mao, and practicing adeptly Peking and Hangchow forms. Willing also courageously to attempt Shanghai form, but absolutely no Mandarin Culture. Visitors warmly welcomed. 1733

SHANSHI — CORRUPT EUROPEAN BUREAUCRAT offers freely to instruct any Chinese women who desire to learn the devious and repugnant nuances of so-called Mandarin Culture, in exchange for Peking form of nonprocreative sexual congress. Know your enemy. Contact Henri at the French Embassy. 9599

GARTOK — OLD-STYLE TANTRIC FORMS can be ingeniously adapted to present-day luminous thought of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Come to the People's Autonomous Region of Tibet and find how this puissant peasant couple applies ancient teachings to nonprocreative forms of sexual congress. 1660

YUNNAN — HAPPILY JOINED worker couple being relocated from Kansu Province to the sun-warmed southlands expects warm welcome from Yunnan comrades. No Mandarin Culture, but eager to be instructed in forms approved by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. 4183

SHANSAI — EXTREMELY HIGH OFFICIAL in People's Republic capital city desires vigorous, puissant peasant or worker woman to dress him in old-style colonialist period women's costumes and inflict light to moderate Mandarin Culture on him. Discretion absolutely necessary. Permanent residence in Forbidden City for woman who fills the bill. 2787

SHANSAI — COMELY CONSORT of extremely high official in People's Republic capital city desires young men and women of progressive proletarian roots to aid her in extensive educational research of antiquated, counterproductive Mandarin Culture atrocity forms. Discretion absolutely necessary. Permanent residence in the Imperial Palace for those who fill the bill. 2788

LIAONING: "Social retrogression" grows out of the belly of a woman! Join the "irrefragably dedicated" joyous men of Mukden in "expressing" the radiant wisdom of "Comrade" Chairman Mao Tse-tung in "joyous" male-to-male nonprocreative "forms." The workers, soldiers, and "Party" members of Mukden "extend" a warm welcome to all "joyous" men of China to "celebrate" socialist nonprocreative progress with "Shanghai-form" congress! "Joyous" is great! 1070

HUNAN—CORRECTED BACKSLIDER: Formerly devious bureaucrat recently graduated from May 7 learning camp wishes to learn new forms of nonprocreative coupling devised through study of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thought since the Great Cultural Revolution. Still grievously ignorant and imperfectly oriented, but more than willing to learn. 1654

TSINGHAI — SELFLESS MAIDEN WOMAN invites all visitors to the Tsaidam People's Land Reclamation Cooperative to experience Peking and Hangchow forms as only she can apply them. Bring your entire affinity group; no one leaves unsatisfied. 3347

Hard-Corpse Pornography

Gook Rimming in America

Number 1 in a Series of Correspondence from Distinguished American Authors
This month **Terry Southern**

TERRY SOUTHERN
Blackberry River
East Canaan, Conn.

25 Jan 1972

My dear O'Don:

Many thanks for your kind letter -- which, through curious misdirection, has only just come to hand. Your 'Nothing Sacred' issue sounds like a real winner, and I greatly appreciate the generous invitation to ~~submit~~ contribute. I should be most delighted to do so, but unfortunately have nothing suitable at the mo. The piece I'm presently working on is more or less ~~straight~~ straight journalism and would hardly suit your purpose -- which I presume (correct me if I'm wrong) tilts more towards the 'satiric'. It is a piece, however, not ~~wholly~~ wholly devoid of interest, and one which might well (and hopefully!) find a place in future pages of your good ~~mag~~ mag -- since, though completely factual, it is not without an element of grim irony. Briefly then, it involves an organization of Vietnam veterans, of which you may or may not have heard (due to its somewhat clandestine nature), most often referred to as 'The SGR'. The SGR came into being, evidently, through the preservation and extension (in some cases, elaboration) of certain practices among the older members of a number of specific advanced field-units in the Nam. When these units, or their individual members, returned Stateside, they formed these small, highly secretive, groups, or 'sharcoots' as they're called (in an apparent corruption of the French 'charcouterie') and continued the nefarious and ritualized practices evolved in the Nam. The SGR, or 'rimmers' as they call themselves less formally, is ~~comprised~~ comprised of normal healthy American lads (or so they would appear) who "got hooked", as they explain it, on the rather unsavory (in my view) act of "stiff-gook rimming" -- i.e., tonguing dead Cong assholes with such incredible fervor and abandon as to finally lose consciousness (and "the gamier, the better" according to them). Michael, you and I do not know each other too well, but I can assure you I am not, I believe, a particularly squeamish person, and yet I must say in all frankness that ~~it~~ to witness their dervish-like gluttony when working Cong-rim is a mind-bender of ~~some~~ considerable weight. Though developed, as I say, in the paddies of the Nam, they continue to practice this heinous 'art' -- if, indeed, it may be so called -- right here in heartland of USA, receiveing packages of "cut-outs" as they're dubbed, straight from the deltas of the Nam, often via 'Diplomatic Pouch' (so highly placed are various elements of the membership). Mike, they say the stench of one of these so-called "rim-pacs" has an actual impact that will send an E-meter needle right through the side of the goddam box! Well, anyhoo. . .if you'd be interested seeing the completed piece on the SGR (including action-pix of a fairly compromising nature) please let me know. Meanwhile all best for continued success of your good mag.

T. Southern

FOTO FUNNIES
OKAY, FOR THE NEXT FRAME, HOLD YOUR LEFT BREAST TO HIS EAR AS IF IT'S A TELEPHONE.
DRAPE THE OTHER ONE OVER HIS HEAD, BUT DON'T COVER HIS EYES.
NOW, YOU STICK YOUR FINGER UP HER...
WHAT!?
NOW, YOU JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE!
I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH THIS VULGAR, TACKY, INSULTING SHIT! STICK IT IN HIS EAR, PUT IT UP HIS NOSE... JUMPING JESUS!
IN FACT, I'M FUCKING SICK OF YOU, YOUR FOTO FUNNIES, AND YOUR MAGAZINE, SO BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS, PIG!
AND AS FOR YOU, YOU IMMATURE, VOYEURISTIC, MASTURBATING LITTLE BOYS...

How to Write Love Letters

by P. J. O'Rourke

Preface

What nobler and more beauteous form can the arts of prose or poesy take than "les lettres amoureux"? For what finer inspiration is there than love? And what finer mode or manner of expression than love's letters? Private of intent are they, yet universal of intention. Couched in stately speech, yet bespeaking the more than speakable. Passionate, but as far removed from carnal gesture as is the slim papyrus reed from the throbbing funtunnel of that Tri-Delt in Art History, three rows down and two seats to the left, boasting a set of cupolas that make Santa Sophia look like Olga Korbut with a breadboard down her Danskin.

Chapter I

Historical Origins and Literary Background of the Modern Love Letter

Foolscap cheap and watery ink
Hold value dear for wit, I think.
Though cost they less than meat or drink,
They make the maidens fuck like mink.
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ever since some Neanderthal grunt-monger first smeared a "no-tar-pit-too-deep" pictograph on the cave wall with a handful of mammoth brains, love letters have figured big with the reading public—especially the squat-to-pee segment. The lit-biz big boys of every age have soaked up the slack between big sonnet contracts, or whatever, penning their way into the pants of local talent. Dante had his Beatrice. Abelard, his Eloise. Byron had his sister. And Aeschylus had a bunch of Greek boy scouts running around in French-cut fishnet togas playing hide-the-hemorrhoid with his Doric dangler. But, anyway, these guys could really swing a quill. They wrote letters that scaled the dizzying peaks of high-flown Parnassus. Letters that plumbed the sensuous depths of Styx-bound Elysium. Letters of brilliance, letters of beauty, letters that would make women do anything. Hum jobs, rim jobs, round the world, glass top coffee tables, Mazola parties, Alsatians in panty hose—that was nothing to these guys. One skim through a Cervantes mash note at a convent in Barcelona and there was a three-day run on the Spanish cucumber market. No kidding, Shakespeare used to have this girl who'd get down on her knees under the table at the Pig and Whistle with a mouth full of live caterpillars and make with full choke on the business end of his meat throttle. To coin a phrase.

Not only that, but today we owe about half the Modern Library and two feet eight inches of the Harvard Classics Five Foot Shelf of Books to this unbridled pursuit of pervo poontang. "To a Maid Made Bigge by What She Made Large" by Andrew Marvell, for example:

Full glad am I that fates have smiled
To bless thee with the gift of child,
And complimented proudly too,
That to our love thee think this due.
Yet, lest vain hubris *bring me grief,*
Decline must I this laurel wreath;
And state, for truth, I doubt it I
Whose source is this nativity.
For as Hellic cities seven
Vie for claim of Homer's birth,
So seven cities-full of men
Might claim the honor for thy girth.
But Oh, not sayest I deny
That oft togther we did lie.
Still thee were to such passion moved,
By verse of mine, thee set to prove
Thy love of me in ways arcane.
So turned thee round thy nether cheek
And pleasured me in manner Greek,
And pressed with care the kiss of France
With lips which girt my codpiece'd lance.
Spent I in every crannied nook
Or hole of thy fair form save one.
Thus canst lay claim to fatherhood
—Mayhaps it was John Donne!

Swell stuff, huh? Well, you can do it too. Maybe not with all the fancy iambic and pentameters and ten-dollar synonyms for "grapefruit tits," but every bit as effective when it comes to spray-painting the dead end of her honey hole instead of your ceiling light fixture.

Why? Because women *love* to get mail. And it doesn't take a three-year subscription to *Psychology Today* to figure out what "letter stuffed in a girl's mailbox" is a symbol for. No, sir! The way they lick those stamps with their long, provocative tongues, the way they make out addresses with gentle flicks of a felt-tip marker—it's clear as beer piss what women are up to. They want to take your private parts down to the post office and bang on them with a cancelling machine, then rip open your dork with a souvenir Gurka dagger. Crazier than shithouse rats, every one of them. But the point is, *any* piece of mail sets a girl's Kayro flowing, and if enough have your name on them, then some of that gash-gush is bound to splash your way.

So if you have your heart set on some parcel-post pussy, don't wait to develop the narrative style of a William "Dean" Howells; just start mailing away at the object of your affection and she's a shot quail. Girls prefer businessmen as sexual partners because they have longer envelopes, but anything will do—Hi-Brow cards about her appendix scar, Rio Rancho brochures, back numbers of *Commonweal*. Or a cinder block in brown wrapping paper with a two-cent stamp and no return address, which won't do much for your Saturday nights, but it'll give her a postage due bill the size of the Israeli defense budget and it's good for a laugh. If you're as psycho-sexually troubled as I am, I mean.

Pretty soon she's thinking the Postmaster General has his whole junk mail fleet depth-charging her letter chute and then you're ready to hit her with the high-powered "billets doux[1]." But before you turn her doomed pudendum into a literary free fire zone, let's make sure you have your map coordinates straight, or you might call in an air strike on your own position and wind up with a set of fragged noncoms and a permanent assignment on the Ross Ice Shelf walking point for a herd of Musk elk, cooze-wise, if you know what I mean.[2]

Chapter II

Beginner's and Intermediate Love Letters

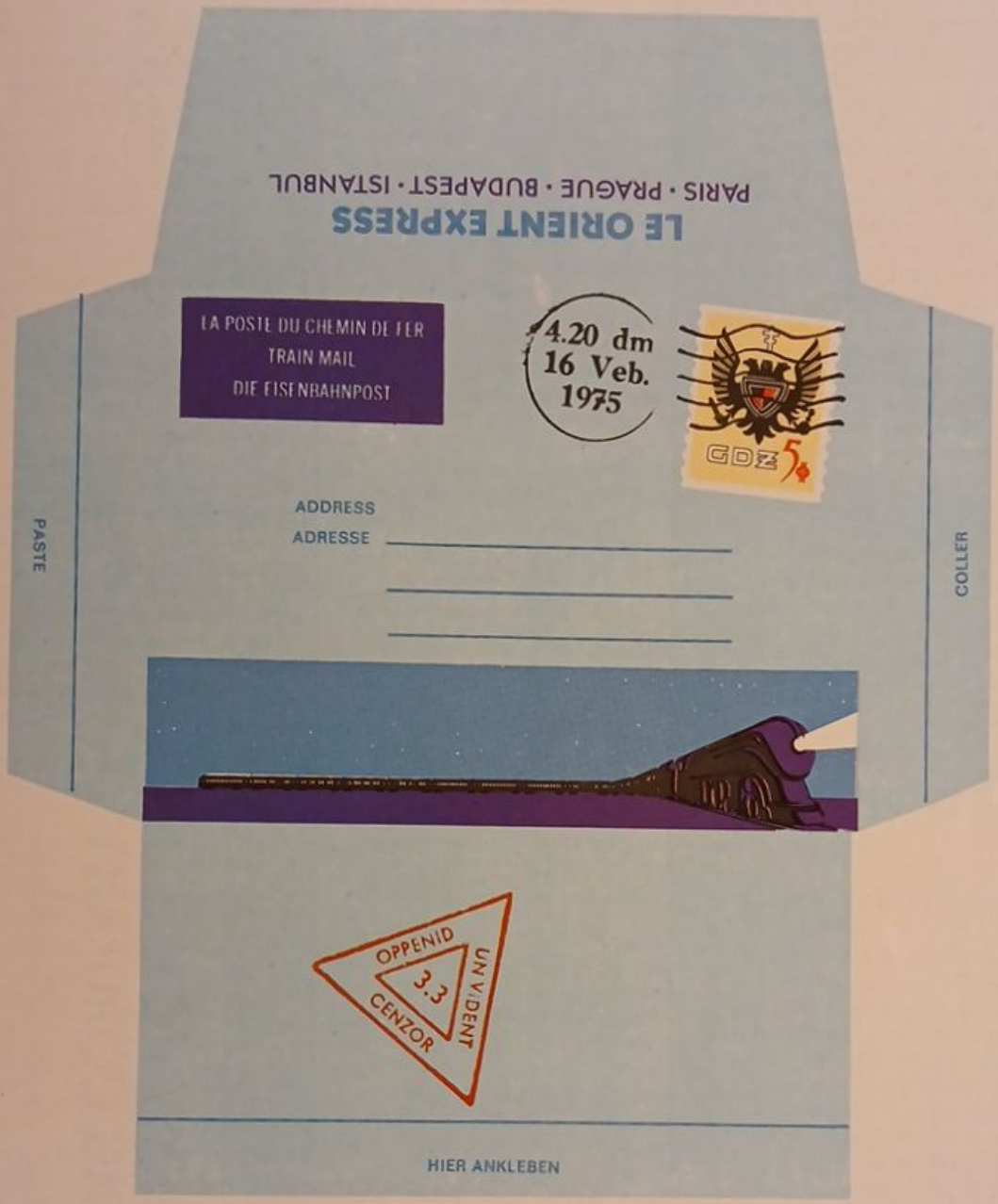
If to write the flowery prose,
You find yourself too lazy,
Broads run for cover
And soon you discover
Your love life's pushing up daisies.
—William Burmashave Yeats

When you say "flowery language," the first thing that pops into a lot of guys' minds is "pansy." These are the ones who sprinkle their letters with words like "buckshot," "quarterback," "mackinaw," and "axle" to create a gruff and hairy masculine image in their girl friends' thoughts. This *works* alright except that most women's ideal sexual partner is sleek, graceful, and practically devoid of bodily hair—in other words, another woman. Which doesn't matter a bit since they all fuck with their eyes

[1] *That's French for "love letters," not to be confused with "love for French letters," which is what she'll have when you're rolling one down your ding-dong and getting ready to "dip sheep" instead of playing one-handed spit-in-the-carpet with Ms. Thumb and her four comely daughters every night the way you did before learning all the valuable lessons in this informative article.*

[2] *And, frankly, if you'd been willing to do your duty in Nam defending America from those hordes of smelly zipper-heads instead of flashing a crack full of peanut butter during your draft physical and then wrecking other people's expensive college campuses over some argle-bargle about colored people not having enough TVs, you would know what I mean.*

Handy Helps for the Novice



An authentic envelope from the stationery desks in the first class compartments of Europe's legendary Orient Express. Cut out carefully, fold flaps in, and glue together. Guaranteed to immortalize the dreariest homesick prattle or Y-Teen Youth Tour itinerary.

Exotic Stamps

For additional accuracy, make perforations around borders with pushpin or thumbtack before clipping.

The Postmarks of Adventure. Peel press-type film off backing, select postmark, place over uncancelled stamps on your love letter, and rub gently with blunt stylus or soft lead pencil.

Handy Helps Continued

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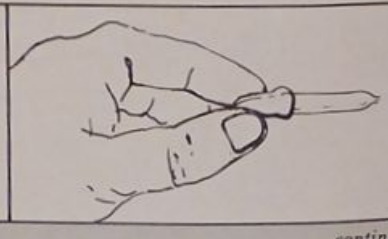
Impressive and unusual letterheads to add a certain cachet to your otherwise mundane correspondence. Cut along borders, match solid lines to the edges of a plain white sheet of 8½x11 typing paper, and deliver to a local Quick-Print. You'll have a lifetime supply of intriguing stationery—ideal for use with the Orient Express envelope. But that means you'll have to buy two copies of the magazine (we're not in business for our health).

Special Bonus Tip

To make authentic-looking teardrops, mix one tablespoon of salt and a dash of laundry blueing in a pint of warm water. Fill eye-dropper and allow drop(s) to fall from a height of fourteen inches.



continued on page 98

closed and practically the only place they ever put their hands is on your back where you don't *have* any hair unless you're Jewish and in which case you probably don't have any excessive masculinity problems anyway. But it's a bad idea, just the same, to try and seduce a girl by getting her to think of things that'll make her actually nauseous.

Elaborate, flowery language is important because women love big words. Though why women love big words is a mystery, unless it's because they're all secret Negros. Which might be the case since women love to sing and dance and wear stupid clothes and usually don't have much in the way of useful job skills. (Try slipping "bodacious," "abilitude," or "Ah sho' do be amplified ob makin' yo' acquaintancehood," into the next note to your sweetie and see what happens.[3] Also, when used with expertise, polysyllabic words, poetic inversions, and rococo phraseology can make wanting to plunge your pud up her giggle duct sound like a white-tie invite to the *Palais Stodet* for a twelve-course feed with the Belgian Queen Mother-in-Law. In fact, the importance of flowery language cannot be overestimated:

With proper use of "flowery language"

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purpled mountain's majesty
Above the fruited plain.
America, America, God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Without proper use of "flowery language"

You're good-looking because you have a big sky and your wheat is yellow. Also, your red and blue mountains are higher than your valuable farmland. United States, God should drop blessings all over you and put togetherness on top of your head which is filled with other praiseworthy virtues coast to coast.

Now, very few people emerge from an American public school education with words like "purpled" or "fruited" in their vocabularies—let alone the ability to use them with a straight face. So you're going to have to make up in writing style what you lack in learning and mushy sentiments about the landscape:

Dear _____,

The dorm is quiet. The air is heavy with my roommate from Cleveland. Outside, across the boulevard, the moon sets behind the Pick-and-Pay and my thoughts turn to you. Oh, Rose of Dayton, love binds you to me as epoxy resin does the self-stick tile in the rec room of your father's manse. Here are we—counties apart—yet love between us spreads in a band more wide and enduring than U.S. 127's asphalt expanse.

Our love is like the Astroturf, unheeding storms which mar mere mortal weekends. No icy blast is proof against the clinging salt of our love.
So, to me fly straight,
Swift as an arrow,
Soon as you can borrow
Your mother's Camaro.

xxxxxooooo, etc.

Really, you've got to put yourself in the mood. A quick flip through the thesaurus, two jelly glasses full of George Dickle, and a vivid recollection of Elaine Guttenburg's blousefront the day she gave back all your Jay and the Americans singles and the three-foot Snoopy ought to do the trick. Or rent a print of *Elvira Madigan* (nix on the barfola, though). Or think about the lavender sachet in your mother's underwear drawer.

But if you still don't feel you're ready to pitch shit with the varsity, then warm up with some "bull-pen"[4] practice on everyday notes and messages like:

Meter Maiden or brave Officer of Law,
Far be it from my desire to bring down danger upon the heads of our fair cities' teeming myriads by lief of this, my motored carriage, in block of passage to yon hydra-yclept font of waters which need serve to sooth consumption by ere-threatened flame. But denizens of foul opiate's ways have lain hands upon my near-new Delco. And spirited it away.

Or:

Oh, Man of Milk, neglect not the protein dear to this young body's corporal health! Leave thee then not one but two fine quart-full ampules of thy nectar, pure and void of tint as is the broad expanse of arctic Thule and nearly, yes, as cold. But leave thee never now or yet again the "half-with-half" congealed by Apollo's bright chariot, the sun, into warmish lumps which stank.

Until your confidence is in the kind of shape where it's hanging moons out minibus windows at the Kent State National Guard, be patient; with practice, you'll spout more euphemisms than a Boston Carmelite in a public health clinic with the clap-yo-hands. Then every sheet of stationery you put to Bic becomes a license to pound pussy, and every word you scrawl will stiffen nipples from Nantucket to San Jose—as long as you don't mean it.

And I *mean* it. They know that if you're writing a love letter and you're *sincere*, then you're writing a love letter because you're *in love*. And if you're writing a love letter because you're *in love*, that means you haven't got anyplace else to park your peter while you're wherever you are that you're writing from. And once women get the idea that their Sisters have walked out on your act, you're screwed—figuratively. Dropped like a used Pursette. It happened to the midi and it can happen to you.

This brings us to two additional techniques of romantic correspondence, humor and rhyme. Humor is the more consequential of the two, particularly if you try to use it. A "laughing" woman, like a "laughing" hyena, is strictly a figure of speech. No zoologist ever meant to imply that if you told a hyena the one about "Two popes walk into a bar, . . ." it would rupture a lung, spit out its drink, or try to book you on Carson. The same goes double for women. And what a hyena *would do* if you got close enough to tell it a joke is by no means any prettier than what women do to comically inclined young men every day of the week.

Girls don't have a sense of humor. When all your plumbing is set up to do is manufacture babies and the main function of your outward features is to start fights and inspire suicide, life is no laughing matter. Tell your girl a joke, a perfectly hilarious joke, an absolutely smash-up-the-smoking-car-make-'em-vomit-in-the-ice-bucket joke . . .

Old Rabbi is walking down the street and he sees a little kid sitting on the curb, playing with a pile of horse shit.
"Oi vey!" says the Rabbi. "What are you doink playing vit horse shit?!"
"I'm makin' a Irishman," says the kid.
"Ho ho ho ho ho," laughs the Rabbi, "but vhy are you makink a Irishman?"
"I ain't got enough shit to make a Rabbi."

. . . and all she'll say is something like "goodbye."

Women who like to laugh are even rarer than women who like body hair. If you find a girl who adores your puns and loves to run her fingers through your curly shoulders, she's probably a drag queen. The next time you're direct dialing her woozle you'd better check down there and make sure she's not holding her balls out of the way, especially if your knuckles come up smelling like the Chicago Ship and Sanitary Canal instead of Puget Sound.

Rhyme, on the other hand, flips them over on their backs so fast you'd think they had hinges. You get those words all rhyming up together and tintinabulating around on the page and it's music to a girl's ears. Which is exactly the effect you want—the minute they start hearing music in their ears, they think they're in a movie. And you know what goes on in movies these days. Boy, did you see *Wet Rainbow*? Ooo-ee! God *damn*. Anyway, you can polish up the old versification skills the same way you brushed up on the mush prose. It's a lot easier than it looks. You'd be surprised at how many words rhyme with each other. Mikado, avocado, and

[3] *But don't come limping back here with an armload of bloody doctor bills if she carves a Harlem sunset in your face with a pearl-handled straight razor.*

[4] *Did you "get" it? And quit moving your lips.*

amontillado, for instance, all rhyme great.

Additional Study

By now, if you've been attentive, you should be well on your way to distinction as a home-town Casanova, considering what probably passes for distinction in your home town. Such learning is in itself meritorious, but for the student who wishes to delve deeper, a short glossary of the Female language has been attached:

A Short Glossary of the Female Language

English	Female
cock	*thing*
tits	*things*
cunt	*there*
no	*please*
yes	*do you love me?*
fuck	*dinner and a movie*
shit	*freshen up*

Chapter III

Advanced Composition

"Others only see your beauty; I see up under your skirt."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson
In a letter to Emily Dickens

There is little doubt that the love letter in its highest form is primarily the product of big, bloody, gory wars with heathen nations full of cruel, foreign-looking, bellicose desperados who get slaughtered by the millions and everyone is glad. Not that I subscribe for a moment to the theory that such carnage stimulates women sexually. Personally, I think it's a disgrace the way practically every prominent psychiatrist believes that just because women spend about one-fourth of their lives dripping blood all over the place, they therefore have an overpowering desire to see me do a lot of bleeding, too.

Just because every woman in America physically *threw* herself at anything with brass buttons on during the last big war and, when the men came home covered in the gore of untold hundred millions of hacked and shredded nips and krauts, jumped on cocks at such a rate that there resulted a "baby boom" of proportions unknown in the history of the world, is no reason to think that women are sexually stimulated by killing.

Nevertheless, those messy international altercations sure do fill the woods with cunt, and if you have any feeling for the fellow members of your sex, you'll do anything you can to start another one. Like using lots of gasoline and ribbing the crap out of any sheenies you happen to know about how the Arabs got the jump on them last time around—really rub their noses in it; with the way *their* noses grow it shouldn't take too long to get something going. Everybody's got to do his part. Not like the last time when we had a perfectly good thing going and you college kids queered it getting killed and wounded right here stateside where it doesn't do anybody any good.

But when you finally cash in on all that paramilitary muff, "accidents" can still happen. If you're worried that your number may come up pregnant, try sending this famous telegram:

Dear Miss Lucinda Vermicelli,

The Joint Chiefs of Staff of the United States of America regret to inform you that Pfc. Lawrence Hallihan is missing you in action stop

If your love-light is a careful reader, she'll gain new respect for your importance with the Pentagon brass. But if her reading comprehension should be somehow impaired (say, for instance, by the emotional stress of six or eight months fishing spotless Modess out of her afro-clam), then maybe she'll throw herself in front of an uptown A Train, and what might have been a lifetime of child support payments will coat the rails with a thin scum from Columbus Circle to 125th Street and Lenox. Either way, you can't lose.

However, short of another swell world war, there's always a trump card we can pull on women which is, basically, that they're pretty easy to fool. In fact, they're practically famous for being tricked into the old in-and-out by "traveling Pap testers" or "county health inspectors" taking "deep throat cultures" to "check the spread of typhoid" ("Now, close your eyes and let me paint your tonsils!") or you-name-it.

Steal some business stationery and send out invoices:

Re: Your order of one 6" penis

We are pleased to inform you that a new shipment has arrived and your order can now be filled. Please pick up load at our warehouse apartment, 28½ College Ave, or phone for forwarding to your dorm.

No girl in her right mind will want to outright refuse delivery and risk getting involved in a lengthy court case over some obscure point of contractual law.

Or try a bargain. No woman can resist a bargain. Think what a bargain marriage is, for example, and *they* know that's what's kept them from starving all these years.

Special Clearance

Fantastic Values

CLOTHES 100% Off

Featured in our Bargain Paneled Basement

THIS WEEK ONLY

AT

STANLEY KLEIN'S DEPARTMENT HOUSE

351 Maple Grove Lane

Or make your love-light a contest winner. That's another thing they love, getting something for nothing. Filling the old void, as it were. Something from nothing; that's where babies come from, after all. And without babies, what excuse would they *have*? But I digress:

Dear Occupant:

You may have already won an all-expense paid night at the luxurious new Hiway-Vu Motel. If you're a short blonde with large perky tits and answer to the name Suzy May Lasky . . .

And so forth. And if *that* doesn't work, why don't you just get 'em clipped off. I mean it. What the fuck? Sign up for that clinic in Casablanca, snip-snip and you're a dame. Who cares anyway? I hear they do a good job of it nowadays. Hardly anyone can tell unless they get up close. And they even turn the skin of your cock inside-out up inside you so you can feel it and everything. Then you wouldn't have to write any of this crap. Christ, you wouldn't even have to *read* it. You wouldn't have to do a goddamned fucking thing. Just sit around on your ass all day, eat bonbons, and read movie magazines, and the hell with the man who works. □

"No matter what kind of lover . . ."
00:30

1. *Music: Soft, romantic*
HETERO WOMAN: Wanna make it with me, baby?

2. GAY MAN: Or am *I* more your type?

3. S&M WOMAN: Is this what turns you on? *(Cracks whip)*

4. SEX KITTENS: *(Unison)* How 'bout a threesome with us, honey?

5. ANNOUNCER: *(VO)* No matter what kind of lover you're looking for, you'll find him, her, or it at Sensorama X. . . .

6. ANNOUNCER: *(VO)* Make your fantasies live—at Sensorama X, opening October sixteenth. Tickets available at Sensorama Theater or through Ticketron.

Advertiser: **Sensorama X Premiere** Agency: **Simmons, Mogel, and Beard** Copywriter: **Chris Miller** Art Director: **Peter Kleinman**

7. ANNOUNCER: (VO) Sensorama X—the ultimate sensual experience.
SHEEP: (VO) Baaaa!

by Chris Miller

"Bah!" said the mayor. He switched off the TV with distaste. "Jesus H. Christ," he said to the assistant mayor, "I mean the thing's practically a goddamn whorehouse, for Chrissakes, and they're advertising it on television! Everyone already thinks New York is the Sodom and Gomorrah of the fucking universe—this'll prove it! Well, Sal, I'll tell you what: I'm going down there to this premiere tonight. If it's what I think it is—hell, if it's what they're *saying* it is—we're going to shut it down cold."

Excerpt from Mallory interview, Channel Seven Eyewitness News

"Mr. Mallory, are you expecting any serious opposition to your plans to open to the public an entertainment form so erotic that, as I understand it, those of you who tested it actually ejaculated in your pants?"

"(*Chuckling*) That's right, Melba, we all did. Well, yes, we've had a few crackpot phone calls and that sort of thing, but, in the main, people have been remarkably anxious to get in there and try Sensorama X for themselves. I think the sexual revolution has long since been won and, today, just about everyone accepts eroticism as a valid subject for the entertainment media. In any case, there'll be lots of police at the premiere for security and crowd control. So, no, we really don't expect a single problem."

Herman "Thick-Lips" Washington, czar of all street prostitution in New York City, sat behind his desk in his mahogany-paneled Harlem offices and waved his cigar indignantly at his associates. "It's unfair competition," he declared. "You know how they make these sensotape recordings? Let's say they want to make a tape of a blowjob. You think they jus' get some bitch off the street to do the suckin'? Shee-it. They go get the broad that won the national blow-job competition in Denmark five years running and record some guy being done by her who's got a supersensitive, thirteen-inch banana and can last fifteen minutes before he come! Now, how our girls gonna compete with that? Firs' thing you know, there gonna be a Sensorama X on every block an' *we* all be on welfare!" Thick-Lips stared at his fingernails briefly. "Tell you what: Bama, Ah want you to go downtown to that openin' tonight an' do to the

Sensorama Theater what you been doin' in the South Bronx all year. Ah want those suckers out of business before mornin', you dig what Ah sayin'?"

"You got it, boss." Bama removed his wide-brim hat with the mink band, hung it on a wall peg, and headed for the arms room.

From *New Yorker* article, "How Sensorama Went X," by Pauline Kael

When they first developed sensotape, Mallory, Logan, and Baum believed that its chief application would be to reinforce the experience of the traditional narrative film. Logan got backing to direct a high-budget Civil War drama called *Gettysburg*, and Mallory, the scientist/technician of the team, developed miniaturized "sensrecorders," which could be attached to the members of the cast. The completed film, after much ballyhoo, was shown to an audience wearing sensotape playback helmets. But instead of experiencing the events of the film directly, the audience experienced the sensations of actors *pretending* to experience the events of the film. During Pickett's Charge, for example, while experiencing the action through the consciousness of "General Pickett," the audience was quite perturbed to find themselves less worried about the Yankee guns they faced than whether the camera was catching their best profile. *Gettysburg* was shelved and Mallory, Logan, and Baum returned to the drawing board.

They threw out the idea of linking sensotape to film. If actors simulating reality didn't work, they reasoned, real people experiencing genuine realities would. They decided to make the sensotape playback the entire experience. Borrowing heavily, they built the Sensorama Theater on West Fifty-Fourth Street. It was a new kind of theater, without stage or screen. Rather, it contained a thousand large, comfortable, reclining seats called *sensoloungers*, which were scattered about in twos and threes; it looked, in fact, less like a theater than a tasteful, barless cocktail lounge. Concealed in the headsets of the sensoloungers were sensotape broadcast grids, which replaced the unwieldy, vaguely ominous-looking playback helmets. Relaxed in his sensolounger, the audience would enter a light trance upon activation of the grids and directly experience . . . what?

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, about the choice of Sensorama subject material. Mallory is said to have suggested feats of athletics beyond the capability of the ordinary person. Make sensotapes of boxers boxing, sky divers in free fall, quarterbacks hurling long bombs. Logan, the creative one, took off from there. Great, he said. And take them on a climb up Mt. Everest, pearl hunting with Balinese divers, whaling with Eskimos. Let them experience the exhilaration of a winning presidential candidate, the ecstasy of a jazz musician on a great night, the perfect peace of a zen master. Mallory and Logan became so excited, the story goes, that they began to pound each other on the back, shouting suggestions back and forth. Baum, the businessman, watched his partners quietly during all this. When they had run out of breath, he leaned forward and clasped his hands. "Fine," he said. "Those are all very nice ideas. And now I'm going to tell you where the *real* money is."

"Where?" asked Mallory and Logan.

Baum smiled. "Sex."

A large *x* was added to the Sensorama marquee within the week.

"Hello, Gloria?"

"Freddie? I don't believe you're calling me. I'm going to hang up." *Click.*

"Oh, for Christ's sake." Freddie redialed.

"Freddie, if this is you again . . ."

"Gloria, don't hang up. When you hear what I got us tickets for tonight, you won't . . ."

"I don't care if you got us tickets to the *moon*. I told you I didn't want to see you anymore. After what you did *last* night . . ."

"But . . ."

"You shut up. God damn you, Freddie, you're so fucking charming and cute. You always get your own way. I told you I wasn't into making love last night. I told you I was sick, that the very *idea* of fucking made me nauseous. But, oh no, *you* had to get laid. You were so damn cute about it, you had *me* feeling sorry for *you*!"

"Baby, I . . ."

"*Quiet!* And when I finally went along with you, I *did* get sick. And *you* split! You son-of-a-bitch, I was throwing up all night! You're a fucking *seductor*, Freddie, and, as far as you and I are concerned, we're thr . . ."

"*Gloria! I got us tickets to Sensorama X!*"

"Sensorama . . . X?"

"Yes! I've been trying to tell you. I had to trade a whole ounce of C to Saul Logan himself to get them, but . . ."

"God damn you, Freddie, you've gotten your own way again! I'll be over in a half-hour!"

From report of Critic-at-Large, Channel Four Newscenter

" . . . probably the most eagerly awaited opening night in the history of show business. Tickets to tonight's premiere disappeared like drops of water on a hot car fender the minute they were released, and the few that have emerged through scalpers have been going for as high as five thousand per. That's dollars. In fact, with its relatively small thousand-seat capacity, Sensorama X is, at this point, sold out for the next two-and-a-half years. I wish I could come back on the "Eleven O'Clock News" and tell you just what it's like to have a Sensorama X experience . . . but I can't. *I* couldn't get a ticket, either. Tom?"

Hitter returned to his apartment at seven, went immediately to the bedroom, and began untying Carmella.

"Mmplmp," said Carmella.

Hitter grunted and removed Carmella's plug.

"Oh, Hitta, I though you'd *neva* get home." She grabbed Hitter's cock through the loosening ropes. "Dominate me with the car aerial. Use the cactus dildo on me. Squirt vinegar up my nose while I'm sucking you off. Wipe your shit in my hair. Blow snot up my . . ."

"Ah, knock it off." Hitter jammed the plug back in her mouth. "Look, getcherself dressed. We're goin' to a *pree-meer*."

"Mmp?" said Carmella, slipping into a blouse.

"Dis rich faggot I was kickin' around down in the trucks, he says he's got these tickets, see, to dis Sensorama X t'ing dere doin' tonight an' do I wanna go wid 'im. Insteada money, for kickin' 'im around, right? So I says, lemme see 'em, y'know? An', as soon as he hands 'em to me, I put my foot in 'is face an' locked 'im inna truck. An' split." He drew two tickets from a pocket of his motorcycle jacket and held them before Carmella's widening eyes. They were elaborately engraved, important-looking as money.

"Mmp-a-rmma?!" Carmella threw her arms around Hitter, who, to her delight, spun her around, whipped her brutally ten times across the naked buttocks with a length of barbed wire, and fucked the shit out of her. When they started for the theater, they both felt wonderful and ready for anything.

From Mallory, Logan, and Baum's televised press conference in the Sensorama X control room complex, shortly before premiere night opening ceremonies

Channel Two "Gay Beat" Reporter: One question that's particularly intrigued me, Mr. Logan, is just how you intend to satisfy the wide spectrum of sexual orientations that have manifested themselves in today's world.

Logan: Well, basically, we've gone out and made tapes of every sexual act anyone's ever heard of, between every possible kind of partner. We made our recordings in a wide variety of fantasy contexts, some of them with quite a few special effects thrown in. You want simple fellatio from a skilled milkmaid in a field of daisies, we can give you that. You want to urinate in the mouth of the severed head of a recently-departed, attractive dead person, we've got that, too.

Channel Thirteen Reporter: But how can so many sensotapes be broadcast simultaneously? Won't they get all mixed up with each other?

Mallory: (Indicating floor-to-ceiling banks of computers) Not with these babies working. Not only do our computers store all of our taped experiences, they also assemble them into coherent form, with the correct fantasy context, and deliver them through these trunk lines to each audience member. One of our Sensorama attendants enters the audience member's choice into an input terminal—which is a simple matter, rather like punching a selection on a juke box—and the computers take over. And deliver, I might say from personal experience, one of the most exciting entertainments you could possibly imagine, thanks to the fertile imagination and production expertise of my compatriot, Mr. Logan.

Channel Thirteen Reporter: I guess you could say, then, that Sensorama X is the first theater ever built in which every member of the audience gets his own separate show.

Mallory: That's right. It'll be interesting watching the critics try to compare notes. *(Laughter)*

Channel Four Science Reporter: Does the user of Sensorama X retain an awareness of his own identity? That is, does he know who he is? Or does he think he's some other person?

Logan: Well, when you're in a Sensorama experience, you're really not thinking about who you are. During a sensotape playback, you experience what your host fuck experienced—feel what he felt, see what he saw, smell what he smelled, and so forth—but you think it's all happening directly to you. We also feed in a few simple facts to orient you: what sort of person you are, usually your partner's name, where you are, that sort of thing. But that's all. As much as possible, we've tried to keep Sensorama a purely sensual experience, unmarred by identity.

Channel Seven Reporter: You've been very quiet so far, Mr. Baum. Would you like to say anything concerning the financial success of your venture?

Baum: (Smiles) (Laughter)

From live coverage of Sensorama Premiere

". . . in front of the theater now, Roger, and, let me tell you, it's crowded. We have Captain Quinn here . . . Captain? Sir, what's the latest estimate of the crowd?"

"Well, we took a look by helicopter just now—hey, you kids! Get away from there!—and right now we're figuring about ten thousand. They're all here to find out who was rich enough to get tickets, y'know? *Hey, reinforce that line over there!* Uh, I gotta go."

"Thanks, Captain. Roger, the mood of this crowd is electric and very sexual, as you could see from those two young ladies who showed their breasts to our ABC cameras a few moments ago. But, as far as we can see, it's basically a well-behaved crowd, out for a good time. Here's a man who's painted himself all silver for the occasion. Sir? Are you going inside?"

"Nope. Wish I was."

"You and everyone else!"

"Yup. Well, happy orgasms."

"Oh, uh, thank you. Gee, slapped me on the ass there, Roger."

(Roger, *from studio*) "Have you seen many celebrities, Ken?"

"I *guess* so! We've seen Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, Senator and Mrs. Javits . . . oh, Andy Warhol's here now. Hi, Andy. And Nor-

man Mailer went inside a little while ago; he's writing a piece for *Playboy* on this. And we've seen a number of older, obviously very wealthy men being helped inside. . . . Come to think of it, Roger, I guess Sensorama X will have great appeal to senior citizens. And, for that matter, to paralytics and genitally-wounded veterans as well..."

Bama, wearing work clothes and carrying a large, expensive-looking metal tool chest, emerged from the Fiftieth Street IRT. He stopped in the doorway of a porn shop for a quick one-and-one and then, eyes bright, humming a falsetto section from a recent Al Green single, headed up Seventh Avenue toward the crowds and carbon arc searchlight beams slicing the sky.

"Do you fucking believe this?" said Gloria wonderingly as they emerged from the cab. "Look at this crowd! My God, there's Mick Jagger!"

"Where?" Freddie craned his neck in all directions.

"There! Standing next to . . . Freddie, that's Bob Dylan!"

"Holy shit," said Freddie.

"Will you look at all the tuxedos! This is so exciting!"

"Not mad at me any more?"

"Oh, Freddie, you know I can't stay mad at you."

"Heh heh," thought Freddie. Flanked by lines of sweating police barely holding the straining crowds at bay, they swept up the red-carpeted runway into the theater.

The mayor regarded the sensolounger with distaste. "I actually have to lie down in this thing?"

The pert, androgynous attendant smiled. "You'll find it very comfortable, Mr. Mayor."

Grumbling, the mayor emulated the people all around him and climbed into his sensolounger. It held him like a large, leather hand. He lay back in it tentatively, then sat up again. "Uh, listen, I'm not going to have to do anything, uh, *weird*, am I?"

"Only should you choose to, sir. Your every erotic wish is our command."

"Oh," said the mayor, swallowing. He lay back.

Bama finally made it through the throngs of celebrity-watchers and scene-makers to arrive at the theater front. He stopped humming, drooped his eyes sleepily and accosted Captain Quinn.

"Uh, Cappin, uh, Missuh Mallory want dese tools from de studio. What muss Ah do?"

"Jesus Christ!" said Quinn, turning back a rush of seven rubber fetishists toward the nearest TV camera. "I can't leave here."

"Well, uh, Missuh Mallory say Ah spoze get dese tool to him . . ." Bama looked around helplessly, scratching his head.

"Go ahead and take them in, then," yelled the Captain over his shoulder. "Through that door. No, stupid, *that* one! Jesus!" He turned, just in time to repel a fresh rush of demonstrators toward the camera, this time a group of coprolagniacs, bearing turds. He roared back over his shoulder, "And hurry up back out of there."

"Yassuh, thass whut Ah do, all righ'." Bama shut the door behind him, cutting off the cacophony from the street. He found himself in a long dim corridor. At the end of the corridor was a large, heavy-looking door topped by a red lightbulb. Bama smiled ."Yassuh, Ah sho gwine hussle mah ass right out of here," he said. He giggled and, because he was alone, slapped his own palm. Then he started for the control room door.

In the center of the theater, Logan climbed atop a raised dais. The audience, fully seated now, fell silent.

Logan smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the premiere of Sensorama X. I know you all have a million questions about how our revolutionary new entertainment form works, but, rather than tell you about it, I'm going to show you. We're going to run a simple heterosexual coition tape called *Jamaica*," which I think most of you will enjoy. If a heterosexual experience would be strange or disturbing to you, simply tell your Sensorama attendant and please indulge the rest of us by remaining quiet and in your sensolounger until you can select your own sensotape experience. Those of you who *are* ready for a trip to *Jamaica*, simply indicate to your attendant whether you wish to experience the male or female half of the tape. While you are doing so, I might mention that one quarter of tonight's proceeds have been earmarked for expeditions to primitive corners of the earth to make more sensotapes: circumcision rites in New Guinea, the Yoni-on-the-Totem sacrifice of Ecuador, zebra rim jobs in Tanzania, and many, many more. Now, if you've all made your selection of gender, just lie back, close your eyes, and relax. Ladies and gentlemen . . . this is Sensorama X. "

Hitter lay back, sneering. This whole bullshit was obviously a scam. Nothing would happen and . . . he blinked. Drops of water were falling in his eyes. He blinked the water away and squinted against the brightness of the sun. Karen was standing over him, drying her nude body with a towel, pretending obliviousness to the fact that she was standing with her legs spread directly over his face. The sun was backlighting her resplendant black bush so that the droplets of ocean nestling therein flared with colors, like jewels. Unable to restrain himself, he craned his head to the juncture of her legs and began with his tongue to explore her Chicken of the Sea. Karen shuddered, bringing her warm thighs softly against either side of his face. Her labia split, releasing a hot flow of nectar into his mouth. *He* shuddered. He lapped at her gently, like a bee at a flower. Gulls squawked. The surf boomed. A reggae

band chunka-chunked in the distance. His cock was thrusting up like a parking meter so he lay back in the sand, guided Karen's hips down and parked her on it. Breath hissed in her teeth. "Ooo," she said. Her clever labia gripped him all around and she began, feet planted at either side of his hips, to lower and raise herself on him, milking him. "Oh, baby," she said. He found himself trembling like a volcano, abruptly came like Krakatoa, practically blasting her off of him. After a moment of stillness, she disengaged from him and lay at his side, brushing his neck with her lips. It had been . . . perfect, the fuck of a lifetime. He'd never felt more fulfilled. He hugged Karen closer to him and dozed . . .

Hitter awoke in his sensolounger, blinked at the dim, discreet lighting on the ceiling. He let out his breath. "Jesus," he said.

The audience, as one person, opened their eyes. They began to smile. They turned to one another and began exclaiming ecstatically. Mallory reattained the dais. "Ladies and gentlemen, *that* . . . is Sensorama X." The audience turned to look at him. Someone began to applaud. They all began to applaud. They sat up in their sensoloungers and clapped and clapped and clapped.

At the control room door, Bama stopped and did another couple hits of coke. "Ahh," he said. He opened the door and slipped inside. Lots of honkies in white lab coats were rushing every which way, consulting dials, reading print-outs. "Shee-it, look like Ah got mahseff into 2001," Bama said to himself. He giggled, set the tool chest down and began rummaging within.

"This is your Sensorama X Program Guide," said Freddie and Gloria's attendant, handing them each a program. They looked like menus from a large, expensive restaurant. "Simply decide on the erotic scenario you wish to experience, choose your gender, and I will enter your selections for you."

"Let's see here," said Gloria, opening the program and reading at random. "'Fifty-seven—*Natural Rhythm*—Love in the macho style with a well-hung black in an idealized slum apartment.' 'Sixty-three—*Golden Showers*—A urinary fantasia amidst an entire Welsh rugby team' . . . Freddie, this stuff is fantastic!"

"God, I can see." Freddie was studying his program with great concentration, licking his lips. "Ah ha! '*Liberated Sisters*—Hot Sapphic love beneath a hail of The Man's bullets—absolutely safe.' That's for me," he said excitedly to the attendant.

"Yes, sir." The attendant noted Freddie's order on his pad and turned to look at Gloria.

Gloria shot a glance at Freddie. "Liberated sisters? You want to be a *lesbian*?"

"Sure, why not?" said Freddie happily.

"Jesus," said Gloria. She went back to her program. "Well, I think I'll take eighty-six."

The attendant noted the number, took their programs, and glided away toward an input terminal.

"Eighty-six?" said Freddie. "What's eighty-six?"

Gloria ran a hand over her groin and leered. "*Movie Star Surprise.*"

Bama took the squat, tubular container from the tool chest and began unscrewing its cap. "Sho nuff do these folks *in*," he thought to himself. He was plucking out the phosphorous grenade when he was spotted.

"Hey!" bellowed a technician. "Who the hell are you? What are you doing in here?"

"Uh-oh," thought Bama. "Here come trouble."

"Good Lord," cried a second technician. "He's got a grenade! Grab him! Stop him, somebody!"

A half-dozen men landed on Bama before he could get the pin out. The grenade fell on the floor and Bama went down under a sea of white lab jackets.

"Your fantasy, Mr. Mayor?"

"Well . . ." The mayor looked around uncomfortably to see if anyone was listening. "I'll try number seventeen," he whispered.

"Which one is that, sir?" The attendant peered curiously over his shoulder.

"This one," said the mayor, pointing.

"'*Mona*—Extremely tender love from a fully-ripened older woman with an international flair,'" read the attendant. "Why, Mr. Mayor, I think that's very sweet." She smiled at him and moved off toward the input terminal.

The mayor shot a dirty look at the back of her head and lay back, tightly gripping the arms of his sensolounger.

Bama gathered his *chi*, braced himself, and hurled the technicians from him. Leaping to his feet, he assumed the horse stance. He took out the first charging assailant with a bear thrust to the throat. The man went down, gagging. Two more white-jacketed men leapt on him. He hit them, respectively, with an elephant stamp and a sword hand. They went down hard, but six more technicians were advancing on him in a semicircle. Bama's lips drew back. "*Kaiiieeeeeeeee!*" he shrilled, and dove at their very center.

"And what can I do for you, sir," said Carmella and Hitter's attendant with a little curtsy.

"Well, yuh could kiss my ass," suggested Hitter. He and Carmella sniggered and nudged one another.

"I think I have just the sensotape for you, sir," said the attendant, ears flaming. "Number forty-three—*The Dominatrix.*"

"Sure," shrugged Hitter. "Why not?" He meant, he'd been impressed by that Jamaica number, but he was damned if he'd show it. Let the at-

tendant give him whatever she wanted. He could deal with anything they could dish out.

"I know what I want," said Carmella. "Number ninety-nine—'*Porcine Frolics*—High-power corkscrew love from a hefty, 179-pound . . .' "

"Jesus, Carmella," said Hitter. "Sometimes you even disgust *me*."

"Really?" said Carmella happily.

An eagle's claw took out the fat technician with the bald head and now there were only three men left between Bama and his grenade. They backed warily away from him. "Whussamatta, men?" shouted Bama. "Loss yo' tas' fo' the fight?" With a tight, predatory smile, he charged.

Outside, the crowds were beginning to disperse. The TV crews were packing their equipment into vans, the autograph hunters sidling off toward greener pastures. The street was filthy with litter. Captain Quinn sighed. Soon he could go home.

In the theater, a charged silence lay over the audience, broken only by occasional little moans and sharp intakes of breath. Attendants padded from sensolounger to sensolounger, checking playback levels, monitoring comfort feedback readings.

In their suite of offices, Mallory, Logan, and Baum opened a bottle of very old brandy. Baum drew the Havana cigar he'd been saving especially for this occasion from an inner pocket of his jacket and lit it with a flaming hundred dollar bill. Mallory and Logan roared with laughter and pounded Baum heartily on the back.

In the control room, Bama flattened the last technician with an old-fashioned right cross. He regarded the faintly stirring mass of bodies at his feet with satisfaction, smoothed back his do, and picked up the grenade. Pulling the pin, he rolled it beneath the nearest bank of computers and shielded his eyes with his arm. There was a dull thump and a blinding flare of white light. Flames began to leap up the computer front and several secondary explosions from within its bowels shook the room. Bama bowed grandly to the groaning technicians. "Ah gots to be runnin' along now, gennamums," he told them. "See you 'roun' de unemployment office." Stepping lightly over them, he ducked through the control room door. The flames licked higher. Abruptly, an intense blue spark suffused the room, blasting through every wire and circuit and, ultimately, through the thick, bound column of cables that fed the thousand sensotape dreams to the theater floor. Meanwhile, the attacked computer bank, beneath a twining dance of amok electrical energies, began to soften and melt like butter.

Mona took his hand and guided it to her breast. She was a mixture of his mother, an angel, and a whore, beautiful beyond belief. Her hands were so soft, her touch, as she undressed him, gentle as the sniff of a kitten. Outside, across the white terrace, the Mediterranean was gold-striped beneath a full moon. Night birds cried distantly and a slight breeze billowed the curtains near the bed. Mona sighed. "I love you so vairy much, cheri." Her hand trailed down his belly and lifted his

"He forced her back against the hydrant, the streetlamp glistening on her ten taut breasts . . ."

cock. "And tonight I weel geeve you vairy much pleasure." She parted his legs, lay down between them and took him tenderly into her mouth.

There was a sudden moment of discontinuity. A blue spark seemed to burst from the center of his head to briefly suffuse his entire body. He was the mayor! But where in the name of Christ was he? Good God, some woman was sucking his penis! He attempted to roll away. Instead his body writhed in growing passion beneath the hot ministrations of her tongue. He tried to yell, "Hey, lady, cut that out!" but instead heard himself say, "Oh, Mona, you are *so good*!" What the hell was going on?? The Mayor began to panic. Then he stopped panicking and stared. The entire room around them was fading away, the bed beneath him turning insubstantial; the moon was wraithlike. And, simultaneously, a *new* sort of room was fading into view, a horrible room with chains, torture instruments, and dank, slimy walls. Mona, a ghostly head at his groin, now disappeared entirely. He was tied to a large, stone slab and a huge person with a black hood, a whip, and two enormous breasts jutting from holes in her studded leather vest was advancing on him. The mayor tried to scream. Instead, he found himself crying, "Oh, yes, hurt me! Hurt me good!" The enormous hooded woman raised the whip.

She was on her hands and knees, immersed in slop up to her elbows, and the great, white pig was heavy on her back, his slippery, twisty cock playing teasingly about her cunt. "Oh, God, hurry!" she shrieked. "I can't stand *waiting* any more! Fuck me! Fuck me!" The pig shifted massively and her face was pushed briefly into the substances that covered the pigsty floor. Ecstatically, she licked her mouth clean. And now the tip of his cock was parting her labia, sliding inexorably inside her. She squealed with joy and . . . a blue spark went off in her head. She was Carmella! But how had she gotten into this *marvelous place*? Had she died and gone to heaven? "Oink!" said a voice in her ear. A pig?? She'd always *wanted* to have a pig! She *must* have gone to heaven; what else could explain her waking up amidst such perfection? "Oh, yes, do it to me good!" she attempted to say to the pig, but, to her faint puzzlement, heard herself say instead, "More, you magnificent beast! Give me more of your endless cock!" In fact, it hadn't even sounded like her own voice, now that she thought about it. And now . . . something else was happening. The pigsty around her was fading from view, the pig becoming lighter and lighter on her back, until he weighed no more than a balloon. He vanished. Carmella felt a stab of terror. Maybe she *wasn't* in heaven. Maybe Hitter had dosed her with something and she was tripping her brains out on it. Now a new place was materializing around her, a room with bare walls and few furnishings. She heard a bullhorn. "You've got five minutes to surrender your weapons and come out," the bullhorn was saying. "This will be our final communication with you. Repeat, our *final* communication." "Well, Tanya," said the naked chick next to her on the threadbare mattress, "looks like this is going to be our last time together. Let's make it a good one." The chick rolled over between Carmella's legs and began eating her pussy with revolutionary fervor.

"*What* happened?" screamed Mallory into the phone. "No! Oh, *no!* The ego surpressor circuits? *And* the individuator console?? Oh, my holy fucking Jesus Christ!"

They walked together along the thick carpeting of the hotel hallway, twenty stories up. She glanced at him sideways and had to smile. When they'd met in that comic scene with the spilled drink in the restaurant, she'd fallen for him instantly. Never had she encountered such charm, such debonair urban aplomb. And so *handsome*, like a movie star! She could hardly wait for him to get the door to her room open. They admired the city lights at the window for a mere thirty seconds, and then they were in the bedroom. As he unbuttoned his shirt, she studied him again and felt suddenly that she recognized him. She opened her mouth to ask him his name . . . and a blue spark went off in her head. She was Gloria! But . . . who was this guy bending over to take off his pants? And where *was* she?? She tried to look around for something familiar, but her head wouldn't turn. She began to feel afraid, then terrified as, abruptly, the very room and bed she sat on began to fade from substantiality. The man, straightening with his pants in hand, smiled at her and vanished. She was in a filthy, bare room, on a mattress, and her face was inches from a wet, gaping vagina, into which, to her chagrin, she found herself repeatedly thrusting her tongue.

Captain Quinn charged into the control complex with several of his men bearing fire extinguishers. They immediately turned streams of foam on the flaming heap of slag that had previously been a computer. Other cops led battered, limping technicians from the room. Quinn headed for Mallory, Logan, and Baum, who were standing in a tight group at the far side of the room, talking agitatedly and waving their arms at each other.

". . . not only that," Mallory was saying, "but with the individuator controls gone, they've lost their own fantasies. And what's left of our computer system, God help us, is assigning them new ones!"

"Oy vey," said Baum.

"What are you idiots standing around for?" roared Quinn. "That mess over there could send this whole place up in flames any minute. We've got to get these people out of the theater!"

"But we *can't* get them out," wailed

Mallory, spinning to face him. "That mess over there, as you call it, was formerly the mechanism for bringing them safely *out* of their tape! If you try and wake those people directly, without the mechanism, you'll have a thousand catatonic idiots on your hands!"

"I don't care. I still say we gotta..."

"A thousand idiots, many of whom have extremely rich, powerful families and friends," added Baum.

"We can't even *think* of waking those people up!" declared Captain Quinn. "We gotta contain the fire! Where is that fucking fire department?"

The Dominatrix was thoughtfully perusing her rack of whips. Roped to the great, stone slab he thought of as an altar, he watched her immense buttocks press against her locked, black-leather girdle and thrilled in anticipation. Soon her insistant lash would be stroking his thighs, his chest, the soles of his feet. He turned to call to her, to make her hurry, and . . . a blue spark went off in his head. He was Hitter! What the fuck was he doing tied down? And the broad with the whip . . . hey, this wasn't his trip. What the fuck was going on? He tried to yell, but found himself calling in an appallingly weak, trembling voice, "Oh, hurry! Hurry and hurt me!" Hitter was aghast. Now the broad was heading toward him, snapping the whip at her side, chuckling throatily. Holy fuck, what was he going to . . . no, wait—the dungeon was turning transparent, fading away, the Dominatrix vanishing like smoke. What was he, waking up from a nightmare? But now, suddenly, he was in a bed with some middle-aged broad—though not a bad-looking piece at that, Hitter noted—in some real swell bedroom, looking out at an ocean and a small, rocky beach. The broad—*Jeez*, she was nice—was holding his cock, which was glistening with her spit. "Now I dreenk some cognac and then I suck on heem some more," she told Hitter throatily, reaching for the snifter. "Hey, dis ain't bad," thought Hitter. He still didn't know what was going on or anything, but he might as well relax and enjoy it.

She was with Bettina, at Headquarters, their proud eleven-headed dragon symbol on the wall before them, their blanket-wrapped machine guns comfortingly beside them as they lay in each others arms on the mattress. The bullhorns began going off just as she was closing her lips around Bettina's proferred nipple. Cops outside, cops everywhere. She stared at Bettina, wondering . . . a blue spark went off in her head. She . . . no, *he*! He was Freddie! But where the hell was he? He noticed his tits. Holy shit, he was a woman! He tried to yelp, but found himself saying, "Well, looks like this is it, Bettina." In a high, female voice! What the Christ was . . . ? Wait, *now* what was happening? Bettina was turning transparent, disappearing. The whole room was disappearing, to be replaced by a classy hotel suite overlooking a city at night. What was more, some guy without any pants on was bearing down on him, and the guy was sporting a rather large hard-on. "Who are you?" he tried to ask, but found himself saying, "I have the strangest feeling I know you from somewhere. What's your name?" The man sat down beside Freddie on the bed and fondled one of his breasts. "Cary Grant," he said, smiling dazzlingly. "What's yours?"

"Okay, the block's cordoned off and we got everyone evacuated from the area except those loonies in there." Captain Quinn nodded his head in the direction of the theater floor and the thousand sleepers in their senso-loungers, lost in their thousand senso-tape dreams. "Chief Parker says the fire's under control for the moment but these electrical jobs can shoot up again any time. We still gotta get those people out. Your move."

Logan was staring at a remaining bank of instruments curiously. "Something strange going on inside those dreams. Mallory, you said the ego surpresser circuits are out. Could these people possibly know who they are? In their fantasies, I mean?"

Mallory shrugged. "It's possible."

Logan snapped his fingers. "Now, look, the only way those people are going to wake up safely is if they wake themselves up. It's just possible I might be able to feed some kind of communication in to them, something out of context that would jar them awake." He looked rapidly from man to man.

"So what else can we do?" Baum spread his arms wide.

"Get on it," said Captain Quinn.

Logan nodded, entered the sens-record booth, and set the controls for direct computor feed-in.

The Dominatrix was running the tip of her whip teasingly along the mayor's cock. The mayor, to his enormous chagrin, found his body responding with enormous pleasure. It had been ten years since he'd had a hard-on like this! Gradually, the chagrin faded, leaving just the pleasure. God, he'd forgotten he could feel so good! The whip cracked across his thighs. The mayor felt electric rushes of pain course through his body and thrashed his head from side to side, screaming with the goodness of it all. Abruptly, a man in a tuxedo appeared at his side. "Wake up, you two!" the man shouted. "This is all a dream! You have to wake up!" The Dominatrix payed him no heed, nor did the mayor. He couldn't have if he'd wanted to, but he wouldn't have if he could have. Since he had no volition, maybe this *was* all a dream. But, if it was, he reflected as the Dominatrix began squatting onto his heroic-sized dong, it was the best one *he'd* ever been in and he was damned if he'd wake up. The man in the tuxedo continued to shout, but the mayor ignored him. The Dominatrix began

"If I can make it back into the sensrecord booth. . . ." He sprinted for the control room.

"Look," said Freddie, in his woman's voice, "since we seem to be in this together—whatever 'this' is—you might as well know that my real name is Freddie, not Judy." He regarded Cary Grant curiously. "Uh, who are you really?"

"Well, strangely enough, I actually *am* Cary Grant. I don't know how I got here, but . . . hey, what's this?" An unbelievably bizarre group of people, hundreds of them, were materializing all around them. Directly before them, two naked women appeared, one of whom was carrying a machine gun. Freddie gasped at them, but before he could say a word a large, angry naked man charged into the crowd screaming.

"Who done it?" he roared. *"Who killed 'er? I'm gonna hurt someone!"*

Then something began to happen. In the very center of the milling crowd a whorl of colors formed, which gradually coalesced into a giant man with a white robe, blazing eyes and a long, white beard.

"I'm God!" the man declared. *"I put you all through this ordeal for reasons of my own and now I'm ordering you to . . ."*

"God?" screamed Hitter. *"Den dis whole fucking mess is your fault. You killed Mona!"* He glared around him, snatched the machine gun from the naked chick, and fired an entire belt of rounds into the bearded, glowing figure.

"Aargh!" roared the glowing man, and fell down. Hitter was on him instantly. He began kicking God in the balls.

"Ouch!" roared God. *"Hey! Jesus Christ!"*

Other members of the motley crowd now began to kick Him, too. Three Zulu women with plates in their lips began stomping His face. "Ooga booga!" they screamed. "Abba zabba zabba!" A berserk Oriental man with dildos grafted onto his wrists lifted the glowing man's robes and began jamming the artificial appendages up His ass.

"Yaaahhhhhhh!" screamed God.

And reality dissolved. Hitter opened his eyes. He was lying in his sensolounger, inside the Sensorama Theater, and thick smoke was hurting his eyes. Firemen were rushing every which way, dragging hoses and shouting to one another. A cop helped him stand and began leading him to an exit. All through the theater, other people were sitting up in their sensoloungers, blinking, looking around stupidly.

"Attention!" said an amplified voice. *"This is Mallory speaking. We have awakened you from your sensotape experience because we have a small fire. Please move quickly but calmly to the exits."*

The audience spilled from the theater into the street. Within moments after the last customer had been led from the building, the theater floor, the fabulous sensoloungers, and the control room beyond were a sea of flame. Logan, in a daring rescue by a detachment of firemen, was pulled from the sensrecord booth at the last moment, groggy, strangely bruised about the groin and buttocks, but alive. There was not a single loss of life.

In a Lenox Avenue cocktail lounge, Bama noted the final, fiery collapse of the Sensorama Theater on the TV set over the bar. "Jus' made mah bonus, honey," he said to the fine fox seated opposite him. "Le's order us some champagne."

"Oh, Bama, you sho' got style," said the fox, and squeezed his thigh with her hot brown hand.

In the street before the Sensorama Theater, the former audience milled behind police barricades and watched the building crumble and collapse.

"You know, it's strange," said the mayor to his worried assistants. "After an experience like I just had, I ought to feel awful. But I feel great. Never felt better in my life. You know, I think I'm going to see if we can't find some city money to help rebuild Sensorama. I think it would be a fine addition to New York."

Hitter finally found Carmella. "Listen, I don't know how to tell youse dis, but everyt'ing's different wit' me now. I dunno . . . I don't feel like wearin' dis jacket no more, or beatin' on anybody. So I don't know whether youse is gonna wanna be wit' me any more, knowin' the way youse like ta be knocked around an' all."

"Up yours, pig," replied Carmella. "Who needs you? I found my true love in there and I'm goin' off with her now. Right, babe?"

"Right," said Gloria, linking arms with her and staring defiantly at Hitter.

"Sure, okay," said Hitter. "Whatevva you want, y'know?" He wandered dazedly away.

"Gloria!" Freddie burst through the crowd to take her arm. "Wasn't that a bitch? Let's go home."

"Shove it, buster," replied Gloria, removing his hand from her arm. "My orientation just changed." She turned her back to Freddie, gave Carmella a kiss, and the two of them walked slowly away.

"Jesus," thought Freddie, "Now what do I do?" He looked around. Several women from a nearby discotheque were watching the fire with big, stoned eyes. He listened to them call each other by name. One of them—the one with the simply spectacular cleavage—was evidently named Judy. Freddie's eyebrows shot up and he smiled. He went to her and looked soulfully into her eyes. "Jew-dy, Jew-dy, Jew-dy," he said to her. "I certainly would like to get next to you."

She giggled, and that was when he knew he had her.

The End

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